

Alexander Henry Davis





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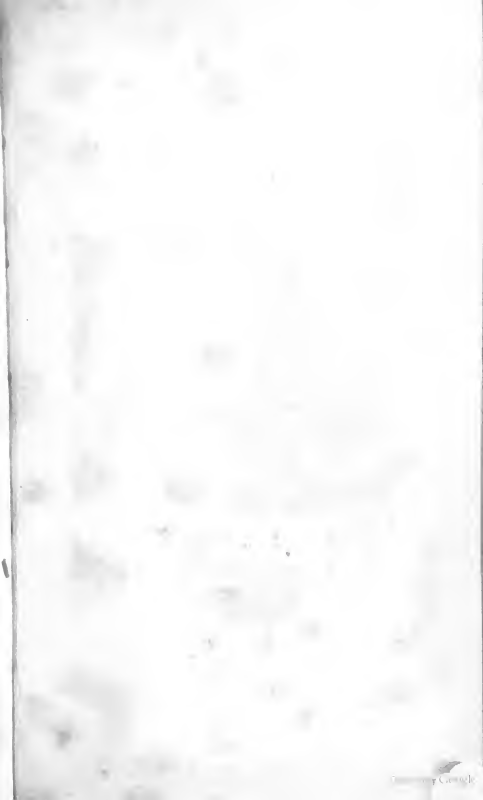
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Paint by J. Colman

Photo by J. S. Richardson

FRITHIOF'S RAUTA - STONE
Sogne-Fjord, Bergen dist., Norway





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FRITHIOF'S SAGA,

A LEGEND OF THE NORTH;

BY

ESAIAS TEGNÉR,

Bishop of Wexiö in Sweden.

Translated from the Original Swedish

by

G. S.

Revised and Illustrated with an Introductory Letter,
by the Illustrious Author himself.

*With XVII Engravings, XII Musical Accompaniments,
and various other Addenda.*

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A. BONNIER.

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MDCCCXXXIX.

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1889.

TO
ESAIAS TEGNÉR,
WHOSE GENIUS IS THE UNITING GLORY
of the Illustrious Republic of
NORWAY,
THE HOME-LAND OF FRITHIOF'S SAGA,
and of the Ancient Monarchy of
SWEDEN,
THE HOME-LAND OF FRITHIOF'S BARD,
THIS TRANSLATION
of his greatest work
IS, WITH PROFOUND RESPECT,
most affectionately
INSCRIBED.

P r e f a c e.

TEGNÉR, whom a Swedish Author has magnificently denominated "that Mighty Genie who organizes even disorder,"* has in no production more distinguished himself than in the work of which the following pages are a Translation. If his fame is to be measured by the rule of Madame de Staël — "translations are a present immortality" — then it will not soon perish from the records of — *the Great*.

Fully aware of the horror every distinguished Poet must feel, at having mangled versions of his finest lays sent out from distant lands, — the Translator early resolved not to publish this Work, unless it met with the approbation of the Author himself. This he has been fortunate enough to obtain, accompanied by corrections and communications of the highest value. To the 'Introductory Letter,'** in particular, we would refer, as containing explanations indispensable for understanding the Original Design of the Poem. It would be superfluous to add, that we express our deepest gratitude for both the kindness itself which the Bishop has hereby showed us, and for *the manner* in which it was done, — to an *unknown* and *undistinguished* Student.

Our thanks are also especially due to the individuals who have variously contributed to the elucidation and adornment of our pages. The "Life" by the distinguished Poet and Patriarchal Christian FRANZÉN,** — the "Description of Ingeborg's Arm-Ring" ** by the profound

* It is difficult to give at once both the alliteration and the terseness of the original: — den "starke anden som ordnar sjelfva oordningen." *Crusenstolpe's* "Skildringar," — De närvarande, p. 496.

** In order that these new and valuable Documents may not be lost to the

Antiquarian and gentlemanly Scholar HILDEBRAND — for, thank God, pedantry is fast ceasing to be the mark of erudition, — and the Musical accompaniments by the late distinguished composer CRUSELL*, and by the Countess MONTGOMERY, now GYLLENHAAL, — are all precious addenda to the work itself and deserve, as they will receive, the thanks of the European Public.

Conceiving it necessary to a proper appreciation of the Poetic Legend, we have appended a Translation of the Prose Icelandic Saga, in itself one of the most beautiful in the whole Cycle of Icelandic Literature. The incidents relating to the Hero, *Frithiof the Dauntless*, occurred previously to the close of the VIIIth Century of our Era, though they were probably not transferred from the oral to the written circle of tradition till 3 or 4 centuries later.

As to the 'Frithiof' of Bishop TEGNÉR we cannot do better than quote from a beautiful Notice of the Bishop's Poem inserted in the "North American Review" No. XCVI; the Author is, we believe, the learned and talented Professor Longfellow,** whom we remember having seen in this Capital during his Northern Tour: — "We consider

Northern Public we have, with the permission of the Authors, published the Swedish Originals as an "Appendix to Frithiof's Saga." One great favour and advantage we have enjoyed — the Translations of these three communications have all been read and approved by the gentlemen to whom we owe them.

* It is his surviving Family who have granted us permission to re-print some of the very popular airs which he wrote, and which are sung in Scandinavia in every dwelling, from the palace to the cottage.

** Our quotation begins at p. 151. The "Review" in question reached us while this Translation was going through the press. The fragments translated by the Professor surpass any we have hitherto seen in English.

the "Legend of Frithiof" as one of the most remarkable productions of the age. It is an Epic Poem, composed of a series of Ballads . . . It seems to us a very laudable innovation, thus to describe various scenes in various metre, and not employ the same for a game of chess and a storm at sea. . . The reader must bear in mind, that the work before him is written in the spirit of the past; in the spirit of that old poetry of the North, in which the same images and expressions are oft repeated, and the sword is called the Lightning's Brother, — a Banner, the Hider of Heaven; gold, the Day-light of Dwarfs, and the grave, the green gate of Paradise. The old Scald smote the strings of his harp, with as bold a hand, as the Berserk smote his foe . . . He lived in a credulous age; in the dim twilight of the past. He was

"The sky-lark in the dawn of years,
The poet of the morn."

" We must visit, in imagination at least, that distant land [Scandinavia], and converse with the genius of the place. It points us to the Past; to the great mounds, which are the tombs of kings. Their bones are within; skeletons of warriors mounted on the skeletons of their steeds; and Vikings sitting gaunt and grim on the plankless ribs of their pirate ships. . . In every mysterious sound that fills the air, the peasant still hears the trampling of Odin's steed, which many centuries ago took fright at the sound of a church bell. The memory of Balder is still preserved in the flower that bears his name, and Freja's Spinning-wheel still glimmers in the stars of the constellation Orion. The sound of Strömkarl's [the Mer-man's] flute is heard in tinkling brooks, and his song in water-falls. In the forest, the Skogsfrun, of wondrous beauty.

leads young men astray; and Tomtgubbe [little Puck] hammers and pounds away, all night long, at the peasant's unfinished cottage. Almost primeval simplicity reigns over this Northern land, — almost primeval solitude and stillness."

In translating the work thus commented upon, we have preserved the same metre and the same number of lines in XXII (or strictly XXIII for the IInd Canto differs little from the Swedish, if printed in 4 lines instead of 8), out of the XXIV Cantos. * Willingly would we have done so in the two remaining Songs also, but found it impossible without sacrificing the spirit to the form. We wish any future Translator better success. The Translation was commenced and almost finished before we met with any one of the Versions which have preceded it, and notwithstanding their general merit, the present pages will perhaps be acceptable to all who wish to examine TEGNÉR ** in faithful echoes, instead of in a Paraphrase; — though the latter is, of course, a far easier task for the Versifier.

* We perfectly agree with Professor Longfellow, p. 159, in the style of Translation always to be adopted: — "There are," says Göthe, two maxims of Translation; the one requires that the author of a foreign nation be brought to us in such a manner that we regard him as our own; the other, on the contrary, demands of us that we transport ourselves over to him, and adopt his situation, his mode of speaking, his peculiarities." We recognize only one of these maxims of translation, — the last. —

** The following pages chant, in noble measures, a victory of the Religious principle over youthful arrogance, and apparently indomitable Hardihood . . . they detail a glorious conquest of the sense of female dignity and patriotic duty, over fervent and deep-rooted affection, in a bosom which "young Astrild" had chosen for his favourite shrine." *Rev. Mr. Strong's Trans. of Frithiof*, Pref. p. XII.

The Notes and Index have been reduced into as short a compass as possible, consistent with a tolerably clear explanation of the different subjects on which they treat. There is little that is original among them, our object having been to use the picturesque descriptions of the Ancient North in preference to modern paraphrases. Many, it is true, will think them much too diffuse; but our own persuasion of the low state of Scandinavian Literature generally in Great Britain, induces the idea that the *majority* of our readers will thank us for our otherwise thankless trouble. It will be observed that a large number of extracts are from the notes appended to the Translation of the Rev. Mr Strong, — but, undoubtedly, both the reader and that gentleman himself will acquit us for avoiding the stupid and pedantic vanity of *again* doing what had been *so well* done before. The field of mind, of literature, of the ennoblement and civilization of our race is so large, so immense, that the “few labourers” who cultivate it have all of them more than they can possibly accomplish — without wasting their time and strength by doing things twice over when once is sufficient.

Lastly, if this work has any merit, — let the honour fall where it is due. — It is to my dear and distinguished Brother, the Rev. J. R. STEPHENS, the TRIBUNE OF THE POOR, that I am indebted for having my attention turned
“from sounds to things;”

and he it was who recommended to my eager study the literature of the North in general, and *Frithiof's Saga* in particular — which he unrolled before me by an oral translation — at a time when far away from the shores of the North, and when the work was altogether unknown in England.

But the faults of this Performance are so numerous, and so well aware are we of the great degree in which it falls short of the beautiful Original and of our own Ideal — that it is only with all the modesty becoming youth and comparative inexperience, that we venture to lay it,

“With all its imperfections on its head,”

before an enlightened and indulgent public. One thing we must entreat, — that every thing weak, inferior, or unexpressive will be attributed to its proper source — the pen of the Translator — not the “immortal plume” of the illustrious Author. Do not let the Master suffer for the faults of his Disciple. — Should these pages be received with favour, it is our intention, at some future period, to present to our countrymen a volume containing a choice series of the “Beauties of *TEGNÉR*,” most of them, whether in prose or poetry, *unabridged*. In the mean time, should Criticism — seated on the throne of the Thunderer, and wielding the God’s own bolts —

Hurl its indignant lightnings at our head,
and annihilate a work vainly hoping for subsistence — our consolation will be, “*non omnia possumus omnes*,” and we shall abandon the field to some more gifted champion.

Stockholm, June 21st. 1839.

G. S.

LIFE AND CAREER

OF

ESAIAS TEGNÉR.

BY

F. M. FRANZÉN.

SKETCH OF THE
LIFE AND CAREER
of the
AUTHOR OF 'FRITHIOF'S SAGA.'

By
F. M. FRANZÉN,
Bishop of Hernösand, Sweden.

Translated from the Original Swedish.

Three of the Provinces of Sweden vie with each other in claiming to themselves the name, so glorious for the whole kingdom, so beloved by the whole nation, — *TEGNÉA*. The first is the iron-veined *Wernland*, where the great Bard was born and grew in years. The second is the fruitful *Skåne* (Scauia), at whose famed University he suddenly sprang forth an accomplished Teacher, instead of what he had been — an extraordinary and for the most part a self-taught pupil, — and whence his poetical renown flew through the whole of Sweden, and soon through Europe itself. The pleasant (*treflig*) *Småland* is the third; here, as the Chief of its Diocese and the guardian of its Educational Institutions, he has gained yet greater consideration and yet fresher honours. Indeed he belongs originally to this Bishoprie, partly through his Father who was born there, and partly by his Name which his Ancestors took from the village of Tegna (*Tegnaby*) — at present a part of the Diocese-Estates. Thus his very name seems to have announced to *TEGNÉA* his future station.

His Father, who was also called *ESAIAS TEGNÉA*, and who was a good Preacher, a cheerful Companion, and an active Agriculturalist, had been

nominated to the Rectory of Millesvik. It was while he was yet waiting till he could occupy the Parsonage, and was living at the house of the Assistant-Minister at Kyrkerud in the Living of By, that his Spouse, whose maiden name was S. M. Seidelius, bore him, on the 13th of November 1782, his fourth Son — Esaias.

While not yet 9 years old he lost his father, and for want of means — his elder Brothers having all to be supported as Students — was compelled to seek some other path for his future livelihood. The Assessor Branting, a Småland-man, consequently from the same Province, and probably also a near friend of his father, took the lad into his House, and he was brought up there to be his Assistant in the Baillie-Office-room (Fogde-Kontoret). He soon acquired whatever belonged to his employment, and accompanied his Foster-father to all the meetings for the collection of the Taxes. As the Bailliwie was extensive, these journeys taught him to know and admire the beauty with which this Province reflects its woods and mountains in its many lakes. A proof of this we find in his fine Poem 'To my Home-region' ('Till min Hembygd' *), the first which introduced him to the notice of the Public.

Tegnér cannot himself remember, when he first began to write verse. While yet a child, he sang of every event at all remarkable in his uniform life. Nay, he even undertook a considerable Poem under the name of 'Atle,' the subject of which was taken from "Björners Kämpadater," — thus the Same collection of old Sagas in which, at a more mature age, he found the rough sketch of his 'Frithiof.'

The Northern Sagas were among his first and dearest acquaintances, at a time when — ignorant of every language but his mother-tongue — he read every thing he could meet with, particularly in History and the Belles Lettres. He sat, with a book in his hand, wherever he happened to find himself, sometimes on a stone, and sometimes on a ladder; — and one day, during harvest, when he should watch a field-gate, he altogether forgot his task, so swallowed up was he in what he was reading, and let the cattle wander through into the yet unmown meadow!

Thus grew he up, like a Wild-Apple-tree in the forest, till he was 14 years of age. Then it was that Branting, who had long remarked his passion for reading, accidentally discovered the profit he drew from it. One evening, as they were traveling home from Carlstad and the stars

* Published in 1802, in "Stockholms-posten." G. S.

were shining bright above them, his fosterfather, who was a pious man of the good old-fashioned School, took occasion to speak of the handiworks of God, and of the evident omnipotence and wisdom he had discovered therein. The boy's answer showed a knowledge of the System of the World and of the Laws for the motions of the heavenly Bodies, at which the old man was astonished. 'How do you know that,' he enquired. 'I have read about it in "*Bastholms Philosophie för Olärde*"' (Philosophy for the unlearned) — he replied. Branting was silent; but some days after, he observed, — 'You must become a Student.' — How decisive were these words! How important not only in the Life of *REGNÉ*, but in the Literature of his Country, in which his name has created a new epoch. And how manifold is the good, both in the Church and in the Schools of Sweden, which must have been lost had it not been for that one sentence! It was on that expression depended all the renown and pleasure which his Works, translated as they have been into so many languages, have excited throughout Europe. Well does the memory of the honourable Branting deserve the distinction, to be handed down to Posterity conjoined with the name of his immortal Foster-son! — But was it his work alone? — Though we cannot, it is true, regard it as direct inspiration that he should begin talking about the Stars to the simple office-boy in whose mind lay concealed so great a subject, — still, in the whole of this circumstance generally, we must acknowledge the guiding hand of Providence, that hand so evident but so oft unseen in the life of the Individual no less than in the History of the World!

To study, had long been the secret longing of the boy, but he had not dared to represent his wishes. And even now, however great his joy at this glimpse of unexpected light he could not help objecting — his want of means. 'God will provide for the sacrifice;' answered Braunting, 'you are born for something better than what you can become with me; you must go to your eldest Brother, he will guide your studies, and I shall not forget you'.

This promise he fulfilled, not only by considerable sums to assist in keeping him at the University, but by a fatherly sympathy in all that regarded him. And this, notwithstanding he was now compelled to abandon the hope he had long secretly cherished, of being able in time to leave him his Place — together with his youngest daughter.

In the month of March 1796, Esaias removed to his Brother Lars Gustaf, who was then a Candidate of Philosophy, and was living in Werm-

land. The latter, a man already distinguished for uncommon learning, and who at the University-Promotion was the rival of his younger Brother for the first degree, and who as many thought ought to have gained the preference, now became the tutor of the youngest. The wonderful progress which he made, is a proof what determined resolution united to commanding talents can accomplish, especially in the warming season of impetuous Youth.

After nine month's instruction from his Brother, who employed the old solid method of teaching, he was able to study for himself. He now, during the course of 1797, made himself familiar with a multitude of Latin Authors, particularly the Poets. The latter fixed themselves so firmly in his uncommonly strong memory, that he, to this day, can repeat large extracts from their works. In Greek also, and in French, he advanced rapidly without any assistance.

So early as the following year, however, when he had not yet completed his 16th winter, the Youth was compelled to undertake the instruction of others, in order to find means for his own further education. The Iron-Master (*Brukspatron*, Owner of Iron-Works,) Myhrman, who was afterwards Councillor of Mines (*Bergsråd*) invited him to become the Tutor of his Children. In this also was a special dispensation, which influenced not only his private and immediate circumstances, but also his future happiness. The spot, too, at which he resided was distinguished for a wild but imposing scenery. It belonged to those extensive wood-lands to which "Yfvakarl,"* as Karl the IXth is still called in this District, summoned his colonists from Finland. The owner of the Works was an intelligent and persevering Iron-Founder, but at the same time a man uncommonly educated for his employment. Being himself well versed, not only in several modern Languages, but also in the Latin Tongue, his Library contained even several Greek Classics. Among these was a Folio, which soon became the object of the poetical stripling's most zealous researches. It was a — Homer. Notwithstanding all the difficulties thrown in his way by the many anomalous Dialects, and by his own still imperfect knowledge of the Language as a whole and of its various peculiarities, — he was not to be dismayed. Even then, the great characteristic of his mind was — never to give way; besides which it exhibited all that energy which distinguishes a great genius. With Zenophon also, and with Lucian, he became

* *Karl the Great*, (Charlemagne) — a Wermland Provincialism. G. S.

familiar. But the Bard who principally divided his time and attention with old Homer, was — his Horace; and here it was he first became acquainted with his writings. In the midst of all this, he by no means neglected the Literature of France, whose most classical productions richly adorned this Gentleman's shelves. — Thus it was that he was even now laying the foundations of that Independence with which he afterwards withstood all one-sided or narrow-minded judgements over the Literature both of antiquity and of modern times. But as he did not find a single German Poet in this Library and only learned that Language through the medium of common elementary books, he acquired a prejudice against it which was long before it was entirely dissipated. With English, on the contrary, he became poetically acquainted through Macpherson's Translation of Ossian. This work produced such an effect upon his imagination, that he learned the language without any help.

In the usual pleasures and amusements of youth, and in Society in general, he mixed little if at all. Nor, indeed, did he miss them; for his books gave him full employment. He even seldom allowed himself time, at this period, to write verses. A report, however, of Buouaparte's death in Egypt, occasioned his composing a Lyric Poem which gave Myhrman who exceedingly admired the French Hero, great hopes of the youthful minstrel. But the Production thus grounded on so false a rumour, has never yet been published.

Having now reached his 17th year, he repaired to Lund, in the autumn of 1799, and commenced his Academic course. His object, at first, was only to prepare for his entrance into the Royal Chancery. Still he would give a public proof of his proficiency in the Greek and Roman Languages, and accordingly wrote a Latin Treatise on Anaercon. Armed with this Document, he hastened to Doctor Norberg, a Scholar famous for his Oriental erudition, and to whose Professorship the Literature of Greece also belonged at that time. This interview produced a never-changing impression on the mind of the promising young student, not only through the encouraging kindness with which he had received him, but through his whole bearing and manners, which united the charms of original genius with a naive and innocent simplicity. From the beautiful picture * which TEGENER has prefixed to the Poem dedicated

* The Introduction — as Dedication — 'To Norberg.' G. 8.

to him — 'Nattvardsbarnen' * — we may be at least allowed to copy the following features:

Yes! the 'East's fast Friend art Thou, the North's proud glory,
A man of Fable's vanish'd days of gold,
And speech and manners hast of Patriarchs hoary,
And, — wise as Eld — the Child's pure heart dost hold! **

Norberg is one of those men who have had the greatest influence on Tegnér's career. By counseling him to change his studies at once from the civil official-examination to the degree of M. A. — he kept him at the University, fixed him to literary pursuits, and prepared the way for him to the station which he now occupies in the pale of the Swedish Church.

Norberg offered him gratis instruction in Arabic. But the learning of the East had no attractions for the young Scald. The great Orientalist was also a perfect master of the Roman Tongue, and contended for the palm with Professor Lundblad, whose Latin School was then in its highest lustre. The style of the former resembled that of Tacitus, in shortness, expressiveness, and antithetic pregnancy of diction. The latter, on the other hand, who had studied in Leipzig and had there formed himself on the model of Ernesti, had introduced his Ciceronianism into Sweden. To this School it was that, both by example and by precept, he strictly kept the young men who were under his charge. To choose between these two 'Masters of their Art,' was not so easy for a stripling-student. Tegnér decided for the Lundblad Party; being induced to take

* In a Poem † recited at the Promotion to Master of Arts, at Lund, in 1829, where Tegnér succeeded Bishop Faxe as Vice-Chancellor of the University, and where Oehlenschläger was present, and received the Laurel and his Diploma. — † ('The Children of the Sacrament,' an exceedingly beautiful Poem, not yet translated into English, and something in the same style as Goldsmith's Clergyman in 'The Deserted Village.') G. S.

** From the VIIth Stanza in the above-mentioned Dedication. The original lines are as follows:

"Du, Orientens vän, du Nordens heder,
Du man från fabelns glömda dar af gull,
Med patriarkers språk, med deras seder,
Som äldren vis, som barnet oskuldsfull!"

Tegnér's Samlade Dikter, p. 132. G. S.

that step by his Brother Elof, who was then Reader (Docens) at the University and was considered one of the very finest pupils Lundblad had produced.

But it was naturally to be expected that the other Professors also should have their attention fixed on a Student of such distinguished qualities. He himself acknowledges the encouragement he received from Munthe and from Lidbäck. The former, who was Professor of Moral Philosophy and a zealous Kantian, is represented by TEGNÉR* in a most charming sketch, as one of the noblest men who have ever adorned any Academic Chair. With the latter, who had just been created Professor of Æsthetics, and had attempted Poetry without any very great success, he came into a relation which cannot be better expressed than by the following verses composed by TEGNÉR:

. He, who latest has left us,
Gave me his fatherly care, and taught me the Scale of the Muses
While, yet young, I requir'd his counsel. Nor would he grow angry
If, ofttimes, I obey'd him but badly — trying, as rash Youth
Will, my pinions in regions not his. Yes! nobly he acted! **

In the Mathematical Sciences he had read little or nothing before he came to the University. But, being now engaged in preparing for his degree, his clear understanding enabled him to make rapid progress in this Department also, and almost without any assistance. The only Lectures he attended were those on Physics and on the Differential-Calculus, and his Notes on these occasions were afterwards a standing loan among his acquaintances, and were highly spoken of for lucidity and precision. Thus at the University, also, he continued to be an *αὐτοδίδακτος*, although through the medium of books. He commonly worked from 18

* In his "Minnen" (Recollections), which constitute so beautiful a group in his Poems, and which do so much honour to his heart no less than to his genius. (See *Tegnér's Smärre Dikter*, p. 233.)

** "En som sednast har hortgått
Tog mig i faderlig vård, och lärde mig Skolan till Sängen,
När jag var ung och behöfde hans råd; och han barmades icke,
Om jag ej soljde dem jemt, men försökte, som ynglingar pläga,
Vingarnes kraft, i rymder ej hans: det var ädelt af honom."

The above lines were written at the Promotion in Lund 1829. G. S.

to 20 hours a day, sleeping as little as possible. He seldom partook in the pastimes which belonged to his age, or in the Life of a Student generally; this gained him the character of a bashful, awkward and singular young man.

Who could believe this of so lively a genius, so cheerful, playfully-witty, and so amiable a Society-man as at a later time he has been found to be? — But this was the only way by which, within so short a time, he could acquire such various and such solid erudition.

Through the assistance of Myhrman and of Branting, he had been enabled to pass near a year at the University, without being compelled to break off his own studies by instructing others. But his scrupulousness would not permit him any longer to take advantage of their generosity, without some effort to obtain his own subsistence. He therefore applied for and obtained a University private-tutorship in the family of Baron Leyonhufvud, at Yxkullund in Småland. His pupil, the Baron Abraham Leyonhufvud, who has since risen to be President of the High Justiciary Court, is — of all the individuals he has instructed — the one he has most esteemed and loved. And this feeling has remained unchanged during a course of 30 years. His habits of life at Yxkullund were the same as at the University — laborious, lonely, and averse to company. But after he had written some French verses, on the occasion of a family-fête-day, — the awkward and gloomy Student began to be remarked with wonder and esteem.

After having passed the summer of 1800 at this Seat, he returned to Lund, accompanied by his pupil. Here Professor Lidhück appointed him Extraordinary Amanuensis to the University Library, of which the Professor was the Manager. To this, it is true, no salary was attached; but it was an uncommon distinction for a youth of 18, who had not yet taken his degree.

That he might accomplish this he now prepared himself with increasing zeal, mostly studying Philosophy, partly in the Dialogues of Plato, and partly in the Writings of Kant and a few by Fichte. He has himself declared that, with his *concrete* mind, he was not disposed for these *abstract* speculations, and that he grew tired of pursuing a long systematic Deduction which allowed no foot-hold for the Fancy. His Academic Treatises, however, show that he easily penetrated and clearly understood Philosophical questions. — What more especially drew him to the critical

School of Kant was, its originally sceptical nature and its great result, which stops short at a something — unknown and never-to-be-fathomed!

At the Examination for Degrees, which he passed in two divisions — the autumn of 1801 and the spring of 1802 — he obtained 'laudatur,' the highest Certificate, from all the Professors except Norberg. This was altogether unexpected, especially as *τεχνία* was acknowledged, in Greek, which then belonged to the same Professorship as the Oriental Languages, to be the most accomplished of all the *promovendi*. — But Norberg fixed a higher value on the latter Literature, in which also he had gained Continental celebrity.

With such high testimonials, *τεχνία* was of course the unopposed *primus* at the Promotion, and was to answer the Magisten-Question. But in the meantime an event occurred, which threatened to banish him for ever from the University, to destroy all his prospects there, and to give his destiny quite another object.

Lundagård is the name of an Academic Promenade, shaded by aged trees, beneath whose murmur the Students are accustomed to pass the most innocent of their evening hours, — if not exactly in Socratic Dialogues, at least with somewhat Platonic feelings of the beautiful. One evening, however, a transaction took place there which was not altogether so innocent. Without being aware of anything at all extraordinary, *τεχνία*, alone as usual, was hastening thither to refresh himself after the day's hard toil. He then found assembled there a very large body of the Students, all armed with branches cut from the old and venerable trees. They, however, had hewed down not a single bough; it had been done by order of the Consistory, to promote the growth of the Trees and make their tops more leafy. This intention the young men misunderstood, supposing that all this maiming foreboded the destruction of their favourite Lundagård, and the more so as they found that whole Trees had been felled. These, however, were old and naked trunks which it was thought ought to make room for younger stems. The rising discontent was principally directed against the University's then officiating Rector Magnificus, who was by no means loved, and who was believed to have been alone concerned in planning all this ruin. *τεχνία*, whom the eager crowd surrounded immediately on his arrival, with shouts of — '*Primus* must go with us' — made representations but in vain against the tumult. Clamoured down, and armed like the rest with a branch, he was obliged to accompany them. The procession took the route to the

Rector's House, which was first saluted with a thundering cry of — '*Pereat Rector, vivat Lundagård.*' — Then all the houghs were thrown in a heap before the entrance, completely blocking up the door. After this, they went tumultuously up the street, giving hurrahs to several of the Professors. For the Theology-Professor, Hylander, *vivat* was not shouted but chaunted in chorus. On their return, when the Rector was once more saluted with a '*Pereat,*' it was very near happening that they proceeded to break his windows also. This, however, was prevented by *TEGNÉR* and the Magister Wallenberg, afterwards Bishop of Linköping; but only by the argument that ladies were residing in the rooms that faced the street.

The next morning *TEGNÉR* was summoned before him by the Rector to undergo a private hearing, and he there gave a faithful statement of the whole event, without at all denying what was culpable in his own conduct. But His *Magnificence** paid no respect to this openness or to *TEGNÉR*'s efforts to prevent the uproar. 'You are already,' said he, 'an officer of this University; you have been nominated *primus* at the ensuing promotion, and might expect great success in your profession here. All this now is past. The Academic constitutions clearly direct, that you must "*relegari cum infamia*;" Sorry indeed I am, that your good fortune should thus be thrown away. Still, it might be possible,' he added, after a pause, 'that all might be helped and arranged, if you would only tell me the names of the Ringleaders in the riot.' — *TEGNÉR*, incensed at this question, replied with some warmth, that however it went with himself he would not play the Informer against his own comrades. 'We were,' he concluded, 'two or three hundred altogether; and there were few among them whom I knew; but those few I never will betray!'

In the meantime, the whole affair gradually died away; for all the other Professors valued too highly the uncommon qualities of a youth who was also so irreproachable in his manners, not to rescue him from the misfortune with which he was threatened by a man whom even his companions could not esteem.

At this period *TEGNÉR* received the sorrowful intelligence, that his eldest Brother, who was only 30 years of age, had just expired. He was universally lamented as an excellent Preacher, and in all respects a pat-

* The Rector of a Swedish University is called 'Rector Magnificus' or 'His Magnificence.'

tern for his class. Esaias felt himself, at his death, again an orphau. Not only was it from him he had obtained the first elements of that learning, for which he was now about to receive the laurel-wreath* — foremost among 40 — but at his very entrance on the dangerous years of youth, it was his Brother who had confirmed him in those principles of religion and of morals, in which while yet a child he had been instructed, but which he had not enjoyed any opportunity of reducing to practise. — Deeply affected by this loss, he made it the subject of an Elegy,** which was rewarded with a prize by the Literary Society of Gothenbourg. This 'Lament,' together with the before-mentioned Poem 'Till min Hembygd' (To my Home-District) which he had composed at the same period, first began to attract the general attention of the People to this rising Bard.

After the Promotion, he traveled to Wermland, on a visit to his Mother and to his Benefactors Branting and Myhrman. A virtuous young man can undoubtedly enjoy no greater pleasure from the success of his exertions, than that of delighting his Parents, and those who have cared for him with a father's or a mother's tenderness. But scarcely less, nay perhaps even greater, is their satisfaction when their efforts have been crowned with such results as was now the case.

This visit to Myhrman changed the childish friendship which had already subsisted between his daughter and *TEGNÉR*, to a serious obligation to which her Parents gave their consent. Four years, however, elapsed before circumstances allowed them to enter into the married State.

It was on this journey that, for the first time, he beheld — residing with his Father at Ransäter in Wermland — an individual afterwards so famous as a Poet, an Historian, and a Thinker, the illustrious Geijer. He was at that time only a Student at Upsala, but had even then gained the great prize of the Swedish Academy for his Panegyric over Sten Sture. *TEGNÉR* himself has made the following observations*** con-

* The Masters of Arts are adored, at the Swedish Universities, with a Wreath of Laurel on the day of their Promotioo. G. S.

** Found in "Göteborgska Vettenskaps- och Vitterhets-Sällskapets Handlingar 1802." G. S.

*** The above, together with such other remarks of *TEGNÉR* as occur in this Biography, have been kindly communicated by himself to the Author, in a private Epistle on the circumstances of his life.

cerning this acquaintance. "Even at this, our very first meeting, betrayed itself that great divergence in our views of life and literature, which time has since only more developed. Our whole intercourse was a continued University-Act, though without any bitterness or unfriendliness. Even at this early period I learned to value him, as one of the most talented and noble natures in our land."

On his return to Lund, *TEGNÉR* was appointed by Lidbäck reader (Docens) in *Æsthetics*. He was permitted, however, to leave the University for a time and reside in Stockholm, whither he repaired in the beginning of 1803, being received as Tutor into the House of the Chief-Director Strübing. This family lived in first-rate style; but the manners of *TEGNÉR* were, as in Lund, retired and for himself. It was then he became acquainted with the Poet Chorræus, whom he found a cheerful witty and amiable, but somewhat singular, man. They communicated to each other their poetical efforts, and although Chorræus was far inferior to *TEGNÉR* in genius he yet, according to the latter's own statements, could — as older and more experienced in the exercise of 'the divine art' — assist him with valuable counsel. They corresponded for some time after *TEGNÉR* had repaired to Lund, to which place he was accompanied by his pupils.

But having long since been betrothed,* he wished to obtain soon some fixed Establishment, and therefore applied for the place of Gymnasii-Adjunct at Carlstad. The Consistory did not appoint him; but he obtained the place by appealing to the King, who then resided in Baden. Being shortly afterwards, however, appointed Adjunct at the University of Lund, he never entered upon his duties in Carlstad. As Assistant-Lecturer (*Adjunct*, Vice-Professor,) in *Æsthetics*, he was for a whole year at the head of the Professorship in this Science, during the Rectorate of Professor Lidbäck as well as on many other occasions.

The manner in which he had enabled his hearers to see and understand for themselves all that *Beautiful* of which Lidbäck had only talked and produced the opinions of various critics — made the difference between them only too remarkable. Notwithstanding this, the Teacher still preserved the same friendship and goodwill for the Pupil by whom he was thrown so much in the shade. For the rest, though it is far from

* It is still general in Sweden to go through a form of *legal Betrothal*, as introductory to the still more solemn Ceremony of Marriage. G. S.

our meaning to undervalue all that was noble in the sentiments of Lidbäck any more than all that was solid in his erudition, — we cannot help remarking, that *resnæ's* peculiar manner of thinking and acting makes his superiority, nay even his sarcastic witticisms, pleasing and pleasant even to those who are their objects.

There was in Lund another individual who found in *resnæ* a dangerous rival. It was Ling, who was not less famous for his Northern Minstrelsy than for his System of Scientific Gymnastics. To them both, — not less than to Geijer, who harped for us the beautiful 'Song of the Viking,'* and who invoked (living as before!) 'The last Champion'* and 'The last Scald'* from their ancient Barrows, — belongs the glory, as Oehlenschläger and Grundtvig had done in Denmark, of having inspired a new life into the Swedish Literature by employing once more the Scandinavian Myth and Saga. But if the Bard of the 'Asar'** has, like Grundtvig, made us more familiar with the raw force and wild greatness of the olden Champions, — the Chaunter of 'Frithiof' has, with Oehlenschläger, attracted more general attention to the forms and images of Antiquity, by investing them with the milder features of the poetical ideal. Even before that period, when the views and efforts of both were developed, Ling and *resnæ* could not harmonize. It is curious enough, that the Gymnastic Fencing-Master, who presented his naked breast to the stabs not of foils but of the points of swords, possessed a temperament far more irritable and sensitive. But in spite of all their momentary misunderstandings, the honourable truefast and open-hearted character of both, caused them always to retain a firm and mutual friendship, and to acknowledge uninterruptedly each other's worth and merits.

In the year 1806, when he added the office of Under-Librarian to his Assistant-Lectureship in *Æsthetics*, besides being Notary in the Philosophic Faculty, — he was enabled to complete his Nuptial-Contract with Miss Anna M. G. Myhrman, who added domestic happiness to his literary honours. It was owing to her care and skill as the Head of the Household, together with his professional industry, that — although his income never exceeded 60 Barrels of grain*** — they still were possessed of a comfortable subsistence.

* Titles of some of Geijer's finest and most popular Ballads. *G. S.*

** Ling's principal and longest work is entitled 'Asarne,' (The Asar). *G. S.*

*** The income of many public functionaries in Sweden, but especially of the

At this period a number of the younger Officers in the University formed a sort of Club, called the 'Herberge,' and of which TEGNÉR was a member. It had no political tendency, and scarcely any Regulations. They conversed on Literature in general, and of the government of the University in particular. "Here," writes TEGNÉR, "was found the pith of views and sentiments which were afterwards not without their influence on the University. They played at ball with ideas and witticisms, — children of the moment which might well have deserved to have been more generally known." But among them all, the man who was most willingly listened to both for his striking *mots* and his amiable character was*—TEGNÉR: now, no longer compelled to exert himself for his studies, and passing an agreeable family-life, — he had become a cheerful and sociable companion. Many of the individuals visiting this Club have gained considerable renown, as Teachers at the University or in the Church. TEGNÉR, as a Poet, and Agardh as a Savan, both enjoy foreign celebrity. Three are Bishops, TEGNÉR in Vexjö, Agardh in Carlstad, and Heurlin in Visby. The last is also Acting Secretary of State for Ecclesiastical Affairs and the Department of Public Instruction. Both Heurlin and Agardh have also distinguished themselves at the Diets, and possess a political importance which TEGNÉR, although esteemed for his independence, has never endeavoured to acquire.

Through several Lyrical Pieces which displayed a genius of a lofty order, TEGNÉR had already gained an increasing reputation as a Poet, — when his Poem *SVEA*, which received the great Prize of the Swedish Academy in 1811, excited a universal sensation by its patriotic spirit no less than its poetic beauty. Among those things which make this Poem remarkable, is the change of form which occurs towards its close. From Alexandrines distinguished for that refined strength and measured and well-preserved harmony which this kind of verse demands, the Scald, in a sudden transport, is carried away to a Dithyrambic Song whose various tones are in unison with the richly-varied changes of its subject. This is, — a poetical vision, in which the Mythological images of the antique poetry shadow forth what the Swedish nation at the present moment thought

Clergy, is generally reckoned in 'tonnor spannemål,' barrels of grain, (half rye and half ears), which is also paid in kind. The average value of each barrel is regulated annually. It is commonly equal to 10 Rikr Rgs., about half a guinea. *G. S.*

and felt, experienced and hoped. Even although such should not have been the intention of our Bard, still the union of these two different styles shows His opinions in reference to the great Schism then arising in the Swedish Literature.

Without at all degrading the Belles Lettres of the older School, He himself was building up the new. But he never went over to our Phosphorism, which was so called from "Phosphoros," a Literary Review which was to announce a new dawn on the Swedish 'Parnassus' Mount.* On this subject he himself writes as follows: "The German Theories and the fashionable 'Carhuncle-Poetry' † I could not bear. It is true, I thought a change was necessary in our Swedish Verse; but it could and ought to be brought about in a more independent manner. The New School seemed to me too negative, and its critical Crusade too unjust. I therefore did not mix myself up in the contest, with the exception perhaps of a few pleasantries which I wrote or spoke."

As Lord Byron, in spite of the disrepute into which his enchanting Poems brought the older Bards, himself did them justice, — and among the rest especially valued Pope, just that Author whom his own admirers particularly despised, — so *TEGNER* also in the most solemn terms protested against the efforts of the Phosphorists to degrade our older Poets, — and especially Leopold, whose serious verse rivals Pope's in depth, — and whose more playful muse, although She never composed so charming a Song as 'The Rape of the Lock,' has notwithstanding surpassed the English Satirist in a flow of light lively Voltaire-resembling wit.

At the commencement of 1812, *TEGNER*, during a visit in Stockholm, made the personal acquaintance of Leopold, Rosenstein and other Members of the Swedish Academy. Already had he gained their admiration; he now added also their most faithful friendship and esteem.

Besides the Phosphoristic Coterie, which could in some respects be compared with 'The Poets of the Lake' in England, and among whom Wordsworth may be considered as having some resemblance in depth of thought and feeling to Atterhom, there arose one other Literary Union under the name of 'Göther' (the Goths). Their object was the knowledge and employment of the Ancient Northern Myth and Saga in the Fine

* 'Karfunkel-poesie,' a term borrowed from the German, might not inappropriately be paraphrased by 'Namby-pamby glimmer-and-glitter School,' *G. S.*

Arts. The Author of 'Svea' was invited to become a member, and in its Magazine, 'Iduna,' first appeared Specimens of 'Frithiof,' which immediately excited great expectations.

In the year 1812, a new field was opened for the activity of *regnéa* at the University of Lund. It was then that the Greek Literature, which had hitherto belonged to the same Professorship as the Eastern Languages, was erected into a separate Chair. The Oriental Department remained under the care of Norberg, and it was at his recommendation that *regnéa* — as a generally acknowledged Hellenist without a rival at the University — was proposed by its (Chancellor von Engeström then first Cabinet-Minister), and was nominated by his Majesty without the usual routine, to the Professorship of Grecian Literature. He received, on his appointment, the Living of Stäffe as his Prebend.

Thus he entered the Ecclesiastical Order, and wrote in consequence 'Prestvigningen'* ('The Consecration to the Priesthood'), a Poem beaming with heavenly beauty. But as his actual occupation lay within the sphere of the University, he principally devoted — and that with extraordinary zeal and energy — his time and labour to that department. Naturally enough, (and the remark is almost superfluous) he, with his poetical mind, was sure to direct the attention of his youthful hearers to the Beauties of Greek Literature, the surest method to win them over to the Language. But at the same time, a thing we should not have expected from a Poet, he united thereto severe demands for a solid acquaintance with its grammatical organization, and brought the study of Greek to a height and splendour hitherto unknown at the University of Lund.

Norberg, who had for his sake resigned this branch of his public duties, neither showed nor felt, (for all that he felt he showed!) any vexation at being thus, perhaps, surpassed by his successor. Their friendly relation to each other, was not disturbed for one instant.

In the meantime, the fame of *regnéa* as a Poet was continually on the increase. This was partly grounded on a multitude of Lyrical Pieces the one surpassed by the other, although all were of the most various kinds, and partly on two more lengthy compositions, which have also appeared in Foreign Translations, 'Axel' ** and 'The Young Communicants'

* *Tegnér's Smärre Dikter*, p. 155.

** The finest English Translation I have seen of this magnificent Poem is an anonymous free version, in *Blackwood's Magazine for 1826*, CIX, pp. 184—195. G. S.

('Nattvardsbarnen'). — In consequence of this, the Swedish Academy of Eighteen could not delay summoning him to their Body. He was elected successor to Oxenstjerna, whose Portrait (in TEGNÉR's Inauguration-Speech) has a beauty inseparable from its object, but which betrays the coloring of our Poet's Pencil!

The 'Epilogue at the Promotion in Lund in 1820',* together with many other Occasional Poems, gave him individual importance as a liberal-minded clear-headed and deep-thinking man, who followed with his Time without being carried away by its illusions. — How well he was able, if he pleased, to imagine and execute even a Mystic Idea, is proved by his 'Address to the Sun' ** ('Sång till Solen') which Leopold, although still less than TEGNÉR a lover of the mysterious and the fantastic, pronounced the very first of his Minor Poems, both in the light and lofty flight of its various Thoughts, and in a purity of expression and harmony of verse which are kept up in spite of the most difficult of metres. But it is especially 'Frithiof' which has raised TEGNÉR to the first rank among the Bards of modern times, spreading his fame not only around all Europe but even to other regions and far other climes †.

In the same year, 1824, when this admirable Poem began to exalt his character as a Scald, he obtained unexpected Preferment in the bosom of the Swedish Church. Although he had enjoyed no opportunity or reasonable occasion of distinguishing himself as a Theologian, yet so much had he gained the respect of the Clergy of Småland, as Teacher of the Academic youth and as Member of the Chapter of Lund, that on a vacancy occurring in the Bishopric of Vexjö he obtained, almost unanimously, the first place on the list proposed for appointment. †† Probably his Idyl 'The young Communicants' ('Nattvardsbarnen') had contributed to that confidence in his religious feelings which such a choice presupposes in his Brethren. He was appointed Bishop in 1824, and immediately justified this Promotion by the most zealous guardianship of the Educational Institutions of his Diocese. His Speeches on public

* *Tegnér's Smärre Dikter*, p. 164. G. S.

** *Tegnér's Smärre Dikter*, p. 199. G. S.

† See Appendix — 'Frithiof and its Literature.'

†† The National Church of Sweden is vastly superior to the Episcopal Seat of England and Ireland in purity and freedom. The disgusting *Congé d'élire* is unknown; the majority of votes propose a list of three, one of whom the King must nominate. G. S.

occasions of importance at the Gymnasium and the Schools, excited an extraordinary sensation. In these he developed, in the talented manner peculiar to himself, his enlightened views on the questions of the day relative to the Reforms proposed in the Establishments of Education. These Speeches have also been spread in foreign lands, by a German Translation. — How he fulfils his duties as one of the Chiefs of the Church, we may see in the remarkable Documents belonging to the Assembly of the Clergy in Vexiö in 1836. They have not, as usual, been confined within the limits of the Diocese or the *Cloth*, but have also attracted the attention of the Public at large,* and have convinced all classes that he does not less deserve his consideration as a Theologian a Priest and a Guardian of Religion and Ecclesiastical rule, than as an accomplished and indefatigable guide of all the Educational Departments.

He has not, it is true, been particularly active at the Diets, which he is bound to attend in his capacity of Bishop; but as often as he has raised his voice, the listening expectation of something at once solid and ingenious, has found itself not only satisfied but surprised.

While yet Professor he had been adorned with the Order of the North Star, which has *now* become a *common* distinction for Swedish Literati of merit. But on the breast of our Scald far shining from the North, it reminds us of its original signification. Immediately after his advancement to the Episcopal Chair, he was nominated Knight Commander of the same Order.

Whether it is that his office, although it has not exhausted all his time, has turned away his attention from the art of the minstrel, or whether the cause may be that his weak health has somewhat darkened his changingly cheerful and melancholy disposition, — true it is that, since the publication of 'Frithiof,' he has only occasionally struck the chords of a Lyre which has suffered no change in the tones with which it is wont at once to charm and to astonish. We hope, however, that he will yet finish, among other more considerable Poems, one which has been long impatiently expected and of which he has given delightful specimens under the name of 'Gerda.' As for himself indeed, he requires for his glory no more than he already enjoys as one of the most magnificent geniuses of modern times.

The Author of this Biography will not venture a Characteristique

* They have been translated into the German Language by Nobuicke.

of *TEGNÉR* as Poet; nor indeed does it necessarily belong to the task he has chosen. But the opinion of that Bard himself as to the causes of his own popularity must doubly tend to excite our attention, as characteristic both of his Muse and of Himself. — I hasten therefore to insert his own observations on this subject: —

"The Swede, like the Frenchman, prefers in Poetry the light, the clear and the transparent. The profound, indeed, he demands and values also; but it must be a depth that is pellucid. He wishes that he may see the gold-sands at the bottom of the wave. Whatever is dark and muddy, so that it cannot give him any distinct image — let it be as far-fetched as it may — he cannot suffer. He believes that

The' obscurely utter'd is the' obscurely thought,*

and clearness is a necessary condition for whatever shall produce any effect upon him. In this he differs widely from the German, who in consequence of his contemplative nature not only suffers but even prefers the mystical and the nebulous, in which he loves to foresee something deeply thought. He has more "*Gemüth*" and gloomy seriousness than the Swede, who is more superficial and more frivolous. This is the source of those Mystical feelings and Hemorrhoidal sensations (*Hemorrhoidal-känningarne*) in the German Poetry, for which we have no taste:

"As regards the Spirit itself and the views of the world in the Poet's own breast, — we love best the life-enjoying, the fresh, the bold, yes — even the overdaring!

* From the remarkable, 258 lines long, '*Epilog vid Magister-Promotionen i Lund 1820.*' The whole passage is as follows: L. 156 — 161.

"I Febi verd, I vetaude som dikt,
 Är allting klart, klart strålar Febi sol,
 Klar var hans källa, den Kastaliska.
 Hvad du ej klart kan säga, vet du ej:
 Med tanken ordet föds på mannens läppar:
 Det dunkelt sagda är det dunkelt tänkt."

In Phœbus' world, in knowledge as in Song,
 All, all is clear! Clear shines Apollo's Sun,
 Clear was his Fountain, that of Castaly;
 Thou knowst not what thou canst not clearly say:
 Man's lips give birth to thoughts and words together,
 The' obscurely utter'd is the' obscurely thought. G. S.

"This is also true of the Swedish National Character. However weakened, frivolous, or degenerate the People may be, — a Viking-vein still lies at the bottom of the National Temperament, and willingly will we recognize it also in the Bard. The race of Fornjoter* is not yet extinguished. Something Titanic and full of defiance runs through the People like a national feature.

Northland's Strength defies, and never
 Death can Conquest from us sever;
 For, e'en should we fall at last,
 Life in Battle's sport was past.
 Roars the Storm — how willing dare we
 Wrestling beard him! Willing hare we,
 Thunder mocking, hairy breast —
 There his arm can strike us best!††

"The proper natural image of the Northern disposition is, a cold and clear hut fresh winter-day which steels and braces all the energies of man to contend against and to conquer a hard climate and unwilling soil. Wherever this clear breeze is found, wherever this fresh spirit blows, — the Nation recognizes its own inward Life, and for its sake pardons other poetic faults. — I know no better explanation."

All whom *TEGNER*'s works have made acquainted with his noble genius know however another explanation, together with the above, which is undoubtedly both correctly and ingeniously thought out, and has a great effect not only upon his Swedish popularity but also upon his European fame. But notwithstanding all that is Northern in the spirit and in the subject of his productions, his Poetry has all the richness and luxurious Beauty of the South. Indeed as respects his fresh bright colouring, and the ever-springing wealth of his thoughts and images, — he may be compared to the verdant crown of an Orange-tree, whose strong and pure-beaming green is adorned with full-ripe fruit side by side with the newly-opened blossom!

* The founder or representative of the aboriginal Giant (Mountaineer) occupants of old Scandinavia. *G. S.*

†† "Nordens kraft är trots, oeh falla Stormar det, han gerna brottas
 Är en seger för oss alla; Emot stormen, gerna blottas
 Ty, om oek man föll till slut, Lodet bröst, att åskan må
 Fick man ändå kämpa ut. Veta hvar hon bäst kan slå."

Gerda, Stanza I.

APPENDIX.

FRITHIOF and its LITERATURE.

The first compleat Edition of *Frithiof's Saga*, by Bishop TEGNÉR, appeared in Stockholm, in 1825. The 2nd Edition was published in the same year; the 3rd in 1827; the 4th in 1828; the 5th in 1831, and the 6th will be published shortly. Every Edition has been 2 or 3,000 strong, so that from 12 to 15,000 copies must have been distributed.

I. Translations:

A. — Compleat,

- German. 1. *Ludolf Schley*, Upsala 1826. — Reprinted in Vienna, 1827.
 2. *Amalie von Helwig*, geborne Freyinn von Imhoff; Stuttgart, 1826; — 2nd Edition, 1832.
 3. *Gottlieb Mohnike*, Stralsund, 1826; — 2nd Ed. 1830; — 3rd Ed. Leipzig, 1836.
 4. *E. J. Mayerhoff*; Berlin, 1835.
 Danish. 5. *H. Foss*, Bergen, 1826. — 2nd Ed. Christiania, 1827.
 6. *J. P. Miller*, Kjöbenhavn, 1836: In this Translation, 'Rings Drapa' is from the pen of *Finn Magnussen*.
 7. *A. E. Boye*, Kjöbenhavn, 1838.
 French. 8. *Mlle R. du Puget*, Paris, 1838. — This Translation is in Prose.
 English. 9. *Rev. Wm. Strong*, London and Leipsig, 1833.
 10. Anonymous, several hands (*H. G.*, *W. E. F.*, and *R. C.*) Paris and London, 1835.
 11. *R. G. Lathman*, M. A. London, 1838.
 12. *G. S.*, Stockholm and London, 1839.

B. — Partial. (In Periodicals, Reviews etc.)

1. *K. Lappe*, in Prose, in *Wiener Zeitschrift für Kunst, Literatur und Theater*.
 2. *C. A. Valentiner*, in *Originalien aus dem Gebiete der Wahrheit, Kunst, Laune und Phantasie*. Jahrg. 1832. No. 29.
 3. *With. v. Souhr*, in *Das Morgenblatt*, No. 149—151.
 4. *Herman v. Pommer Ephe*, in *Sundine*, 1834.
 5. *J. J. Ampère*, 'Ingeborgs Klagan' (Lament). See *Litterarische Blätter der Börsenhalle*, 1832.

6. Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, Feb. 1828.
7. Foreign Quarterly Review; No. V. Sept. 1828.
8. *Prof. Longfellow*, North American Review, Boston and New-York, No. 96. July 1837.

II. Musical Accompaniments.

1. Tolf Sångur ur Frithiofs Saga, af *B. Crusell*; Stockholm, 1826.
— Republished in Leipsig, 1827.
2. Sångur ur Frithiofs Saga af *Crusell*, arrangerade för Guitarre, af *Hildebrand*; 4 Parts.
3. Tre Sångur ur Frithiofs Saga, af (Grefvinnan *Hedda Wrangel*). Stockholm, 1828.
4. Sångur ur Frithiofs Saga, satte i Musik af *P. C. Boman*. Stockholm, 1828.
5. Fyra Sångur ur Frithiofs Saga, komponerade af *Adolf Sandberg*. Stockholm 1829.
6. Tre Sångur ur Frithiofs Saga, satte i Musik af *S. M. Zanders*. Stockholm, 1830.
7. Schwedische Lieder aus Axel und Frithiof, in Musik gesetzt von *Caroline Ridderstolpe*. Stockholm, 1829.
8. Vikinga-Balk (XV Gesang aus Frithiofs Sage) von *Joseph Panny*. Mainz, Paris, Antwerpen, 1822.
9. Drey Lieder aus der Frithiofs Sage, von *F. Silcher*. Tübingen, 1836.
10. XII Songs to Frithiofs Saga (4 unchanged from Crusell) in the English Translation by *G. S.*

III. Engravings.

1. *Baron H. Hamiltons* Tjugufyra Teckningar till Frithiofs Saga, 4 Parts. Stockholm, 1828.
2. Framnäs och Balestrand, Frithiofs och Ingeborgs hem, målade af *C. J. Fahlcrantz*, lithografierade af *M. J. Ankarstörd*. Stockholm, 1828.
3. *Holmbergssons* XXIV (unsuccessful) Teckningar. In the 5th Edition. Stockholm, 1831.
4. II Lithographs in Strong's Translation, (from *Mohnike*.)
5. XVI Original topographical and Antiquarian Engravings on Stone, in the last English Translation (by *G. S.*)

DESCRIPTION
OF
Ingeborg's Arm-ring.

BY
BROR EM. HILDEBRAND,
Royal Antiquarian etc. etc. of Sweden.

Translated from the Original Swedish.

Our poet, abandoning the simple words of the ancient Saga, has described this precious Jewel, in his Illrd Canto, in terms perfectly agreeing with the spirit of antiquity. It is founded on one of the Chaunts in the Elder or Poetic Edda, *Grimnismal*, *Grimner's Song*, in whose description of the XII Castles or Dwellings of the Gods it has been not unreasonably supposed, that we find an allegorical representation of the knowledge possessed by the olden North respecting the Zodiac, and the Sun's annual course through its XII Constellations, called by the Scald *Sun-houses*. Those who are not acquainted with the above-mentioned Eddaic Chaunt, will perhaps find acceptable a short statement of its contents, so far as our present subject is concerned, together with a few explanatory remarks upon the whole.

In Göthaland ruled a King, Gejröd by name, who made away with his brother, and thereby succeeded to the government after his father. — Now there came up to his court an unknown man who called himself *Grimner*, and who would give no farther information respecting who he was, although he was questioned thereupon. The King had been warned, by Fulla the messenger of Frigga, to guard against a man versed in magic arts who had lately come into that land. The description given of him agreed with *Grimner's* person, and Gejröd, disregarding the laws of hospitality, commanded the stranger to be set between two fires, that he

might be compelled to give up his real name. Grimner accordingly was tortured in this manner during VIII nights, and the fire had already begun to take hold upon his cloak, without any one appearing to have pity on him. Then came Agnar forward, the son of Gejröd, and now ten years old. His father's cruelty he liked not, and reached the sufferer a Horn full of liquor, that he might refresh himself. Grimner, who was eventually found to be no other than Oden himself, thanked the young Prince by chaunting to him a Song which received the name of *Grimnis-mal* (Grimner's Song) from his adopted appellation, and which is one of the most remarkable among all the mythical fragments to be found in the Edda. — After having described his torture, from the continually increasing heat, he praises Agnar for the compassion he had showed, and promises that he shall one day be sole Lord over all the district of Göthaland.

He then chaunts the XII Residences of the Gods, as follows:

I. *Í-DALIR* (Rain-vallies, or Hunting-vallies) where Uller had caused his Hall to be built. Uller, a son of Sif and the step-son of Thor, was the God of winter. Beautiful he was to look upon, and so skilled in the long-bow and in skating, that no one could be compared to him. Uller's Castle answers to the Sign of the Archer in the Zodiac, and from this date — about the 21st November — the old Scandinavians reckoned the commencement of the winter or the year.

II. *ÁLFHEIMR* (Home or World of the Light-Fairies) was the dwelling of Frey. This he had got, in the beginning of time, on cutting his first tooth (*som tandgáfva, at tannfê*). Frey, the son of Niörd, was one of the chiefest among the Gods; he was called *the wise*, and ruled over rain and sunshine; to him, therefore, offered they for good harvests. Álfheimr answers to the Zodiacal sign Capricorn, from the 20th of Dec. to the 20th of January. The Yule-Feast, which occurs within this period, was properly consecrated to him.

III. *VALASKIÐLF* (Vale's in-air-hovering palace) was a splendid and lofty Castle, with a roof of shining silver, which Vale in the dawn of time had selected as his dwelling. He was the son of Odin (heaven) and Rinda (the hard-frozen earth) and was a symbol of the victory of light over darkness. His month, in consequence of this, was called *Liósberi* (Lucifer, Light-bearer) and festivals were held to celebrate the increasing daylight. The Catholic *Festum candelarum* (Kyndelsmessa, Candlemas, Feb. 2) had thus its source in heathenism, although Christianity gave it

another meaning. Valaskjalf answers to the Sign of the Water-Bearer, (about from the 20 Jan. to the 19th of February).

IV. SÖCKVABECKR (the deep-streaming beck) over which were alway breaking the cold billows of the sea, was inhabited by *Saga*, the Goddess of History, whom Odin daily visited, drinking with her mead from out a golden bowl. The Myth seems to relate to the ascent of the Sun from the billows of the sea, which now begin to be loosened from their icy chains. Söckvabeckr, accordingly, answers to the Sign of the Fishes, from about the 19th of Feb. to the 21st of March.

V. GLADSHEIMR (the Home of Gladness, or light) was the fifth Castle. Within its circuit stood the magnificent and gold-adorned Valhall, whose halls were covered with lances and hung with shields, and whose benches were overdrawn with coats of mail. A wolf stands bound by the door towards the west, and an eagle hovers over the entrance. There sitteth Hroptyr (one of Odin's many names) selecting for himself those who have fallen in battle. Gladsheimr answers to the Sign of the Ram — from about the 21st of March to April 20 — during which time commenced the naval expeditions.

VI. ÞRYMHEIMR (the Thunder-home) was inhabited by the Giant *Thiasse*, who was killed by Thor as he flew, in the shape of an eagle, to Asgård that he might recover Idun. Assisted by Loke's cunning, he had once before carried her off; but Loke had taken her back again at the command of the Gods. Thiasse's daughter, *Skadi*, came armed to Asgård, to revenge her father's death; she however permitted herself to be appeased, and became the spouse of Niord. With him she should have lived in Noatun, by the sea-side; but she could not bear the screaming of the sea-fowl, only remained there 3 nights at once, and then retired to Þrymheimr her father's mountain-hold, to hunt and slide on scate-shoes. Here she remained for 9 nights, returned thereupon to her husband, and in this manner continued to change her abode. Þrymheimr answers to the Sign of the Bull, — from the 20th of April to the 21st of May — when the transition commences from spring to summer.

VII. BREIDDLIK (the Wide-shimmering) was the Home of Balder, where nothing unclean could enter. The Myth of Balder, the Type of all that is fair and noble, and his fall by blind Höder's arrow and by Loke's cunning, (darkness it is which overcomes the light) is too well known for it to be necessary to repeat it here. It is the glory of the Mythology of the North, and no heathen people has anything more

beautiful to present us. Bredablik answers to the Sign of the Twins, from May 21 to June 21, when the Sun reaches its zenith in the heavens, till at last, on entering the next celestial Sign, it again begins its downward course in the firmament.

VIII. HIMINBORG (Heaven-hill) stood at the end of heaven, where Heimdal, the Warder of the Gods, lived to guard their Bridge Bifrost (the Rainbow), so that the Giants should not pass over it. So sharp-sighted is he, that he can see hundreds of miles round about him; his hearing is so fine, that he hears the grass grow on the ground, and the wool on the back of the sheep. When Muspel's sons, the giant-monsters, advance to the final contest (Ragnarök) bloweth he in his Trumpet (Gjallarhorn), the sound of which is heard all the world about, to give warning to the Gods and summon them to arm for the battle. His Castle answers to the Zodiacal Sign of the Crab — from the 21st of June to the 23rd of July — when the sun begins to return from its highest point in the heavens.

IX. FÓLKVANG (Folk-steppe, plain of the Peoples) is inhabited by Freya, the daughter of Niord and Spouse of Óder. She was the Venus of the Northern mythology, and receives in her halls the one half of the heroes who fall in battle, Odin receiving the other half. Fólkváng answereth to the Constellation the Lion — from July 23rd to August 23rd — the dog-days, when the greatest heat rages.

X. GLITNIR (Bright-gleaming) was the tenth Castle, whose silver roof was supported by pillars of gold. Here dwelled *Forsete*, a son of Balder and Nanna, and the most righteous among Gods and Men, he from whose Doom-seat all disputants return reconciled. His Castle answers to the Sign of the Virgin (from the 23rd of August to the 24th of September) a period which ends with the Autumnal Equinox, when both day and night are equal, and the Sun advances into the Sign of the Scales. The Northern Autumn-Ting was held in this month.

XI. NÓATÚN (the blameless Niord's Home) stood on the sea-shore. Niord was of the race of the Vancr, but was given as a hostage to the Asar, and afterward was adopted among them. He was the God of the air and the water, and on this account sacrifices were offered him for good fortune on the sea. From these sacrifices, this month was formerly called *Blot-* or offer-month. Noatun answers to the Sign of the Scales — from the 24th of Sept. to the 22nd of October.

XII. LANDVÍÐI (the wide-stretched District) was a great plain, overgrown with grass and underwood. There dwelled Vidar, the son of Oden, and the silent God. Next to Thor he is the strongest among the Asar, and at the destruction of the world shall slay the Fenris-wolf, after it has been the bane of Oden, his Father. It answers to the Sign of the Scorpion in the Zodiac — from the 22nd of Oct. to the 22nd of Nov, and was the last month of the year, according to the computation of the old North.

After Grimmer has thus sung the XII Castles of the Deities, or the twelve celestial Signs, he proceeds to other subjects in the Mythology of the North, and finishes with an anathema against King Gejruð for his cruel crime. — But when the king observed that it was Odin himself, his own fosterfather, whom he had tormented, he springeth hastily up to free the God from his bands; therewith, however, he stumbles, and falleth dead upon the point of his own Sword. Odin then disappeared, and Agnar became long king in that land.

More detailed explanations of these XII Houses of the Gods, and of their astronomical signification, will be found in the Danish Translation of the Elder Edda, Copenhagen, 1821 — 1823; in the "Edda-lære," Copenhagen 1824 — 1826; and in the Mythological Lexicon to the Eddas, appended to the 3rd volume of "Edda Sæmundar hins Fróða," Copenhagen, 1828: all these three works are by the learned Professor *Finu Magnussen*. Compare also *Mone*, "Geschichte des Heidenthums in nördl. Europa," Vol. I, pp. 387 etc. Leipzig und Darmstadt, 1822. *Ling*, "Eddornas Sinnbilds-Lära," Stockholm, 1819; *Geijer*, "Svea Rikes Häfder," Upsala, 1825, pp. 347 etc.; and *Studach*, "Sæmunds Edda des Weisen," 1st. Abth. Nürnberg, 1829, pp. 75 etc.

Besides the above Edda-chant, many other proofs might be advanced of the knowledge respecting the path of the Sun through the Zodiac, possessed by the ancient Scandinavians. We may instance the XII names of Odin, which seem to refer to the same astronomical fact: and the express testimony of Jordanes to the learning of the Gothic priests. He

at the same time separately distinguishes their knowledge of the XII Zodiaca! Signs, and of the course of the planets through them etc.

To this day we meet, among the common people in Sweden, instances of a familiar acquaintance with many astronomical Constellations. This seems to have been perpetuated from the earliest times; and according to Jordaens the Goths knew and named 346 stars. With this knowledge the Swedish Peasant even now helps himself forward in many districts, so as to reckon the course of the Hours, to determine his farming operations, and to find his way over the sea. From the very oldest times, the Northman had his own Perpetual-Calendar, carved with Runes and other marks, commonly upon a flat board or upon a stick or staff. It was therefore usually called Rune-Staff or Prim-Staff, from the word *Prim*, which means the same as what in Catholic Calendars is called the Golden Letter. We sometimes find employed for this purpose thin slips or leaves of wood or bone, and more lately parchment-leaves which folded up like a book. Not seldom these marks were inscribed upon weapons, tools, furniture and ornaments, — for instance on the lance-staff, axe-shaft and slight boxes etc.

Such Rune-Calendars or Rune-staves are preserved in great numbers in the Public Collections of the three Northern kingdoms, and are often enough found in the possession of private individuals, even among the common people, — and their general use only slowly began to give way at the commencement of the 17th century, in consequence of the supplies furnished of the Annual Almanachs.

Although we do not know of the existence of any Rune-Staff which can certainly be asserted to have belonged to the days of heathenism, we may yet from the use of Runes in reckoning time, and from several of the tokens occurring among the oldest of them, as well as from other reasons, — conclude that the use of the Rune-calendar was known in the North before Christianity and its *computus ecclesiasticus* were introduced among us. — As this is a circumstance altogether peculiar to the Northern nations, the Translator imagined he should confer much pleasure on such readers of this Saga as are not Scandinavians, by communicating the Drawing of a Rune-Calendar designed by the late Royal Antiquarian, Professor J. G. Liljegren, — such as we might imagine it was engraved on INGEBORG'S ARM-RING. — In order to make its use more clearly understood, and in consequence, as we have before remarked, of there being no heathen rune-staff remaining to be employed for the purpose, Professor

Liljegren believed he might venture an anachronism — by adorning this ancient ornament with a rune-calendar of more modern form, and some of whose signs refer to the saints and feasts of the Christian faith.

The construction of the Rune-Calendar was simple, but perfectly suited for the purpose. It was divided according to the XII months of the year. In order to mark out the days of the week, were employed the 7 first runes in the Alphabet: — *ƿ* (answering to our F and called *Fref*), *U* (U—*Ur*), *Þ* (the English TH—*Thorn*), *ᚦ* or *ᚨ* (O—*Os*), *R* (R—*Reder*), *ƿ* (K—*Kōn*), and *ᚱ* (H—*Haget*) — one for every day in the week. These runes are repeated in the same order, for all the 365 days in the year, in the same manner as A, B, C, D, E, F, G, are employed for the same purpose in the Christian Calendars of the middle ages and even of later times. Consequently when one knew on what day the year began, it necessarily followed that the rune *ƿ* marked out the same day of the week all the year through. That rune which distinguished the Sunday was called *Söndags-runa* (*Sunday-rune*) or *Söndags-hokstaf* (*Sunday-letter*) — the *litera dominicalis* of the Roman Ecclesiastical Calendar. — Every fourth year, or in what are called Leap-Years, on the 24th of February there was inserted a day which was not marked on the Rune-Staff, (*skottdag* — *dies bissextilis*, intercalary day), from which it followed that in Leap-Years there were two Sunday-runes, the first of which was counted up to the 24th of February, after which the rune immediately preceding became the Sunday-rune till the end of the year. As these changes of the days of the week are renewed every 28 years, such a period of 28 years was called a Sun-circle or Solar-cycle; and, by a particular method of calculation, one could at any time find the Sunday-rune for any particular year. — See “Liljegrens Runelära,” Stockholm, 1832, p. 196.

Under the above-mentioned line of runes for the days of the week, the Rune-staff has another rune-row, consisting of 19 runes or signs: — *ƿ*, *U*, *Þ*, *ᚦ*, *R*, *ƿ*, *ᚱ*, *I* (*i—is*), *ᚦ* (A—*Ar*), *ᚱ* (S—*Sol*), *ᚦ* (T—*Tyr*), *ᚱ* (B—*Birkal*), *ᚦ* (L—*Lager*), *ᚱ* (M—*Mader*), *ᚱ* (ō when a vowel, R when a consonant — *Ör* or *Stupmader*), *ᚱ* (AL—*Almaga*), *ᚱ* (Tvemaga or *Tvimader*), *ᚱ* (*Belgthor*), — called *Prim* or *Primstaves*, answering to the 19 cyphers or so-called Golden numbers of the Church-calendar, pointing out the periodical changes or revolutions of the Moon,

which after the lapse of 19 years fall upon the same days again. The method of finding the Prim or Golden Number, consisted in a simple calculation, which may be seen in the work of Liljegren quoted above, page 198.

For the several annual Feasts occurring on certain definite days every year, there were placed over the line of runes for the days of the week, certain signs reminding of the feasts themselves. For instance, at Yule (Christmas) there was a child in swaddling-clothes; on New-Year's day, a Knife (Circumcision); on Twelfth-Day a Star; on the Days of the Virgin Mary, a Crown etc. What are called the Moveable Feasts, such as the Chief days in Lent, Pentecost etc. were governed by Easter-day which took place differently for different years — just as the Advent-Sundays depended upon Christmas day — for which reason these feasts could not be marked on the rune-staff.

But besides all these, we have other Signs also occurring on the Rune-staff which relate to the changes of the Seasons or of vegetation and other similar natural circumstances, or to the labours and occupations belonging to the different periods of the year etc. — Professor Liljegren has placed a number of these tokens on his drawing of Ingeborg's Arming; although, in order to give the whole a more symmetrical appearance, they could not be stationed exactly over the particular days to which they belonged.

We now proceed to the explanation of this Design.

Along the upper part are the present usual names of the months, and beneath these the XII Signs of the Zodiac, such as they are commonly represented, placed within an arabesque composed by the Designer of twisting ornaments and fantastical figures in the antique northern style. The four small vignettes on the upper space give us images of the scenery of the north, during the different seasons of the year. In February we see a cottage and some fir-trees covered with snow, while the sun can scarcely lift itself above the ice-bridged sea. In May the inspiring Spring-sun is shining over a bay, which is shaded by leafy trees; along the coast a boat is sailing forward. In August we see the corn-harvest, the hot dog-days now fierce raging. In November we have again a more than half-stripped landscape, the rays of the sun being hardly able to penetrate the down-streaming showers of rain.

Lowest along the drawing are given the ancient names of the Months: — ÞNRI (Þuri, Thorre, Thor's month); FNI (Gui, Gölje-month); ENPI (Blidhi, mild month); NIREIT (Varant, also called Astar-month after a Goddess of this name); *RTHI (Hraisi, Journey-month); ENNYHTRI (Blumstri, Flower-month); HNRYI (Sumri, Summer-month); *TNDR (Antidhr, Harvest-time); *THNTI (Hausti, Autumn-month); ENNTI (Bluti, Offering or Home-killing month); NITRI (Viutri, Winter-month); *INNI (Hiuli, Yule-month); which has sometimes been called YNNI (Glugi, Window-hole-month), either because the window (glugg) of the sun seemed as it were closed, or because of the intercalation here of those days which exceed the 360 or XII months, reckoning 30 days to every month.

Above the ancient names of the months, the waxing and waning of the Moon — during its circle of 28 days and nights — is exhibited by light and shade. At the same time a figure is inserted referring to the name of every month, or to those expeditions which belonged to the same, etc. — 1. An ancient Doom-Seat, consisting of a flat stone resting upon three stump-like blocks, as a mark of the Winter-Ting; together with two Drinking-horns, which refer to the still continuing Yule-feast. 2. A holy Ring, referring to the Disar-Sacrifice. 3. An Egg, *hucus* lay at this time. 4. A Serpent, awakened from its winter-trance. 5. A Doom-Seat for the Summer-Ting; also a Stork, which bird removes about this time to Southern Sweden. 6. A Milk-pail, in consequence of this being the time when the cattle are led to pasture in distant grass-lands and meadows in the woods. 7. A Flower, under the high-beaming midsummer-sun, (the summer-solstice). 8. A ray-darting Sun, marking the heat during the dog-days. 9. A Doom-seat for the Autumn-Ting; and a Bee-bive, betokening the time for collecting the honey of the bee, which was so necessary in the preparation of mead — the favourite drink of the Northman. 10. An Ox and a slaughtering-Axe; the time for killing meat. 11. A Goose, referring to St. Martin's feast. 12. A Wheel, the sun's tropic, winter-solstice; together with a dormer-light or window, referring to what has before been said regarding the Yule-month.

Above this line is the row of runes for the days of the week, answering to the cyphers under the lower edge of the arabesques. Between these two lines we find a part of the signs occurring on the Rune-Staff, and the object of which has been described above. Their signification is as follows: —

I. 1. *Two Drinking-horns, crossed*; (Jan. 1). The New-Year's feast and the continuing Yule-Festivities, when the Drinking-horns, filled with ale and mead, went incessantly around the board.

2. *A rising Sun*; (same date). The commencing year, with the increasing day-light.

II. 3. *A Star*; (Jan. 6). Twelfth-Day, or the feast of the 3 Kings, when the Star stopped over the manger of the *Saviour in Bethlehem*.

4. *A Drinking Horn*, (same d.); the still continuing Yule-festivities.

III. 5. *A Down-turned Horn*; (Jan. 13). The 19th Yule-day, Canute's day, when the Yule-Festivities were regarded as ended, according to the old Proverb;

"Tjugonde dags Knut	Knut's nineteenth day
Kör Julen ut."	Drives Yule away.

IV. 6. *A Whip*, (same date). Refers to the driving out of Yule.

7. *A Flail*; (Jan. 14). The time for the farmer again to commence his labours.

8. *A Doom-Stone*, (Jan. 19); the Winter-Ting.

V. 9. *A Fishing-Net*, (Jan. 25); the time for winter-fishing with a net under the ice, — what is called the ice-net.

VI. 10. *A Torch*, (Feb. 2); Candle-mas-day, (*festum candelarum*). It also refers to a more ancient heathen Feast, to celebrate the increasing day-light, as has been remarked before.

11. *A Blowing-horn*, (*Blåshorn*;) (Feb. 3); St. Blasius' day, probably referring to the name *Blasius*, which the ignorant might have supposed connected with the word blowing, *blåsa*. It is also regarded as connected with the *blasts* and storms which occur about this time, for which reason *Blåsmässodagen* (the mass of St. Blasius), was regarded by the ancients as unfortunate.

VII. 12. *A Pair of Pincers*, (Feb. 6); St. Dorothea's day, this saint having been pinched with red-hot tongs. It sometimes belongs to the 9th of February, St. Apollonia's day, in consequence of the teeth of this Saint having been pulled out with similar pincers.

13. *A Shoe-sole*, (Feb. 10); St. Scolastica's day. The figure seems to refer to the name of the Saint, which in the language of the Northman was easily corrupted to Shoe-sole (*skosula*).

VIII. 14. *A Carpenter's axe*, (Feb. 15); pointing out the time most suitable for felling trees for building-timber.

IX. 15. *A Stone*, (Feb. 24); Mathias' day, the time for the commencement of the breaking-up of the ice, — according to an old saw, "*Matts kastar heta sten i sjön*," Mathias casts hot stones into the lake. This refers to the very natural circumstance that the ice first begins to melt around stones which stick up out of the water.

X. 16. *A beaming Sun*, (March 1); reminding us of the beautiful sun-shiny days which usually set in about March. Instead of the Sun, we often see on some rune-staves the head of an old man with a long beard: this refers to the same fact, according to an old Proverb: —

"Mars med sitt långa skägg March, whose beard so long doth fall,
Lockar barnen utom vägg." Tempts the bairns to leave the wall.

XI. 17, 18. *An Arm and a Leg* (the latter improperly engraved — March 7); St. Perpetua's day. She was thrown to wild beasts and torn by them in pieces.

XII. 19. *A Tree without leaves*, (March 12); the time when the tender buds of trees begin to swell.

XIII. 20. *A Plough*, (March 21); reminding us that all farming-implements should now be put in order.

XIV. 21. *A Bishop's Cope*, (April 1); the day of the Bishop, St. Hugo.

XV. 22. *A Boat under sail*, (same date); the water is now open for sea-voyages.

XVI. 23. *A Tree in leaf*, (April 14); the shooting of the leaf. Tiburtius' day; it is also called *Sumar* or *Sommarnatt* (Summer-night); because it was from this day that the beginning of summer was formerly reckoned.

XVII. 24. *A Shield*, (April 20); St. Victor's day.

25. *A Spear*, (April 23); St. Göran's (George's) day, referring to the spear with which he slew the Dragon.

26. *A Flag*, (same date, and sometimes the 2nd of May); the commencement of the Viking-expeditions; also, the processions of later Catholic times.

XVIII. 27. *A Bird in a tree*, (April 25); the arrival of the Cuckoo.

XIX. 28. *A Bird lying on an egg*, (1st of May); Laying or hatching-time, when all birding was forbidden.

XX. 29. *A Swallow flying upwards*, (May 3); the time when this bird arrives. The Swallow enjoys a kind of sanctity, from its love for the abodes of man; and respecting this bird the Swedish Peasantry still

believe that it never removes, but lies in a winter-trance at the bottom of the water, till the warmth of spring tempts her up again.

XXI. 30. *A Bream*, (May 31); the breeding-time of this sort of fish.

XXII. 31. *An Ear of corn*, (May 18, according to others May 25); the time when the winter-rye begins to shoot into ear. The latter day is often represented by some flowers.

32. *A Pitch-fork*, (May 25, according to others June 12); the season for manuring the ground, when this implement was employed.

XXIII. 33. *A Gimlet or Borer*, (June 3); the period proper for all sorts of repairs and joiners' work, before the hay-making begins.

34. *A Milk-pail*, (properly the 31st of May); milking for what was called May-butter; — the time when the cattle were driven for pasturage and milking to the woods.

XXIV. 35. *A young Bird*, (June 5); the time when the young of forest-birds begin to fly.

36. *A Fishing-rod*, (June 8); Fishing-days.

XXV. 37. *A Turnip*, (June 17); St. Botolf's day (the old Turnip-man) when turnips began to be sown.

XXVI. 38. *The Midsummer-pole*, or as it is usually called the *May-pole*, (June 24); the day before, or Midsummer-Eve, the young people assemble to raise a high pole, adorned with leaves flowers and ribbands etc., around which they afterwards dance the whole night through in the open air.

XXVII. 39. *A Bunch of Flowers*, (June 29); the time for collecting flowers and plants, for medical or magical purposes.

XXVIII. 40. *A Bundle of leaves*, (July 2); the leaf-plucking time, when leaf-branches are collected and tied in sheaves, to be dried and kept as winter-fodder for the sheep.

XXIX. 41. *A Scythe*, (July 8); the commencement of the hay-harvest.

XXX. 42, 43. *A Hay-rake and the outline of a Barn*, (July 15); Hay-Making. In distant meadows small Barns are erected, where the dried hay is deposited and kept till the winter, when it is much easier to transport it home over the frozen lakes and rivers.

XXXI. 44. *A Net*, (day uncertain); Fishing-time.

XXXII. 45. *An Acorn*, (July 25); the time when the oak begins to set its fruit.

46. *A Corn-crook*, (July 29); St. Olof's day. As the past year's

stock of grain and other articles of provision begins to run short about this time, many a one now complains of *Olmässeskroken*, the Crook of Olof's Mass.

XXXIII. 47. *A Flail*, (Aug. 10); the grain of the new crops is now thrashed.

XXXIV. 48. *A Harrow*, (Aug. 15); the season for preparing the ground to receive the autumn-seed.

XXXV. 49. *A Hop-plant*, climbing round a pole, (Aug. 24); the hop-season, for ale-brewing.

50. *A Sword*, (Aug. 29); the day when St. John the Baptist was beheaded; it is also represented by a separated head lying on a charger.

XXXVI. 51, 52. *The Sun and a Crutch*, (same d.); the decline of the sun or the day-light.

XXXVII. 53. *A Fruit-basket*, (Sept. 8); fruit is ripe now in the gardens.

XXXVIII. 54. *A Swallow flying downward*, (Sept. 14); the time for Swallows to commence their departure; or, according to the popular idea, for them to sink to the bottom of the sea, to pass their winter-trance.

XXXIX. 55. *A Boot*, (Sep. 22); the rainy-season, when more protecting covering is necessary for the feet.

XL. 56. *A Level*, (29 Sept.); the autumn Equinox. We commonly find a pair of scales, to denote the market-time in certain districts.

XLI. 57. *A Fish*, (Oct. 4); the sea autumn-fishing.

XLII. 58. *A Wool-Card*, (Oct. 7); time for beginning to spin wool.

XLIII. 59. *A leafless Tree*, (Oct. 14); the fall of the leaf; *Calixtus'* day. Is also called Winter-night, the ancients reckoning the beginning of winter from this day.

XLIV. 60. *A Bow and Arrow*, (Oct. 21); the day of the eleven thousand Virgins, who, according to the Legend, were shot to death with arrows. This day is also marked by a rolled-up banner, to denote the end of the military expeditions for the year.

XLV. 61. *A Boat turned upside down*, (Nov. 1); the close of the Viking-expeditions for the year, and other voyages.

XLVI. 62. *Fowls flying*, (Nov. 3); the departure of birds of passage (especially the Swan) from the north.

XLVII. 63. *A Goose*, (Nov. 11); Martin's day. To the proper celebration of the feast the preceding evening, (for anniversary feasts commonly belong to the vigils or eve before each high day), belongs in almost all the Swedish provinces — a roasted goose.

XLVIII. 64. *A Horse-shoe*, (Nov. 19); a warning to shoe the horses carefully, that they may not slip on the ice or on the smooth roads.

65. *Two Snow-shoes*, (Nov. 23); the time for seating on snow-shoes, and for hunting game by tracking them over the snow. (The day is also marked by a Bow).

XLIX. 66. *A large Shoe*, (day uncertain); it is now needful to provide the feet with better covering against the winter-cold; it may also refer to the Myth respecting Vidar, who is said to have worn an enormous shoe.

L. 67. *A Sledge*, (Dec. 4); Sledging.

LI. 68. *A Drinking-can*, (Dec. 9); time for brewing the Yule-ale.

LII. 69. *A Wheel*, the Winter solstice.

70. *Two Fir-Trees*, (Dec. 20); The old Yule. It was formerly customary, and is still so in many districts, to place two Fir or Pine trees on Yule-Eve at the entrance of the house. It is still a part of the Children's Yule-sports, that a small pine tree, full of candles fruit and ornaments, shall be set on their table.

The Rune-Staff has gradually undergone many changes, in consequence of attempts having been made partly to arrange it after the New Style, and partly to make it more accordant with more modern reckonings. Its use was commonly known up to the commencement of the 16th Century, but was supplanted by degrees, as has been already observed, by the annual and therefore more convenient Almanacks. Notwithstanding this, familiarity with its signs was long regarded as so important that King Karl XI, by a Royal Letter dated July 5. 1684, issued at the request of the College of Antiquities, ordered — that all such persons as exhibited the greatest skill in carving Rune-staves and instructing the common people in their use, thus persuading them again to adopt them in general, should enjoy freedom from all payments or taxes to his Majesty and the Crown. — They are now preserved as mere antiquarian curiosities and, with the exception perhaps of some distant province where the peasantry may still be capable of understanding them, — their explanation has fallen within the limits of Antiquarian Research.

**Sagann af
Fridthiofe Fraekna.**

**The Saga of
Frithiof the Bold.**

**Translated from the
Original Icelandic.**

By G. S.

Translated from the Icelandic text in "Björnors Kämpa Dater," as compared with a MS. in the Royal Library of Stockholm, and the Danish translation by RAFFN, Copenhagen.

Sagann af Frithiofe Græfna.

The Saga of Frithiof the Bold.

Chap. I.

Of King Bele and Thorsten Vifingsfon: — their
children and their death.

This Saga begins as follows. — King Bele governed Sygnafylke, in Norway; he had three children; Selge was his first son, Galfdan his second, and his third child was Ingeborg, a daughter. Ingeborg was fair to look upon, and of great understanding, and was reckoned first and best among the royal offspring. There, west of the frith, stretched the strand, and thereupon stood a considerable village called Balder's Sage, where was a Sanctuary and a great Temple, hedged round about with a lofty plank-work. Here were many Gods, but Balder was the most honoured among them all; and so zealous were those heathen men, that they had forbidden any harm being done there to either man or beast, nor could a male have any converse with a woman. At Syrstrand was the dwelling of the King, but on the other side the frith was a village called Gramnäs, where lived that man hight Thorsten the son of Vifing, and his village lay opposite the residence of the King. Thorsten's spouse bore him a son called Frithiof,

who was the tallest and strongest of men, and, from his very youth, was versed in all manner of exploits; hereby got he the name **Srithiof the Bold**, and was so happy in his friends that all men wished him well.

The King's children were still young, when their mother died. In **Sogn** lived an honourable Yeoman, called **Gilding**: he asked to foster up the daughter of the King, and she was brought up by him well and carefully, and was hight **Ingeborg the Fair**. **Srithiof** also was received as foster-child by **Gilding** the Yeoman, and **Ingeborg** was therefore his foster-sister, and they two surpassed all other children. Now King **Bele's** riches began to melt away from his hands, for he waxed old, **Thorsten** had the guardianship of the third part of his realm, and this was a great strength to the King, on that side where **Thorsten** lived. **Thorsten** received the King as his guest, and feasted him right cosily every third year; but the King received and feasted **Thorsten** the other years. **Geige**, **Bele's** son, soon became a great sacrificer to his Gods; he and his brother were but little friends-fortunate. **Thorsten** had a ship named **Ellida**, which was rowed by XV men on each side; high-bulwarfed and bended were its stem and stern, strongly was it built like an ocean-ship *), and its sides were strengthened with iron. Such was **Srithiof's** strength that he rowed the two oars at **Ellida's** stem: each oar was XIII ells long, and otherwise required two men to pull it. **Srithiof** seemed to excel all the other young men of his time, and the King's sons envied him that he got more renown than they. King **Bele** now fell sick, and, as his strength failed him more and more, he summoned his sons to him and said: 'This sickness will be to my death; I pray you therefore ever to have the same friends as I have had,

*) Deded vessel.

for ye seem to me to require the help of both father and son, Thorsten and Srithiof, in word and in deed. A Barrow shall ye raise over me.' Bele then expired. After this Thorsten also fell sick, and spoke thus to Srithiof his son: 'This, my son, I beg of thee, that thou bendest thy disposition to that of the sons of the King, for this belongs to their honour and dignity; still, I know in my mind that thou also wilt be advanced. A Barrow shalt thou build me, opposite the cairn of King Bele, on this side the frith down by the sea, for there can we best hold counsel with each other on tidings from afar.' Srithiof's foster-brethren were hight Björn and Asmund; great men were they and strong. A little after, Thorsten also died, and his Barrow was raised over him as he had said, but Srithiof took his land and precious goods after him.

Chap. II.

Srithiof sues to **Ingeborg**, the sister of the Brothers.

Now Srithiof became the most renowned of men, and in all manly exercises and warlike exploits he bore him well. Björn, his foster-brother, regarded he the most; Asmund served them both. The ship *Ellida*, the most precious thing, he heired after his father, and another valuable, an Armring, whose life was not found in Norway. So generous a chief was Srithiof, that most men said he was no way inferior in honour to the two brothers themselves, except in kingly birth. For this cause the King's sons had feud and enmity with Srithiof, highly resenting that he should be called a greater man than they, besides which they suspected that Ingeborg and Srithiof had an affection for each other. Now it came to pass that the King's Sons had to seek the hospitality of Sri-

thiof, their tributary, at Sramnäs, and, according to his custom, he feasted them all more magnificently than they had been accustomed to. Ingeborg was also there, and talked with Sritthiof long. 'That Gold-Ring of yours,' said the King's daughter to him, 'is beautiful.' 'You say true,' replied Sritthiof. After this, the Brothers journied home, and their envy against Sritthiof waxed greater and greater. Shortly after, great heaviness of heart seized Sritthiof; Björn, his foster-brother, questioned him the cause hereof, and he answered him, 'I am minded to ask for Ingeborg, for though in dignity I am not equal to her brothers, yet is my power, methinks, not less.' 'Let us do so,' said Björn, and then went Sritthiof, with divers of his followers, to meet the Brothers. The Kings sat on their father's Barrow. Sritthiof spoke right well, at last advancing his request, to obtain the hand of Ingeborg their sister. The Kings answered him, 'It is not, indeed, wisely sought of thee, that we should give her to a man not sprung of kingly blood; we now fully dismiss thy suit.' 'Then,' said Sritthiof, 'is my errand soon finished; but remember, on the other hand, that I will never give you help, though you may well require it.' They replied, 'they should never care for that.' Sritthiof then wended home again, and his gladness of mind returned unto him.

Chap. III.

King Ring's war-defiance against the sons of Bele.

Ring was a King hight who ruled over Ringarike, a part of Norway. He was a rich and mighty King, and of good presence, though now advanced in years. Thus spoke he to his

men; 'I have found that the Sons of Bele the King have broken their friendship with Srithiof, a chief renowned above all others. Now I will send messengers to these Kings, who shall offer them such conditions, that they shall submit to my authority and pay me tribute, or that I will come with a great army against them. Nor will this be difficult to do, for neither have they forces armed against me, nor have they skill and wisdom, and it would be a great glory to me in my old age thus to subdue them to my hand.' Hereupon went messengers to the brother-kings and thus spoke: 'King King sends unto you this message, that ye shall send tribute unto him, or that he will ravage and lay waste your kingdom.' They answered, 'they would not, in their young days, learn that which they would never know when old, that they should shamefully do him service: we will now assemble all the warriors we can.' This was done. But when they saw that their fighting-men were but few, they sent Gilding, his fosterfather, to Srithiof, praying him to come to the help of the princes. Srithiof was sitting at Chess when Gilding, coming in, thus spoke: 'Our Kings send and salute thee, and pray that thou wouldest go up to their help to battle against King King, who will violently and unjustly attack their land.' Srithiof answered him not one word, but said to Björn, with whom he was playing — 'There is now a square, fosterbrother, between the pieces, and that you cannot change; but I will choose the red, and see if it can escape.' Gilding then spoke again, 'In this manner King Selge prayed me to address thee, Srithiof, that thou shouldst go in this expedition, or that a terrible fate should befall thee when the Brothers returned therefrom.' Björn now cried out, 'There is a double game here, fosterbrother, and there are two ways of playing it.' Srithiof said, 'In that case I would advise thee to bring out the King to battle; there

may then willingly be a double play for me.' No other kind of sentence got *Gilding* to his errand, but departed hastily back again to meet the Kings, and told them *Srithiof's* answer. They questioned *Gilding* what meaning he might draw from *Srithiof's* words? *Gilding* said, 'When he spoke of the square between the pieces, he must have been anxious for delay in this expedition with you; but when he would put his hand to the fair Chess-piece, he must have thought of *Ingeborg* your sister, guard and watch her therefore well and wisely; then when I threatened him with your fierce revenge, *Björn* regarded it as a double play, but *Srithiof* said that the King should first be brought to action, and that spoke he of King *Ring*.' Then prepared they for battle, but first caused *Ingeborg* together with VIII of her damsels to be removed to *Balder's-Sage*, saying that *Srithiof* would not be rash enough to go and meet her there, for that no one dared profane that Sanctuary. The two Brothers then marched southwards to *Jadar*, and found King *Ring* in *Sokne-sound*. What most enraged that Prince was, that the Brothers had said 'they were ashamed of fighting with a man so old, that he could not get on horseback without some help.'

Chap. IV.

Srithiof goes to *Balder's-Sage*.

So soon as the Kings were gone, took *Srithiof* upon him his most precious dress, and placed his Gold-Ring the Good upon his hand. Then the fosterbrothers went down to the seaside, and drew forth *Ellida*. *Björn* said, 'whither shall we now hold

us,

us, fosterbrother?' 'To Balder's Sage,' answered Srithiof, 'to jest with Ingeborg.' 'It is not well done,' said Björn, 'to draw down the anger of the Gods upon us.' 'That shall now be tried;' returned Srithiof, 'but, however, I value Ingeborg's favor more than Balder's.' After this, they rowed over the frith, and went up to Balder's Sage, and into Ingeborg's Tower. She sat there with her VIII young maids, and VIII were those also who had now come thither; and all was hung about with pearls, and tapestried with curiously-woven cloth. Ingeborg then stood up and said, 'Why art thou so bold, Srithiof, as to come hither against the will of my Brothers, and bringing down the wrath of the Gods upon thee?' Srithiof answered, 'However that may be, still I value more thy love than the rage of the Gods!' Ingeborg said, 'Thou shalt be welcome, and all thy men with thee,' and then made She room for him to sit by her side, and drank to him in the finest wine; and so sat they there, jesting merrily together. Then saw Ingeborg the beautiful Ring upon his hand, and questioned him whether the jewel was his own? Srithiof said it was, and then praised she it exceedingly. 'I will,' said Srithiof, 'give thee this Ring, if thou dost promise never to part therewith, but wilt send it to me when thou wilt keep it no longer; and with it will we plight our troth with each other.' So were they betrothed, changing Rings together. Srithiof was often by night in Balder's Sage, and betook himself thither each day also, to joke with Ingeborg.

Chap. V.

Of Frithiof and the Sons of Bele.

Now must we speak of the Brothers, how that they found King Ring, but that he had a far stronger force than they. Messengers went between them therefore, and tried to arrange the matter, so that no hostilities should occur. King Ring was said to be willing to meet them peacefully, on condition that they submitted to his rule, and gave him in marriage their sister Ingeborg the fair, together with the third part of all their property. To these things the Kings agreed, for they saw that they had to do with their overmatch, and all was made fast and firmly promised, and the marriage was to take place at Sogne, whither Ring was to go to meet his betrothed. Now march the Brothers home with their warriors, and are to the uttermost enraged. But when Frithiof thought it likely that the Brothers would return, he thus addressed the daughter of the King: — 'Well and hospitably hast thou received us, and Balder our Host hath not been displeased with us; but when thou findest that the Kings are come home, spread fair linen cloths over the Hall of the Disar, for that is the highest in this temple, and we shall see them from our village.' The King's daughter said, 'Ye did not follow the advice and judgement of others when ye did this; but certainly must we kindly receive our friends when they have come to us.' Frithiof after this betook him home, and next morning went early out; and when he had returned, he quod this song:

'This will I say our
Warriors all, that
Plainly are over those
Pleasant sailings;
Fighting-men! mount not

More on ship-board, —
 For now are the sheets all
 Whiterly bleaching!

Then went they out, and all saw that the Hall of the Dísar was covered with white linen. Björn cried out, 'Now must the Kings be returned home, and but short enough will the time be that we shall sit in peace; it would be best, methinks, to collect our forces;' and so did they, the common people also and many strong men being assembled. The Brothers soon learned all these acts of Sritthiof, and what his forces were. King Selge said then, 'Wonderful I deem it, that Valder should submit to all kinds of insult from Sritthiof; but now will we send messengers to him, to know what terms he will offer us, or propose to him to leave the country; for I see not that we have such strength, at the present, as that we should be able to fight against him.' Sritthiof's friends and Silding, his fosterfather, carried therefore the salutation of the Kings to him and spoke thus: — 'The Princes will be reconciled to thee, Sritthiof, if thou dost fetch from the Orkney-Islands the tribute which has not been paid since King Bele died; for they want treasure, being about to give away in marriage Ingeborg their sister dowried with much wealth.' Sritthiof answered, 'Only one thing can lead to peace between us, our venerating the kinsmen we have had, for no faith put I in these Brothers. On one condition, however, will I stipulate quiet, that all our property shall rest in peace, while I am absent.' This was promised, and confirmed with oaths. Sritthiof now prepared him for his expedition, and chose out his men, all bold and fit for war: XVIII were they together. These questioned Sritthiof, whether he would not go to King Selge and be reconciled to him, and deprecate the rage of Valder? He replied; 'This will I swear, not to ask peace of King Selge.'

After this, he went on board *Ellida*, and sailed out along *Sogni-frith*. — Now when *Srithiof* had gone from his home-land, King *Saldban* spoke thus to *Gelge* his brother: 'Much more energy would it show on our side, if *Srithiof* suffered some punishment for his crime; we will therefore burn his village, and raise such a storm against him and his men, that they shall never prosper.' *Gelge* said, it should so be. They then burned up all the village at *Gramnäs*, and plundered all his property. After this, they sent for two witches, *Seide* and *Samglamu*, and gave them presents that they should send such a horrible tempest against *Srithiof* and his followers, that they should all perish in the sea. The hags accordingly practised all their witchcraft, and went up to a high place *) with many imprecations and incantations.

Chap. VI.

Srithiof's Expedition to the Orkneys.

Now when *Srithiof* and his men had left *Sogni-frith* behind them, there arose a great storm and a mighty wind, so that the waves tossed exceedingly and the ship was driven violently along, for it was unladen and a light swift-sailing vessel. This song then haunted *Srithiof*:

'My well-calk'd ship from *Sogni*
 Featly I let sail forward;
 Sore-mourning, maidens sat
 'Mid *Balder's* Temple-groves.

*) When witches should spae mysteries or imprecate curses on their enemies, a lofty sitting-place was constructed of which they took possession with many magical ceremonies.

Thick rain-showers now fall fast, but
 Ye, fair maids, laugh still!
 Ye'd love, e'en should *Ælida*
 Till, end so, and go down!

'Well would it be,' said *Björn*, 'if thou hadst something better to do, than singing about the maidens in *Balder's-Sage*.' 'Not the less would it be for that,' observed *Sritthiof*. Hereupon the northwind drove them to the Sound, near the islands called the *Sölunder-Islands*. Then was the storm at its height. Now sang *Sritthiof*:

'Gainst the sky now, rough billows
 Swift dasheth the sea;
 Whirl'd by witch spell-songs,
 Leave storm-waves their bed:
 Bold *Agir* I battle not
 Now 'mid such breakers,
 Let *Sölunder* shelter, lads; —
 Swell women-waves here!

Then brought they to, under *Sölunder Isles*, intending there to abide. But the weather suddenly falling nearly calm, they changed their course again, and sailed away from the islands. Pleas'd were they now with their voyage, for they had a favourable breeze awhile; but, when the wind began to freshen more and more, *Sritthiof* quod:

'Far hence, at *Gramnäs*,
 Formerly was I, —
 My *Ingeborg* merrily
 Nowing to meet;
 Now shall I sail, wild
 Swell-billows over, —
 Lightly my long-dragon
 Leap shall away!

But when they had come far out to sea, the ocean dashed furiously for the second time, and a mighty storm arose with so much sleet and snow that no man could see the stem of the vessel from the stern thereof. The waves also beat over the ship, so that the men baled without ceasing. Then recited *Srithiof* this chaunt:

'For waves and for witch-sprung
Whirl-storms nought see we,
Bold *Sylke*=heroes flung
Far on the deep.
Hidd'n *Sölunder* harbours —
Here stand we together,
Eighteen men baling
Ellida to save!

Björn remarked, 'He meets many a hindrance who wandereth far!' — 'True it is, fosterbrother,' said *Srithiof*, and chaunted thus:

'Tis *Selge* 'gainst *Grimfaxe*
Sends *Gran*'s swelling daughters;
How different my bright *Bride*'s
Balder=seen fishes! —
The King's foul will, and *Ing'borg*'s
Fond wish, how wide apart!
On her my soul reposeth,
On her, my life, my love!

'It may well be,' says *Björn*, 'that she wisheth thee better than 'tis here, but even this is not to be complained of.' — 'We must now,' answereth *Srithiof*, 'try what help our bold war-men can give us; but more pleasant would it be in *Balder*'s *Sage*.' Then 'gan they prepare right stoutly against the storm, for good men and true were they assembled there on board, and their light ship was the best that could

be found in all the North-Land. Thereafter singeth *Sritþiof* thus:

'For salt waves nought see we,
Here sailing far westward;
White, like to ashes,
Heaves *Agir* afar!
Willows, shrill-sounding,
Swan-flights take highly;
'Mid ever-fierce wave-eddies
Ellida is hurl'd!

Now they shipped a great sea, so that every man stood fast-bailing. *Sritþiof* sang this song:

'Seas pledge me merrily!
Eastward, they'll mourn — should I
Sink 'mid Swan-breakers —
Where sheets lay white-bleaching.'

'Thinkest thou, then,' said *Djörn*, 'that these Sogn-maidens would let many tears fall after thee?' 'Doubtless they would, I trow,' answered *Sritþiof*. But the sea-streams now swept so, that they poured-in like unto torrents. All stood fast, however, for their ship was good, and right hardy were the men on board her. Then quod *Djörn* thus:

'Sure never all over
Widow so pledg'd her lover;
Sure never bright bride can
Wid thee so to Her side, man!
Brine my eyne drenches,
Salt-burn nought quenches;
My big brawn-arm rubs meanly
Eye-lids biting so keenly!

Asmund observed: 'no great harm is there in your arms being tried a little, for you had no mercy on us who lay rubbing

our eyes so despairingly, what time we formerly stood up so early in *Balder's Sage*.' 'But why dost not sing, *Usmund*?' said *Srithiof*. 'That shall not be wanting' says *Usmund*, and beginneth this song :

'Sharp sailing it was here,
The ship, — seas sore beating;
As, one man 'gainst eight, I
On board had to work.
To the women's bower breakfast
Dore I more charm'd, than
Elida here bailing
'Mid high horrid waves!'

'Thou dost not say less about thy help, than it is'; answers *Srithiof* smiling, 'but yet thou wentest headlong into the race of thralls, when thou wouldst perforce labour in the kitchens.' Now rose the storm once more, so that the fierce snow-mountains which broke and dashed on all sides against the ship, seemed to all who were on board rather to liken great rocks and enormous cliffs than common waves. Then quod *Srithiof*:

'Sat I careless on cushions
In *Balder's* cool temple,
To the King's daughter doubtless
Dare I tell what I know;
Ran's ravishing seabed
Right quid I ascend now;
But *Ing'borg's*, some other
Fond suitor soon takes!'

Björn said, 'Sore sorrow have we now at hand, foster-brother, and despair hast thou in thy words; this is but ill done in so good a hero!' 'Neither,' answereth *Srithiof*, 'is it from despair nor from sorrow that I have spoken of our old
pleasaut

pleasaunt chaunces; it may well be, truly, that they were oftener mentioned than was needed; but most men would think themselves surer of death than life, if they were so hard come as we. Still will I answer thee somewhat.' Then chaunted he:

'So fortune has favor'd —
 (Heats thou canst not boast of)
 That 'mong eight welc'ming handmaids
 White Ing'borg I woo'd.
 In Balder's courts hang'd we
 Chas'd Arm-rings together; —
 Where then, pray, was Vigli
 Galfdan's Land's watchful Spirit?

'We must be content,' said Björn, 'with that which has been.' Then broke such a sea over them, that the clamps sprang and the two sheets were thrown loose, and IV men were struck overboard, all of whom perished in the sea. Then chaunted Srithiof thus:

'The sail-sheets both burst,
 'Mid the big-swell'ing billows;
 Swains four, too, sank down
 In the bottomless sea.'

'Methinks now,' saith Srithiof, 'that some among our men will have to journey down to Rana, and we shall look but poor Ambassadors when we come thither, unless we hold ourselves like men, right stoutly. Every soul of us should therefore, I counsel, have some gold about him.' Then hewed he asunder the Ring he had got from Ingeborg, divided it among his men, and quod this song:

'The good Ring the red, which
 Galfdan's rich father
 Gave, will we hew — ere

Agir embrace us. —

Should we quest where waves darkle,
Gleaming gold shall bright sparkle;
Down 'mid Rana's deep cell
Daring Chiefs it suits well!

Björn said, 'Not so certain is this, yet is not all hope gone.' Then found Sritthiof, with the rest, that the ship had driven very far onward; but nothing knew they of the course they sailed, for so thickly dark had it grown on all sides round about them, that they could not see from stem to stern of the vessel, — besides the tempest and rolling of the sea, together with snow-sleet, frost, and a tremendous cold. Then went Sritthiof up on to the mast, and so soon as he came down thus spoke to his followers: 'Many wonderful sights have I seen; a great Whale lay around the ship, and I suspect we must have come near to some land hereabouts, but that he will bar us from the coast. I believe not that King Selge beareth us any friendship, nor hath he sent us any friendly message. Two women see I on the back of that Whale; they it is who, with their worst spells and blackest witchcraft, cause this horrible head-storm. Now will we try whether our fortune or their incantations avail the most; steer ye right onward as before; myself, with a dart-club, will bruise these evil demons.' Then sang he this song:

'Weird witches see I,
Two, on the wave there; —
Selge has sent them,
Hither to meet us:
Ellida shall snap a
Sunder i' th' middest
Their backs, — ere o'er billows
Bound she right onward.'

But, as it is related, this quality followed the ship *Ellida*, that it could understand human speech. Then said *Vjörn*, 'Now we shall see these Brothers' virtues towards us.' Herewith sprang *Vjörn* to the rudder; but *Sritthiof* grasped a javelin and leapt to the stem of the ship, singing this chaunt:

'Hail! onward *Ellida*!
Leap high on the sea-hills —
This grim Witch's temples
And teeth break Thou through;
Break jaw-bone and cheek-bone
In the devil-born hag! —
For that other foul giantess
Break a foot or two quickly!

Whereafter lanced he the fork at the one *Sam-Leaper* *), while *Ellida*'s front-keel drove on the back of the other. Thus were both their backs broken. But the Whale dived under and swam away, and they never saw him afterwards. Then began the weather to grow still, but the ship was waterlogged. *Sritthiof* therefore called loudly to his men, that they should bail out the vessel. Says *Vjörn*, 'Useless would it be for us to work at that.' — 'Nay, fosterbrother, never despair,' said *Sritthiof*, 'ever hath it been the stout-hearted Hero's custom to give what help he can as long as it is possible, come what will thereafter.' Then quod he:

'Never should Champions fore
Sorrow at death;
Courage, then, courage my
Merry men all! —
Dear and deceitless
Night-dreams have taught me

*) Transformed with.

That, in spite of all hindrance, I
Ing'borg shall get!

Then baled they the ship clear, and were come near the coast, but bad weather again blew against them. Then took Sritthiof again two oars at the prow, and rowed with them right strongly forward. The weather now changed, and they saw that they were come off Esju-sound, and there came they to land. His good champions were full weak and weary; but so fresh and bold was Sritthiof, that he bare over the surf VIII of his men, Björn carried II, and Asmund one. Then chaunted Sritthiof:

'To the fire-himney came I,
And carried right stoutly —
Through drift-foam fierce-whirling —
My feeble-grown sea-folk.
The sail on the sand I
Safely have reev'd now; —
'Gainst the pretty pale sea-maids
'Tis not pleasant to fight!

Chap. VII.

Sritthiof findeth Angantyr.

Angantyr was at Esju, when Sritthiof came ashore. It was his custom, when he drank, that a man should sit at the lattice of his Drinking-Hall, and keep a good look-out seaward, holding careful watch. Out of a Horn-goblet should he drink, and when it was empty another was filled up for him. Sallvar was he hight, who kept watch when Sritthiof came to land.

When **Gallvar** saw how it went, with **Srithiof** and his champions, he quod this song:

'On board of **Ellida**,
 Baling 'mid storm-billows,
 Men six see I standing, —
 But seven row forward.
 Like the battle-fam'd fearless
 Young **Srithiof**, is he who
 Dar-sweeps pulls pow'rful
 Night up at the prow!'

And when he had drunk out the Horn, cast he it in through the window, thus speaking to the woman who poured out the drink:

'Take up from the floor, my
 Fair-stepping damsel,
 The Drinking-Horn down-turn'd;
 I've drain'd it again. —
 On the wave, champions see I
 Who good help will want
 Ere, tempest-tost sorely,
 The harbour they'll reach.'

The **Earl** heard what **Gallvar** quod, and questioned him of his tidings. 'Men are come ashore here,' answers **Gallvar**, 'but helpless and awearied are they; stout fellows indeed seem they to be; but so strong and fresh is one of them, that he carrieth the others to the shore.' 'Go thou,' said the **Earl**, 'to meet them; and receive them kindly if it is **Srithiof**, the son of my friend **Thorsten Gersir**, and renowned for all good qualities'. Now began to speak a man hight **Atle**, a great **Wiking**, thus: 'Now shall be proved what is said of **Srithiof**, that he hath sworn never to be the man first to beg for peace.' X were they together, bad men and greedy, and who could go

the raving Berserk's Course. Soon as they found Sritthiof, Atle said: 'Now counsel I thee, Sritthiof, to turn thee hither; for eagles should claw and beak each other, Sritthiof: — but I counsel thee to end thy words, and not to ask first for peace!' Sritthiof then turned him round to them, and chaunted this song:

'Ye never can conquer us,
Never, no never!
Ill-troubled Berserks,
Island-beards *) black; —
Nather, alone, did I
Desp'rately dare it,
One against ten, than
Pray thee for peace!'

Then came Gallvar up, and said: 'The Jarl wills that ye shall all be welcome, nor shall any one molest you here.' 'This offer,' said Sritthiof, 'take I willingly, but am prepared for both.' After that went they to meet the Jarl, and he received Sritthiof well and all his men thereto. All the winter were they with him, and the Jarl made much of them. Often asked he them of their adventures, and then chaunted Björn thus:

'Joyous we war-men,
'Mid waves dashing o'er us,
Ceaseless kept baling by
Both the ship's sides.
For ten days together
And thereunto eight,
A n sore plagued our sea-horse
In the trough of the sea!'

*) Islanders.

The Jarl said: 'A trap hath King Selge laid for you, and such Kings are but ill esteemed, who are ready for nothing but to cause men to perish by witchcraft.' 'I know also,' says Angantyr, 'that it is thy errand hither, Srithiof, that thou art sent after the tribute. And a short answer shalt thou have to this; no tribute shall King Selge have of me, but thou shalt get as much treasure as thou wilt, and tribute mayest thou call it an thou wilt, or some other name may'st thou give it.' Srithiof said, that he would take the money.

Chap. VIII.

King Ring obtaineth Ingeborg.

Now must be said, what was done in Norway while that Srithiof was absent therefrom. Then caused the Brothers-Princes the whole village at Gramnäs to be burned up. The two witch-sisters also were at their incantations, but in the midst thereof tumbled they down from their high conjuring-stand, and so broke both their backs. That same autumn came King, the Ring, northward in Sogn to his wedding; and right nobly and hospitably feasted he at his marriage-carousal, after the nuptial-vows to Ingeborg. He questioned her, whence she had got the Ring the Good which she bore upon her arm? It had belonged, she answered, to her Father. 'Nay,' saith the King, 'Srithiof was its owner, and take it this instant from off thy hand, for never shall bright gold fail thee when thou comest to Alfhem.' Then gave he the Ring to the Wife of Selge, telling her to let Srithiof have it when he should return. King Ring then journeyed homewards with his spouse, and great was the affection which he bore unto her.

Chap. IX.

Frithiof cometh back with the tribute.

Afterwards, in the spring, went Frithiof from the Orkneys; and parted so from Ungantyr with much love. Gallvar followed with Frithiof. But, when he came to Norway, learned he that his village was burned. Gramnäs reached Frithiof at last, and said; 'Black have grown the buildings here, and traces there are none of the hands of friends.' Then quod he this chaunt:

'Friendly, at Gramnäs,
Formerly drank good
Swift-sworded heroes, with
Thorsten my Sire.
To black ashes burn'd, now
Dweth my village; —
I promise those Princes
Grimly to pay!'

Then asked he counsel of his men, what course now they should take? They bad him decide that for himself. After this, rowed they over the frith, and down to Syrstrand. Here were they told that the Kings were in Valder's Sage, at the Disar=sacrifice. Then went Björn and Frithiof up thither. Frithiof bad Gallvar and Asmund that they should, in the mean time, break holes in all the ships, both large and small, that were near thereunto. This did they. Then took Frithiof and his fosterbrother their way to the doors of Valder's-Sage. Frithiof would go in. Björn bad him tread cautiously, as he would go alone. Frithiof desired him to remain outside, and keep watch meanwhile. Then sang he thus:

'In

'In through ilk court a;
 Lone will I go;
 Help-folk few need I, those
 Great men to find.
 Flames cast, consuming, mind!
 O'er the crown-village, if —
 Back by first night-fall, I
 Be not return'd!'

'Very well said, that!' answers Björn. Thereafter went Sritþiof in, and saw that there were but few people in the Hall of the Disar. The Kings were then busy with the Disar-offerings, and sat at the drinking-tables. Fire was there on the floor; their wives sate thereby and warmed the Gods, which others were anointing and then drying with a cloth. Up to King Selge then went Sritþiof, and said, 'Now wilt thou, I do trow, receive the tribute.' Therewith plucked he out the purse in which the silver was, and threw it so hard just over his nose, that two of his teeth were driven out, and he fell senseless from the High-Seat. Salsdan, however, grasped him tight, so that he fell not into the fire. Then quod Sritþiof thus:

'Take now, o Chief of the
 War-men, thy treasure;
 Wase, bearing thy front-teeth —
 If more I not beg!
 Silver lies safe at the
 Sought Purse's bottom;
 Björn and I both have
 Borne it thee hither!'

Few men were there in the Temple-Hall, for they were drinking in another place. Now directly as Sritþiof was going out along the floor, he saw that the wife of Selge wore

his Ring the Good, as she was warming **Balder** before the fire. **Srithiof** griped the Ring tightly, but it was fastened to her, and he drew her out along the floor towards the door. **Balder** fell into the fire, and as **Salfdan's** wife hastily laid hold of it to save it, that image which she was warming fell also down among the flames. Soon now began both the Gods to blaze, for they were both anointed with oil. The flames then caught the roof, and the whole building was on fire. Before he went out, however, **Srithiof** got possession of the Ring. Now asked **Björn** the news of what had happened, while he was inside. **Srithiof** held up the Ring, and chaunted this song:

'**Selge**, poor wretch, by the purse was
Hit hard enough o'er the nose;
Lowly then **Salfdan's** brave brother
Bow'd him from high Chair-of=state:
Balder then fell and high=flam'd, but
Fiercely the Good Ring I seiz'd, ere
Drawing her along — the' old=woman from
Hearth=fires I dauntlessly dragg'd.'

Some men say, that **Srithiof** had cast firebrands up among the laths of the roof, so that the whole Hall was wrapped in flames. Then sang he thus:

'Hasten we now to the shore, — there
After we'll counsel wisely;
Blue flames brightly curl 'mid
Balder's sacred grove!
So, hereupon, went they out to sea.

Chap. X.

Frithiof flies his Country.

No sooner had King Selge come to himself again, than he commanded that they should straightway pursue after Frithiof, and kill him with all his followers:—‘For,’ said he, ‘this man forfeited his life, when he spared no place however sacred.’ Now blew they the gathering-sound for the Princes’-Guards, and as they came out of the Disar-hall they saw that it was in a blaze. Thither, therefore, went King Galsdan with some of his men, while King Selge hastened after Frithiof and his followers; but already were they on board their ship, falling gently down the stream. Now found King Selge and his troops that all their ships were broken and unserviceable, and they were forced to land again, losing therewith some of their men. Hereat became Selge so enraged, that he raved as though he were mad. Then bended he his bow, and laid an arrow on the string, intending to shoot it at Frithiof. But this he did with so much force, that both the necks of the bow snapped asunder. Now directly when Frithiof saw this, he grasped two of the oars on Ellida, and rowed with them so mightily that they brake. Herewith chaunted he:

‘Kiss’d I young
Ingeborg,
Daughter of Bele,
In Balder’s grove, —
So should the oars
Of Ellida
Both break, —
Like Selge’s bow!’

After that, the wind freshened merrily down the firth, and they hoisted sail and put to sea. Frithiof said they should

take care and manage so, that they remained thereabouts no longer. Thereafter, sailed they out along the coast of Sogn. Then sang *Srithiof* this chaunt :

‘So, lately, on ship-board
We sail’d out of Sogni;
O’er the homes of our Fathers
Then play’d the fierce fires; —
’Mid *Balder’s* blest Sage
Now the pyre ’gins to burn;
But *Temple-Wolf* now
Will they call me, I wot!’

Vjörn questioned *Srithiof*, ‘What shall we now undertake, Fosterbrother?’ — ‘I may not,’ says *Srithiof*, ‘be here in Norway; I will learn the customs of the Chiefs, and will go out as a Viking.’ So islands and sea-cliffs searched they all through the summer, winning them both goods and renown, but towards autumn steered they to the Orkneys. *Angantyr* received them well, and with him remained they all the winter. But when *Srithiof* had journeyed out from Norway, the Kings held a Ting, and declared *Srithiof* outlawed from all their lands, seizing to themselves all his possessions. *Salfdan*, the King, settled at *Gramnäs*, — building up the village wherever it was burned. *Balder’s-Sage* also restored the Brothers as it was before; long had it been ere the fire was quenched therein. It fell King *Selge* the worst, that the Gods were burned up. Very great was the cost, ere *Balder’s-Sage* was built up equally as at first. King *Selge* lived now at *Syrstrand*.

Chap. XI.

Sritthiof visiteth King Ring and Ingeborg.

Wherever he went, waxed Sritthiof exceedingly in riches and in fame. Wicked and cruel men and grimful Vikings he slew, but peasants and merchants let he go free. Again, therefore, was he called Sritthiof the Bold. Right many men, stout-hearted and true, had he under him, and in all kinds of precious goods abounded he exceedingly. Now when, as a Viking, he had traversed the seas IV winters, wended he round eastward, and cast anchor in the Bay. 'Ashore,' said Sritthiof, 'must I go, but ye shall foray all through the winter. Weary begin I to be of these expeditions, and to Upland will I journey, and there discourse with King the King. In the summer shall ye visit me here; back shall I come, the first day of summer.' — 'Far from wise,' answered Björn, 'is this thy counsel. Still, nahtles, mayst thou have thy way. I would have had us voyage northward to Sogn, and slay the Kings there, both Selge and Salfdan.' — 'Not at all,' returneth Sritthiof, 'will that serve us; rather will I go and find King Ring and Ingeborg.' Björn answers, 'Unwilling am I, that thou shouldst thus trust thyself alone in his power; for wise is King, and of high birth, though now somewhat in years.' — 'I must counsel,' quod Sritthiof, 'but thou, Björn, must counsel over our men in the mean while.' Then did they as he had commanded. Sritthiof now journeyed Uplandward towards autumn, for he was impatient to look upon the loves of Ingeborg and of King. Now before he arrived thither, took he over all his other garments a great broad cloak, which was altogether hairy; two slaves had he in his hands, his face was covered with a mask, and he went as one bowed-down with years. Afterwards met he some herdsmen. Then totters he forward

and asketh whence they were? 'Our homes,' answered they, 'are by *Streitaland*, on the King's domains.' The old man asks again, 'Is King a mighty King?' — 'It seemeth to us,' they replied, 'as though thou wert so old, that thou mightst know what kind of Chief King King is in all respects.' — 'More have I minded my burning of salt,' said the decrepid stranger, 'than the manners of great Kings.' Then wended he onward to the King's House, and towards eventide entered he the Hall thereof. Weak and way-worn appeared he, and stood there far down by the door, drawing the cowl over his face that he might be concealed the better. Then quod King the King to Ingeborg, 'There came a man e'en now into the Hall, taller by far than other men.' The Queen replies to him, 'Small indeed are those tidings, O King!' Then talked he to the serving-man who stood by the board, and said: 'Go thou; question this Cowl-Cloaked man who he is, whence he cometh, and what his kin may be.' The swain leaped now along the floor to the new-come man, and said: 'What art thou hight, old fellow, and where wast thou this night, and what is thy kindred?' The Cowl-Muffled answered: 'Much askest thou, swain; but canst thou give any good account thereof, should I tell thee now?' He said that he could. The Cowl-Bearer answers: 'Thi of [Thief] am I hight, with Ulf [The Wolf] was I last night, and in Angri [Penitence] was I brought up.' The swain then hasteneth to the King, and telleth him the Cowl-man's answer. 'Well hast thou comprehended him, swain,' said the King; 'that district know I which is Angri called. Yet may be, this man has not peace of mind. A wise man, however, he must be, and I think right well of him.' — 'It is a wonderful custom,' observes the Queen, 'that thou dost wish so eagerly to talk with every old fellow that cometh hither; and what is there in him, that he is worth talking to?' — 'That,' said the King, 'canst thou not

know better than I. He thinketh, I see, much more than he speaketh, and casteth his eyes every where around.' After that, sent the King a man to fetch him up, and he came before the King. Somewhat crooked stood he, and with a low voice he spoke. The King said: 'What art thou hight, thou tall-built man?' The cloak-muffled Stranger answered with this chaunt:

'Then hight I **Srithiof** [**Peace=Thief**]
 When with **Vikings** I banded,
 But **Serthiof** [**Army=Thief**] when **Widows**
 I made to weep sore,
Geirthiof [**Spear=Thief**] when good spears
 I grimly launched,
Gunthiof [**Battle=Thief**] when gladly
 I gasht in the Battle;
Eythiof [**Isle=Thief**] indeed when
 Seasides I ravag'd,
Selthiof [**Death=Thief**] when careless
 To death I cast children,
Valthiof [**the Slain's=Thief**] when valiant
 I vanquish'd others: —
 Now since have I wander'd
 With salt-burners sadly,
 Help highly needing ere
 Hither I came!'

The King said: 'From many things hast thou taken the name of **Thiof** [**Thief**]. But where wast thou this night, where is thy home, where wast thou bred, and what has hasten'd thee hither?' The Hide-Covered answered; — 'In **Angri** [**Penitence**] was I bred, at **Ulf's** [**the wolf's**] was I last night, **Sugur** [**Inclination**] hastled me hither, and home have I not at all.' — 'It may be so,' replied the King, 'that thou hast been brought up some time in **Angri** [**Peni-**

tence], and yet it may very well happen that thou wast born in *Sirthi* [Peace]. In the wood must thou have been this night, for no peasant is there here in the neighbourhood who is called *Ulf* [Wolf]. But as to what thou sayest, that thou hast no home, mayhap thou thinkest it to be of but little worth, against that *Sugur* [Inclination] which has brought thee hither.' Then said *Ingeborg*: 'Turn thee, *Thiof* [Thief] to some other Feasting-Hall, or get thee to the Guesting-Chambers.' The King answereth: 'Old enough am I now, to be able to dispose of my guests e'en as I will; and get thee out, my good new comer, from this thy cloak there, and seat thee by my side.' — 'Indeed a little too old must thou be,' returneth the Queen, 'to think of placing old staff-men*) by thee here.' Said *Thiof*: 'It needeth not, my Lord; and better is it as the Queen doth say, for to my salt-burning am I more accustomed than to sitting with Chief-Men.' The King said: 'Do thou as I will, for it must be that I rule in this matter.' Then threw *Thiof* his cloak from off him; a dark-blue kirtle was thereunder, the Ring the Good glittered on his hand, a broad thick Silver-Belt he had about him, and therefrom a great Purse was hanging well-filled with shining silver-money. His Sword was girded on his side, and a great Fur-Hood bore he on his head, for [to disguise himself the better] he had trembling eyes and was hairy over all his face. — 'Now that I call to be much better done,' saith the King; 'Thou, my Queen, shalt get for him a mantle, a good one such as he requireth.' — 'It is for thee, my Lord,' answered the Queen, 'to direct all; but little value put I on this *Thiof*.' Thereafter a goodly cloak was given unto him, and he was set in the High-Seat together with the King. Blood-red became the Queen, when She saw his Arms
Ring

*) Beggars.

King the Good, but then would she not exchange one single word with him. The King, however, was right pleasant and friendly towards him, saying; 'A goodly Ring hast thou there on thy hand, and long must thou have burned salt therefor.' — 'All is it,' answereth the Stranger, 'which was left me by my Father.' 'It may be,' saith the King, 'that thou hast more than that; but there are few old salt-burners, I trow, equal unto thee, if age has not too much dimmed mine eyes.' Thiof remained with King all the winter through. Of great consideration was he, and highly was he esteemed by all; for generous he was in gifts, and kind-hearted and cheerful towards every man. Little and seldom spoke the Queen to him, but by the King he was regarded ever with a glad and smiling countenance.

Chap. XII.

King King journieth to a Banqueting.

Now it is related, that it came to pass that King would journey to a great feast, together with his Queen and many followers. Then the King questioned Thiof; 'Whether wilt thou go with us now, or wilt thou remain at home?' He answered, he had rather go with them. 'This like I better also,' saith the King. After that, departed they; and it so was, that they should journey over a lake. Thiof observed to the King 'This ice, my Lord, seemeth to me weak and dangerous; but carelessly, trow I, have we traveled.' — 'Often have we found,' said the King, 'that thou hast thought well for us.' A moment afterward, all the ice brake in. Then leapt Thiof forward and snatched the Sledge unto him, with all that was in it and

thereon. Both the King and Queen sat there; all these pulled Thiof up out of the ice, together with the horses which were harnessed to the Sledge. King Ring said: 'Now is all well drawn out, Thiof; nor could Srithiof the Bold himself have dragged more strongly, though he had been present here. Such men, truly, are right bold and hearty followers!' Then came they up to the feast, but nought worthy of note occurred thereat. Homeward journeyed the King, with valuable gifts and easily. So passed the depth of the winter away, and towards Spring began the weather to be more mild, the woods to bud and bloom, the grass to grow, and ships were seen gliding from the one land even to the other.

Chap. XIII.

King Ring rides to the Forest.

One day it happened, that the King spoke unto his guards and chief men saying: 'Now will I — that ye go out to the Wood with me this day, pleasantly to pass away the time, and to see the beauty of the landscape.' So did they therefore, a very great train going out with the King into the forest. Now it came to pass that they two, the King and Srithiof, were alone both together in the Wood, far from other men. The King saith: 'Heavy am I with sleep, and here must I repose.' — 'Not so,' answereth Srithiof, 'but let my Lord journey home; for so it becometh great men, rather than to rest them in the open air.' 'That I cannot do,' said the King. Then he laid him down, falling fast asleep, and snoring aloud. Thiof sat near unto him, and drew his Sword from its scabbard, and flung it from him very far away. Shortly thereafter, the King rose up and

said: 'Was it not so, **Srithiof**, that much came into thy mind, but which was well resisted? Honor and regard, therefore, shalt thou now have with us, for immediately knew I thee that very first evening when thou camest to our Halls. Not soon shalt thou part away from us. Doubtless, also, cometh something great to befall thee here.' — 'Well know I,' answereth **Srithiof**, 'that thou hast well and kindly received me, O King; but soon must I now away, for my men will come eagerly to meet me, even as I have before appointed for them to do.' Thereafter rode they homewards, the attendants of the King coming together to him from out the forest. Then came they home, and at night right merrily drank they in the Hall. Now was it also openly declared to all the people thereabout, that **Srithiof the Bold** had passed the winter with the King.

Chap. XIV.

Srithiof obtaineth **Ingeborg**.

It was so one morning early, that a great knocking was heard at the doors of the Hall where the King and Queen did sleep, together with many other folk. 'Who knocks there, on the door?' asketh the King. Then replieth he who stood without, '**Srithiof** it is, and ready am I now for my departure.' Now were the doors thrown open, and **Srithiof** went in, and quod this song:

'For all thy thoughtful kindness
 I now, O King, will thank Thee;
 Prepar'd the Hero standeth
 To go — and hard oars handle.

Ing'borg I remember
 From infancy through life;
 In welfare live She, wearing
 Wrist-jewel for many' a kiss!

Then threw he to Ingeborg the King the Good, saying that it should be hers. At this song the King smiled, and quod, 'So was it, however, that she was better thanked for this winter-visit than I; and yet hath she not been more friendly towards thee than I have been.' Then sent the King his serving-men to seek drink and food, and saith that they should now all feast and pledge Sritthiof before that he should depart. The Queen also bad he rise up, and be cheerful with them. She quod, that she could not eat so early. The King answereth: 'We will now all take our meal together.' So did they also; and, after they had drunk for a time, King said: 'Here would I that thou shouldst be, Sritthiof; for my sons are but children in age, and I am now old, and am no longer capable of being the bulwark of my country, if any one should seek this land with unfriendly purpose.' Sritthiof replieth: 'This moment shall I journey, O Chief.' He chaunteth now this song:

'Long and in weal, lov'd
 King, may'st thou live, —
 Monarch best, highest, on
 The Earth's broad-stretch'd bosom!
 Guard, Wife Chief, well thy
 Wife and thy Country!
 Ing'borg and I — meet no
 More in this world!

Then quod King the King:

'Nay! but not so fare,
 Sritthiof, from us;

Dearest helm'd hero —
 With heavy soul!
 Jewels and past presents
 Must I repay thee, —
 Sure better than even,
 Thyself, friend, wouldst think!"

And thereafter sang he thus:

'To Sritthiof the Samous
 My fair Spouse I give,
 And Goods that I have
 All added thereto!"

Then answered Sritthiof and said:

'Gifts such as these, will I
 Never take from thee, —
 Unless King's last sickness fall
 Fatal and fast!"

'I doubtless should not give thee such,' saith the King,
 'unless I felt within me that so it was; sick, indeed, I am; and
 willingly would I that this marriage should be enjoyed by
 thee, for first art thou among all the men in Norway. The
 Title of King also will I give unto thee, for Ingeborg's
 Brothers wish thee worse dignities, and with a worse Spouse
 would wed thee, than I.' — 'Many thanks, my good Lord, shalt
 thou have,' answereth Sritthiof, 'for all thy many kindnesses
 more than I had hoped. But only the name of Jarl will I
 accept as my honorary title.' Then gave King Ring unto
 Sritthiof, and with his right hand confirmed it, authority
 over all that realm which he had governed, and therewith the
 name of Jarl. Thereover should Sritthiof rule, until the
 sons of King should be of age themselves to govern their land.
 Short was the time that King Ring lay on his death-bed,

and when that he expired, great was the mourning and lamentation over him through all his kingdom. A Cairn then raised they above him, and much goods cast they therein, even as he had had them. After this, gave **Srithiof** an honourable banquet, and thereto came up all his men. Thus, at once together, drank they **King King's Funeral-Meal** and the **Wedding-Feast of Ingeborg and Srithiof**. Thereafter settled **Srithiof** there, ruling over the land, and esteemed and famous was he in the sight of all men. Many children bore **Ingeborg** unto him.

Chap. XV.

Of Srithiof and the Brothers Selge and Salsdan.

Now it was told the Kings in **Sogn**, the Brothers of **Ingeborg**, how that **Srithiof** had gotten the chief sway in **Kingarike**, and had obtained in marriage their sister **Ingeborg**. **Selge** then saith unto **Salsdan** his brother, 'Monstrous indeed and insolent beyond measure is it, that a **Serse's** [Chief Captain's] son should thus possess her!' Now therefore assemble they very great forces, and march therewith into **Kingarike**, thinking to slay **Srithiof** and subdue all his kingdom under them. But when **Srithiof** was informed hereof, gathered he his troops together and spoke thus to **Ingeborg**: 'War is now come into our kingdom. But whatever may be the end thereof, thee will we never see look unkindly.' 'So far is it now come,' answereth she, 'that we must let thee be the highest.' So it was also, that **Djörn**, advancing from the East, came in to the help of **Srithiof**. Now march they to the battle, and it was as it had ever been before,

that *Srithiof* was foremost in the thickest of the fight. It happened now, that he and *Selge* the King came to exchange blows with each other, and his death-wound so got he from the hand of *Srithiof*. Then caused *Srithiof* the *Shield of Peace* to be lifted up, and hereby was the contest broken off. Then spoke *Srithiof* unto *Salsdan* the King and said: 'Two conditions are there now here before thee; either that thou put all under my power and rule, or that thou get thy bane-blow even as thy brother before thee, for to me it seemeth that here I have the better in the quarrel.' Thus chose *Salsdan*, therefore, that himself and all his realm should be in the hands of *Srithiof*. So was it then, that *Srithiof* took the rule over *Sogne-Sylki*, but *Salsdan* became *Serfe* thereof, paying unto *Srithiof* a tribute so long as he governed *Ringarike*. Whereafter took *Srithiof* the name of King over *Sogne-Sylki*, for *Ringarike* gave he back unto the *Sons of Ring*. After this won he under him that land hight *Sarðesland*. Sons two had he, *Gunnthiof* and *Sunnthiof*, both stout men and famous in their day. — **Endeth so here the Saga of *Srithiof* the Bold.**

The peculiar alliterative metres of the Recitative-Chaunts, and that general tone of vigorous simplicity,

"Then most adorn'd when unadorn'd the most,"

which pervades the Original as all the other Icelandic Sagas, — have been preserved throughout in the above Translation, which is as literal as a due regard to the genius of the two languages would admit.

The text has been rendered in a style rather antique, — but old-fashioned spellings, and Archaisms decidedly unintelligible to a common Reader, have been purposely rejected.

INTRODUCTORY LETTER
TO
FRITHIOF'S SAGA.

BY
ESAIAS TEGNÉR.

TRANSLATED

INTRODUCTORY LETTER,

FROM

Bishop **TEGNÉR**

TO

THE TRANSLATOR.

Dated Östrabo, April 22, 1839.

At the time when 'Frithiof' was composed, it was commonly enough believed among the Literati of Sweden — and I need only mention Leopold as an example — that what was called the Gothic Poetry was, notwithstanding the talent it was admitted had been employed on it,* altogether and organically unsuccessful. This Poesy, it was asserted, rested for fundamental support on a wildness of manners and opinions and an only partial developement of the relations of Society, impossible to reconcile with the Poetry of present times. The latter was, properly enough, regarded as the Daughter of Modern Civilization, and in Her countenance it was that the Age recognized, though beautified and idealized, the features of itself. And, indeed, it is quite true that all Poetry must reflect the progress and temperament of its Time; but still we find those general human passions and circumstances, which must remain unchanged in every period, and may be regarded as the foundation of poetry. Even before

* For 'Iduna' had long since been published.

this, though with various success, Ling * had treated several Northern Subjects, — for the most part in a Dramatic form. It has been observed that his great poetic talent lay more in the Lyric than the Drama, and that he paints exterior Nature far better than the ever-changing Soul. That the Northern Saga can successfully assume the Dramatic form is, however, abundantly proved by the Tragedies of Oehlenschläger. It is with pleasure I acknowledge, that his 'Helge' first gave me the Idea of 'Frithiof.'

It was never my meaning, however, in this Poem, — though such seems to have been the opinion of many — simply to versify the Saga. The most transient comparison ought to have shown, not only that the whole dénouement is different in the Poem and the Saga, but also that several of its parts, such as Cantos II, III, V, XV, XXI, XXIII, and XXIV, have either little, if any, or at least a very distant ground in the Legend. Indeed it is not in this one, but in other Icelandic Sagas that we ought to seek the sources of the incidents I have chosen. My object was, to represent a poetical image of the old Northern Hero-Age. It was not Frithiof, as an individual, whom I would paint; it was the epoch of which he was chosen as the Representative. It is true that I preserved, in this respect, the hull and outline of the Tradition, — but, at the same time, I thought myself entitled to add or to take away, just as was most convenient for my plan. This, as I supposed, was a part of that poetic liberty, without which it is impossible to produce any independent treatment of any poetical subject whatsoever.

* The Translator regrets to state, that this distinguished Gymnast-Savant and good Poet expired a few days ago.

In the Saga we find much that is high-minded and heroic, and which, equally demanding the homage of every period, both could and ought to be preserved. But, at the same time, we meet occasional instances of the raw, the savage, the barbarous, which required to be either altogether taken away, or to be considerably softened down. To a certain extent therefore, it was necessary to modernize; but just the difficulty here was to find the fitting *lagom*. * On the one hand the Poem ought not too glaringly to offend our milder opinions and more refined habits; but on the other, it was important not to sacrifice the national the lively the vigorous and the natural. There could, and ought to, blow through the Song that cold winter-air, that fresh Northwind which characterizes so much both the climate and the temperament of the North. But neither should the Storm howl till — the very quicksilver froze, and all the more tender emotions of the heart were extinguished.

It is properly in the bearing of Frithiof's character that I have sought the resolution of this problem. The noble, the high-minded, the bold which is the great feature of all Heroism — ought not, of course, to be missing there; and materials sufficient abounded both in this and in many other Sagas. But together with this more general Heroism, I have endeavoured to invest the character of Frithiof with something individually Northern — that fresh-living, insolent, daring rashness which belongs, or at least formerly belonged, to the national temperament. Ingeborg says of Frithiof, (p. 89)

* "*Lagom*" is a beautiful word, which it is impossible always fully to translate. It occurs frequently in Swedish, and answers to our 'just the thing,' 'just right,' 'medium,' 'moderate,' etc. — *G. S.*

How glad, how daring-all, how full of hope! —
 His good Sword pointing to the NORNA's bosom,
 'Thou shalt,' saith He, 'Thou shalt give way.' *

These lines contain the key to Frithiof's character, and, in point of fact, to the whole poem. Even the mild, peace-loving, friend-rich old King Ring is not destitute of this great national quality, at least in the manner of his death; and it is for this reason I let him "Carve himself with Geirs-odd," — undoubtedly a barbarous custom, but still characteristic of the time and the popular manners.

Another peculiarity common to the people of the North, is a certain disposition for melancholy and heaviness of spirit common to all deeper characters. Like some Elegiac key-note, its sound pervades all our old national melodies, and generally whatever is expressive in our annals, — for it is found in the depths of the Nation's heart. I have somewhere or other ** said of Bellman, the most national of our Poets,

And mark the touch of gloom his brow o'ershading —
 A Northern minstrel-look, a grief *in rosy-red!* **
 for this melancholy, so far from opposing the fresh liveliness and cheerful vigour common to the nation, only gives them yet more strength and elasticity. There is a certain kind of life-enjoying gladness (and of this, Public

* "Hur glad, hur trotsig, hur förhoppningsfull!
 Han sätter spetsen af sitt goda svärd
 På Nornans bröst, och säger: du skall vika!"

Frithiofs Saga, p. 69.

** "och märk det vemodsdraget öfver pannan,
 ett Nordiskt Sångardrag, en sorg i rosenröd!"

These lines are from Tegnér's very beautiful Verses on the Jubilee of the Swedish Academy, in 1836. — (Stanza X). — G. S.

Opinion has accused the French,) which finally reposes on frivolity; — that of the North is built on seriousness. And therefore I have also endeavoured to develop in Frithiof somewhat of this meditative gloom. His repentant regret at the unwilling Temple-fire, — his scrupulous fear of Balder, (p. 151)

‘Who sits in yon sky, gloomy thoughts sending down;
ne’er my soul from their sadness is freed!’ *

and his longing for the final Reconciliation and for calm within him, are proofs not only of a religious craving, but also and still more of a natural tendency to sorrowfulness common to every serious mind, at least in the North of Europe.

I have been reproached (though I cannot help thinking, without good reason) with having given the love between Frithiof and Ingeborg, for instance in ‘The Parting’ — too modern and sentimental a cast. As regards this I ought to remark, that Reverence for the Sex was from the earliest times, long before the introduction of Christianity, a national feature of the German Peoples. On this account it was, that the light inconstant and simply sensual view of Love, — which prevailed among the most cultivated nations of Antiquity, — was a thing quite foreign to the habits of the North. Song and Saga overflow with the most touching Legends of romantic Love and Faith in the North, long before the spirit of Chivalry had made Woman the Idol of Man in the South. The circumstances assumed between Ingeborg and Frithiof seem to me, therefore, to rest upon sufficient historical ground, — if not

* “som sitter i skyn, skickar tankarna ned,
som förmörka mitt sinne alltjemt.”

Frithiofs Saga, p. 118.

personally, — in the manners and opinions of the Age. That delicacy of sentiment with which Ingeborg refused to accompany her Lover, and rather sacrificed her inclination than withdrew herself from the authority of her Brother and Guardian — seems to me to find its reason in the nature of each nobler female, which is the same in every Period and in every Land.

The Subjective thus contained in the Events and Characters demanded, or at least permitted, a departure from the usual Epic uniformity in their treatment. The most suitable method seemed to me, to resolve the Epic form into free Lyric Romances. I had the example of Oehlenschläger, in his *Helge*, before me; and have since found that it has been followed by others. It carries with it the advantage of enabling one to change the metre in accordance with the contents of every separate song. Thus, for instance, I doubt whether 'Ingeborg's Lament' (Canto IX) could be given with advantage in any Language in Hexameters or Ten-syllabled Iambics, whether rhymed or not. I am well aware that many regard this as opposed to the Epic unity, which is, however, so nearly allied to monotony. But I regard this unity as more than sufficiently compensated by the freer room and fresher changes gained by its abandonment. Just this liberty, however, to be properly employed, requires so much the more thought, understanding, and taste; for with every separate Piece one must endeavour to find the exactly suitable form, a thing not always ready for one's hand in the language. It is for this reason that I have attempted (with greater or less success) to imitate several metres, especially from the Poets of Antiquity. Thus the Pentameter Iambic, hypercatalectic in the third foot, (Canto II) — the six-footed

Iambic (C. XIV) — the Aristophanic Anapests (C. XV) — the Trochaic Tetrameter (C. XVI) — and the Tragie Senarius (C. XXIV), — were little, if at all, heard of in Swedish previous to my attempts.

As regards the language in itself, — the antique subject invited one sometimes to use an Archaism, especially where such an expression, without being obscure, seemed to carry with it any particular emphasis. Still this care is at all events lost abroad,* and sometimes even at home. It demands, nevertheless, very much prudence — for the great stream of words in a modern Poem must, naturally, flow from the language of the day, although an obsolescent word or two may occasionally be employed.

ES. TEGNÉR.

* The Translator hopes he has succeeded in preserving the same antique cast in his Version as in the Original. This he has attempted, however, rather by what he has omitted — the modern and the conversational — than by what he has inserted, though a few *commonly-received* and venerable archaisms are sometimes to be met with.

FRITHIOF'S SAGA,

A NORWEGIAN STORY.

From the Original Swedish

OF

ESAIAS TEGNÉR.

NAMES OF THE PERSONAGES

WHO FIGURE IN THE

LEGEND OF FRITHIOF.

BELE, Fylke-King (Independent Chief) of Sogne-District, in Norway.

HELGE, } His sons, co-heirs to his throne and lands.
HALFDAN, }

INGEBORG, His only daughter, foster-sister and Beloved of **FRITHIOF**.

THORSTEN, A rich and powerful Yeoman (Bonde), friend, chief stay, and brother-in-arms of King **BELE**.

FRITHIOF, His son, Lover of **INGEBORG**, and the Hero of the Poem.

HILDING, A venerable Peasant, the foster-father of **FRITHIOF** and of **INGEBORG**.

BJÖRN, His son, sworn friend and weapon-comrade of **FRITHIOF**.

RING, Fylke-King of Ringe-Rike, in Norway.

ANGANTYR, Jarl, (Earl or reigning Chieftain) of the Orkney Islands.

ATLE, A Berserk, one of his War-men.

Priests, Warriors, Scalds, Peasants &c.

Scene, Framnäs and its neighbourhood (in Sogne-District), and the Orkneys.

Extract of a letter
from the
AUTHOR OF FRITHIOF'S SAGA.

Dated Östrabo, 4 December, 1838.

"Det är min öfvertygelse att ingen af de föregående öfversättarne som jag haft tillfälle att lära känna, inträngt så som Herr Professoren i Originalets ursprungliga anda och så respekterat dess Nordiska egenheter."

ES. TEGNÉR.

Translation.

I am of opinion, that no one of all the previous Translators with whom I have had an opportunity of meeting, have penetrated so deeply into the fundamental spirit of the Original and have so much respected its Northern characteristics as — yourself.

ES. TEGNÉR.





Painted by J. T. B. B. B. B. B.

Painted by J. T. B. B. B. B.

FRAMNÄS
from Balder's Sound

CANTO I.

Frithiof and Ingeborg.

Argument.

In this simple Ballad-Canto, so beautiful in the Original, are related the youthful graces and exploits of INGEBOG and of FRITHIOF, their slowly ripening and tender affection, and the bold resolve of FRITHIOF to assert and abide his choice, "come what will." — Never was pure, lofty, fervid Love, that

"feeling from the godhead caught,
To wean from self each sordid thought;
A Ray of Him who form'd the whole;
A glory circling round the soul!" *)

painted with more impassion'd artlessness! The FRITHIOF and INGEBOG of the North, how different from the ROMEO and JULIET of the South, — and yet how much the same! Climate and customs modify, but Nature changes never!

The metre in the Translation is that of the illustrious Author, except that the *latter* half of every verse has *always* feminine rhymes in Swedish. — We need not remind the English reader how scarce such Rhymes are in his Tongue, notwithstanding its acknowledged richness.

*) BYRON, *The Giaour*.

CANTO I.

Frithiof and Ingeborg.

I.

Two Plants, in HILDING's garden fair,
Grew up beneath his fostering care;
Their match the North had never seen,
So nobly tow'r'd they in the green!

II.

The one shot forth like some broad Oak,
Its trunk a battle-lance unbroke;
But helmet-like the top ascends,
As Heav'n's soft breeze its arch'd round bends.

III.

Like some sweet Rose, — bleak winter flown, —
That other fresh young Plant y-shone;
From out this Rose Spring yet scarce gleameth,
Within the bud it lies and dreameth.

IV.

But cloud-sprung Storm round th'Earth shall go, —
That Oak then wrestles with his foe;
Her heav'nly path Spring's sun shall tread, —
Then opes that Rose her lips so red!

V.

Thus sportful, glad, and green they sprung,
 And FRITHIOF was that Oak the young; —
 The Rose so brightly blooming there —
 She hight was INGEBORG THE FAIR.

VI.

Saw'st thou the two by gold-beam'd day, —
 To FREJA's Courts thy thoughts would stray
 Where, bright-hair'd and with rosy pinions,
 Swings many a bride-pair — Love's own minions.

VII.

But saw'st thou them, by moonlight's sheen,
 Dance round beneath the leafy green —
 Thou'dst say, in yon sweet garland-grove
 The King and Queen of fairies move.

VIII.

How precious was the prize he earn'd
 When his first rune the youth had learn'd! —
 No King's could His bright glory reach, —
 That letter would he ING'BORG teach.

IX.

How gladly at Her side steer'd he
 His barque across the dark blue sea!
 When gaily tacking FRITHIOF stands,
 How merrily clap her small white hands!

X.

No birds' nests yet so lofty were,
 That thither he not climb'd for Her;
 E'en th'Eagle, as he cloud-ward swung,
 Was plunder'd both of eggs and young.

XI.

No streamlet's waters rush'd so swift,
 O'er which he would not ING'BORG lift;
 So pleasant feels, when foam-rush 'larms,
 The gentle cling of small white arms!

XII.

The first pale flow'r that spring had shed,
 The strawberry sweet that first grew red,
 The corn-ear first in ripe gold clad, —
 To Her he offer'd, true and glad.

XIII.

But Childhood's days full quickly fly;
 He stands a stripling now, with eye
 Of haughty fire which hopes and prayeth; —
 And She, with budding breast, see! strayeth.

XIV.

The Chase young FRITHIOF, ceaseless sought;
 Nor oft would hunter so have fought;
 For, swordless spearless all, he'd dare
 With naked strength the savage bear:

XV.

Then breast to breast they struggled grim; —
 Though torn, the bold youth masters him!
 With shaggy hide now see him laden —
 Such spoils refuse — how can the maiden?

XVI.

For Man's brave deeds still Woman wile;
 Strength well is worth young Beauty's smile;
 Each other suit they, fitly blending
 Like helm o'er polish'd brows soft bending!

XVII.

But read he, some cold Winter's night,
 (The fire-hearth's flaming blaze his light)
 A Song of *Valhall's* brightnesses,
 And all its gods and goddesses; —

XVIII.

He'd think: 'Yes! yellow's FREJA's hair,
 A corn-land-sea, breeze-wav'd so fair; —
 Sure ING'BORG's, that like gold-net trembles
 Round rose and lily, Hers resembles!

XIX.

'Rich, white, soft, clear is IDUN's breast;
 How it heaves beneath her silken vest! —
 A silk I know, whose heave discloses
 Light-fairies two with budding roses.

XX.

'And blue are FRIGGA's eyes to see,
 Blue as Heav'ns cloudless canopy! —
 But I know eyes, to whose bright beams
 The light blue Spring-day darksome seems.

XXI.

'The Bards praise GERDA's cheeks too high,
 Fresh snows which playful North-lights dye! —
 I cheeks have seen, whose day lights, clear,
 Two dawns blushing in one sphere.

XXII.

'A heart like NANNA's own I've found,
 As tender, — why not so renown'd?
 Ah! happy BALDER; ilk breast swelleth
 To share the death thy Scald o'ertelleth.

XXIII.

'Yes! could my death like BALDER's be, —
 A faithful maid lamenting me —
 A maid like NANNA, tender, true —
 How glad I'd stay with HEL the blue!'

XXIV.

But the King's Child — all glad Her love —
 Sat murmuring Hero-Songs, and wove
 The' adventures that Her Chief had seen,
 And billows blue, and groves of green;

XXV.

Slow start from out the wool's snow-fields
 Round, gold-embroider'd, shining shields,
 And battle's lances flying red,
 And mail-coats stiff with silver thread; —

XXVI.

But day by day Her Hero still
 Grows FRITHIOF like, weave how she will, —
 And, as His form 'mid the' arm'd host rushes,
 Though deep, yet joyful, are her blushes!

XXVII.

And FRITHIOF, where his wanderings be,
 Carves I and F i th' tall birch-tree;
 The runes right gladly grow united,
 Their young hearts like by one flame lighted.

XXVIII.

Stands DAY on Heav'n's arch — throne so fair! —
 King of the world with golden hair,
 Waking the tread of life and men —
 Each thinks but of the other then!

XXIX.

Stands NIGHT on Heav'n's arch — throne so fair! —
 World's mother with Her dark-hued hair,
 While stars tread soft, all hush'd 'mong men —
 Each dreams but of the other then!

XXX.

'Thou EARTH! — each spring through all thy bow'rs
 Thy green locks jewel'ing thick with flow'rs —
 Thy choicest give! fair weaving them,
 My FRITHIOF shall the garland gem.'

XXXI.

'Thou SEA! in whose deep gloomy hall
 Shine thousand pearls, hear Love's loud call! —
 Thy fairest give me, to bedeck
 That whiter pearl — my ING'BORG's neck!'

XXXII.

'Oh crown of ODEN's Royal Throne,
 Eye of the world, bright golden SUN! —
 Wert thou but mine, should FRITHIOF wield
 Thy shining disc, His shining shield.'

XXXIII.

'Oh lamp of great ALLFATHER's Dome,
 Thou MOON, whose beams so pale-clear roam! —
 Wert thou but mine, should ING'BORG wear
 Thy crescent-orb among her hair.'

XXXIV.

Then HILDING spoke: 'From this love-play
 Turn, fosterson, thy mind away;
 Had wisdom rul'd, thou ne'er hadst sought her —
 »The maid«, fate cries, »is BELE's Daughter!«

XXXV.

'To ODEN, in His star-lit sky,
 Ascends her titled ancestry;
 But THORSTEN's son art thou; give way!
 For »like thrives best with like» they say.'

XXXVI.

But FRITHIOF smiling said; 'Down fly
 To Death's dark vale my ancestry;
 Yon forest's King late slew I; pride
 Of high birth heir'd I with his hide.

XXXVII.

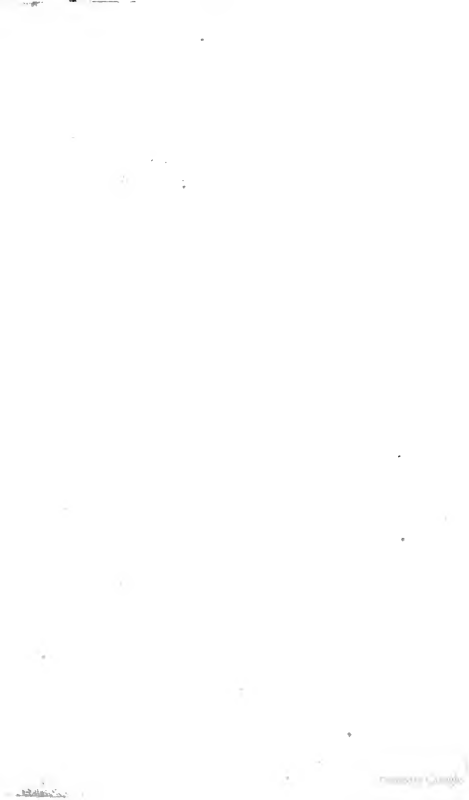
'The freeborn man yields not; for still
 His arm wins worlds where'er it will;
 Fortune can mend as well as mar,
 Hope's ornaments right Kingly are!

XXXVIII.

'What is high birth but force? Yes! THOR,
 Its sire, in Thrudvang's fort gives law;
 Not birth, but worth, he weighs above; —
 The sword pleads strongly for its love!

XXXIX.

'Yes! I will fight for my young bride,
 Though e'en the Thund'ring God defied.
 Rest thee, my lily, glad at heart;
 Woe him, whose rash hand would us part!'





THE CAIRNS OF KING BELE AND THORSTEN VIKINGSSON

King Beles och Thorsten Vikingssons Hagar.

(in garden near Sigua)

CANTO II.

King Bele
and
Thorsten Vikingsson.

Argument.

KING BELE, worn down with years and feeling his end approaching, summons his sons and **FRITHIOF**, and with **HILDING** at his side counsels them in many a proverb of Northern wisdom. 'Life's changing scenes', then exclaims the aged **HILDING** to the King, 'have we shared together, and in death we will not be divided.' — He also then exhorts the three in sharp sayings and Scandinavian lore.

Both then interchange words of friendly greeting; and, again saluting the young warriors they love so much, they conclude by commending them to the care and blessing of **FREY**, of **ODEN**, and of **THOR**.

It was not possible to retain in this Canto the metre of the original, of which we subjoin the first verse as a specimen:

"Kung BELE, stödd på svärdet, i Kungssal stod,
hos honom THORSTEN VIKINGSSON, den bonde god,
hans gamle vapenbroder, snart hundraårig,
och ärrig som en runsten, och silfverhårig."

Tegnér's Frithiof, p. 10.

CANTO II.

King Bele and Thorsten Vikingsson.

I.

In regal Hall King BELE stood,
His sword a staff of light,
And near him lean'd that Yeoman good
THORSTEN VIKINGSSON hight;
His weapon-brother old was he,
A hundred years well nigh,
And scarr'd all o'er as Rune-stones be,
And silver-hair'd on high.

II.

They stood as up and down a hill
Two offring-houses stand;
Once, shrines for Heathen Gods to fill,
Now, ruin'd in the land;
But wisdom's runes, carv'd deep and fast,
Those broken walls still hide,
And high traditions of the past
On each arch'd vault reside.

III.

'The shades of ev'ning hasten on,'
 So speaketh BELE now;
 'My mead-cup's flavour all is gone,
 The helm weighs down my brow;
 My vision fails to trace the lines
 Of human weal and woe:
 But nearer, brighter, *Valhall* shines, —
 My death's at hand, I trow!

IV.

'My children have I call'd; and, friend,
 Thy son is summon'd too;
 For still together should they wend,
 As we were wont to do. —
 A warning shall they have to day,
 Those eagles proud and young,
 Before all counsel sleeps for aye
 Upon the dead man's tongue!'

V.

Then, as the King's commandment ran,
 Advanc'd they up the Hall.
 The first was HELGE, pale and wan
 And gloomiest of them all;
 He, where yond' altar-circle lies,
 Mong spaemen lov'd to stand,
 And came from groves of sacrifice
 With blood upon his hand.

VI.

HALFDAN appear'd the next, a youth
 With locks as bright as gold;

Noble his features were, in sooth,
 Though womanly their mould.
 His sword was belted round about
 For sport, apparently;
 And, in the guise of hero stout,
 Some girl resembled he.

VII.

But close behind them FRITHIOF goes,
 Wrapp'd in his mantle blue;
 His height a whole head taller rose
 Than that of both the two.
 He stands between the brothers there —
 As though the ripe day stood
 Atween young morning rosy-fair,
 And night within the wood.

VIII.

'My children', saith the dim-eyed King,
 'Soon sets my Ev'ning's sun;
 Govern the realm in peace, nor bring
 Discord 'mid Union.
 For Union all in one enfolds;
 The Ring she likens most
 Which grasps the lance; — where no ring holds
 The lance's strength is lost.

IX.

'Let Force stand, like a sentinel,
 Before the country's gate;
 Let Peace within the hedg'd land dwell,
 Blooming and consecrate.
 The sword defence alone should yield,
 Else is its steel too hard;

Forg'd for a padlock was the Shield,
The peasant's barn to guard.

X.

'His own good land who'd fain oppress —
Is but a simple man;
For Kings can do, as all confess,
But what their People can.
When, on the rocky mountain's side,
The sapless trunk is dead, —
The thick-leav'd crown that was its pride
Soon, too, is withered.

XI.

'On pillars four of up-heap'd stone
Stands high Heav'n's lofty round;
The throne can only rest upon
Just Laws' all-holy ground.
When Diets sanction fear'd Kings' wrongs, —
Stands ruin near at hand;
But glory to the King belongs,
And good unto his land.

XII.

'Full well in *Disarsal* reside
The Gods, o HELGE; but
Not as weak snails, that still abide
Within their shells close shut; —
Far as bright day-light shines on high,
Far as the voice can sound,
Far as man's thought can upward fly, —
The Mighty Gods are found!

XIII.

‘How oft, in lungs of offer’d hawk,
 Stand faithless token-signs!
 And falsely many a rune doth talk,
 Though deeply-grav’d the lines:
 But, HELGE, on a heart whose lore
 Is sound, glad, upright, just —
 Has ODEN written runes all o’er
 Which gods and men may trust.

XIV.

‘Firm but not harsh, my son, — let Might
 The touch of Mercy feel;
 For sword that bends the most, will bite
 Most sharply on the steel.
 Know, HELGE, it becomes a King
 Gentle to be, though bold,
 As flow’rs adorn the Shield; — soft Spring
 Brings more than Winter-cold.

XV.

‘A friendless Chief, however fear’d
 However bright his day,
 Dies like a trunk in deserts rear’d,
 Its bark all peel’d away;
 But whoso claims fast faithful friends —
 Grows like the woodland tree,
 Round whose deep roots the streamlet wends,
 Whose branches shelter’d be.

XVI.

‘Boast not the fame thy dead Sires gain’d,
 Each hath his own, no more;

Hast thou to bend the bow vain strain'd —
 The bow's not thine, give o'er.
 What wilt thou with that bright esteem
 Which down i'th' grave doth sleep?
 With own fierce waves, the rushing stream
 Flows onward through the deep.

XVII.

'Thou, HALFDAN, hear! — A pleasant wit
 Is wise men's profiting;
 But idle talk can none befit,
 And least of all a King;
 Mere honey can no mead afford,
 With hops 'tis brew'd alway; —
 Put steel, young man! into thy sword,
 Put earnest in thy play!

XVIII.

'Too much good sense none ever show,
 However wise it fall —
 But little' enough full many know,
 Who have no wit at all.
 An ignorant guest is but despis'd,
 Though seated on the dais;
 But clever men's discourse is pris'd,
 However low their place.

XIX.

'Thy true-fast friend is close at hand,
 Thy fosterbrother dear,
 Although, to reach his welc'ming land,
 The road be not so near.
 But, HALFDAN, far enough away
 That mansion proves to be, —

Be short the journey as it may, —
Which holds an enemy.

XX.

'Let not a forward man be made
Thy bosom-counselor;
An empty house stands wide display'd,
Barr'd is the rich man's door.
Choose one; unnecessary 'tis
To seek a second friend;
And the world's secret, HALFDAN, is,
What with the third should end!' —

XXI.

Then upstood THORSTEN, and began
In words like these to speak:
'Not thus, alone, King BELE can
ODEN's Valhalla seek.
Together have we shar'd, o King!
The changing scenes of life, —
And Death, I hope, will never bring
Occasion for our strife!

XXII.

'Old Age, son FRITHIOF, in mine ear
Full many a warning speech
Hath whisper'd soft; list now, and hear
What wisdom they can teach.
I' th' North-land ODEN's birds sweep down
On cairn and hero-mound;
On the old man's lips, — ah! sweet renown, —
Sit wise words, thoughts profound!

XXIII.

'And first, the High Gods reverence!
 For good and evil come,
 Like storm and sunshine, not from hence,
 But Valhall's shining home;
 The heart's most secret vaults they see,
 Though clos'd with fast'nings strong,
 And long years' penance shall there be
 For but one moment's wrong.

XXIV.

'Obey the King. With force and skill
 Shall one the sceptre sway;
 With stars dim Night the sky may fill,
 But one eye hath bright Day.
 Willing the better man will pledge
 The best, glad praise his deeds; —
 The sword not only wants an edge,
 A good hilt, too, it needs.

XXV.

'FRITHIOF, great strength the Gods bestow, —
 And good it is, my son!
 But, without wit, mere force we know
 Is soon out-spent and done.
 By one man slain — the bear can wield
 Twelve men's strength, in his paw; —
 Yes! 'gainst the sword-thrust's held the shield,
 'Gainst violence — the Law!

XXVI.

'By few the haughty chief is fear'd,
 Hated he is by all;

And arrogance, by few rever'd,
 Is father to a fall.
 How many have I seen high soar —
 Now on a crutch bent low; —
 Seasons, not men, the harvest pour,
 And Heav'n's winds fortune blow.

XXVII.

'When down the setting sun hath sunk —
 Then, FRITHIOF, praise the day;
 Ale may be prais'd, too — when 'tis drunk;
 And — follow'd — counsel may.
 Fond youth on many things for aid
 Will trust itself, indeed;
 But battle proves the keen sword-blade,
 And want, a friend in need!

XXVIII.

'Trust not to night-old ice, or snow
 Which some spring-day may see,
 Or slumb'ring snakes, or words that flow
 Frae th'girl upon thy knee;
 For, on a wheel that nothing stills,
 Is turn'd fair Woman's breast,
 And 'neath those soft white lily-hills
 Inconstancy doth rest!

XXIX.

'Down to the grave thyself must go,
 And what thou hast, away;
 But one thing, FRITHIOF, well I know
 Which never can decay, —
 That is, the' unchanging doom decreed
 To ev'ry dead man's Spright; —

Will, therefore, ev'ry noble deed,
And do thou ev'ry right!' —

XXX.

His warnings thus gave hoary age
In BELE's Kingly Hall,
As since the Scald whose warnings sage
Yet sound in Havamal;
From race to race the Proverbs go
In pithy sentence forth, —
And deeply, from the tomb below,
Yet whisper in the North.

XXXI.

Thereafter talk'd the Heroes both,
In many a heartfelt tone,
Of their long friendship's faithful troth
Through all the Northland known, —
And how their truefast union,
In weal and woe the same,
(Like two hands firmly grasp'd in one)
More tight-knit, still, became.

XXXII.

'Our arms, my Son, in danger's path
We back to back did wield;
However, then, came NORNÄ's wrath,
Still struck she 'gainst the shield.
Before you now, with years bow'd down,
We two to Valhall wend; —
But may our spirits, ye children! crown
Each wish, — each step attend!'

XXXIII.

And much and long the King talk'd o'er
 The brave young FRITHIOF's worth,
 And warrior-might, which alway more
 Was priz'd than Royal Birth; —
 And much and long doth THORSTEN praise
 The Northland's high-fam'd Kings,
 And all that glorious fame whose blaze
 From the' ASAR-Heroes springs. —

XXXIV.

'And now, together as one man
 Hold fast, ye children three!
 Your overmatch, — that know I — can
 Our Northland never see!
 For strength, to Kingly rank and blood
 Indissolubly bound,
 Is like the darkblue steel-rim good
 Which flows the gold-shield round.

XXXV.

'My last salute fail not to tell
 ING'BORG, that rose fresh-blown;
 In peace, as it became her well,
 Her lovely form hath grown.
 Hedge round the Fair; let no Storm-wind
 Come down, in evil hour,
 And to his helmct-bonnet bind
 My tender blooming flow'r!

XXXVI.

'HELGE! be thou her guardian,
 Thyself her father prove!

ING'BORG, my child, my dearest one
 Oh! like a father love.
 Constraint revolts the gen'rous soul,
 But, HELGE, softness leads
 Woman and man to Virtue's goal —
 Just thoughts and noble deeds!

XXXVII.

'Beneath two Barrows, in the earth,
 Lay us, ye children dear!
 One on each side the billowy firth,
 Whose murmurs we may hear.
 For pleasant to the Hero's Ghost
 Resounds the sea's low song;
 Like soft sad Drapas on the coast,
 The wavelets roll along.

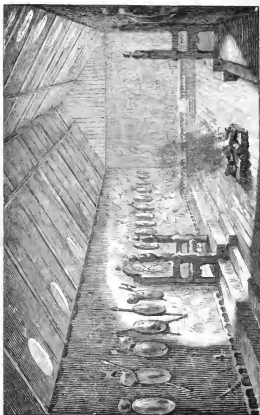
XXXVIII.

'Pouring pale splendours round the hill,
 When bright the moon hath shone;
 And midnight dews, all calm and still,
 Fall on the Bauta-stone; —
 Then shall we sit, o THORSTEN, there
 On 'our green Cairns so round
 And, o'er the waters' rush, declare
 How coming fates astound!

XXXIX.

'And now, ye Sons, farewell! farewell!
 Hither no more draw nigh.
 With great ALLFATHER shall we dwell; —
 We long to be on high,
 Like as the wearied flood-streams long
 To reach wide ocean's deep. —
 And now, FREY guard you, sons, from wrong,
 THOR bless, and ODEN keep!'





Das der Eigenen. Zwangslos.

Letters by J. Z. Blackwelder, Nov.

THORSTEN VIKINGSON'S HALL (Sat.)

Richard according to descriptions in the *Sagas*
(*temperantior alter Sagornae*..)

CANTO III.

**Frithiof succeeds
to the
Inheritance of his
Father.**

Argument.

In the beautiful Hexameters of his third Canto the Author, like another HOMER working up the "rhapsodies" of national tradition, paints with a bold and yet elegant simplicity the picturesque manners of an age remarkably Homeric in its barbaric civilization and its pirate independence.

On the death of his father FRITHIOF succeeds to his lands, wealth, and Hall, which is described at large. Then follows a detailed History of his three principal valuables — ANGURVADEL his falchion, — his ARM-RING the famous, — and his war-ship, ELLIDA, the gift of the Sea-god!

Assembling his friends and retainers, the young Hero pledges them at the Grave-ale (funeral banquet) of the Deceased, and then, in the midst of the applause of the Scalds, steps into the vacant 'seat of his father, now his.'

English Hexameter verse is so uncommon, and its laws so uncertain, — that we are afraid we have trespassed rather too largely on the patience and good humour of the reader by presenting him with the following "attempt." The "attempt" however, was worth while. We need hardly add that, in English, tone accent and emphasis must be our guide in constructing the Hexameter — rather than syllabic quantity, of which we have so little that is absolutely determined. So far as its comparative novelty would admit, the Translator has aimed at a natural and national verse, differing from the strictly classical Germanic Hexameter on the one hand, and the loose unequal Hexameter of Southey on the other. — How far he has succeeded — is another question!

CANTO III.

Frithiof succeeds to the inheritance of his Father.

Soft, now, in th'earth were laid ag'd THORSTEN and BELE
his sovereign
Where they themselves had bidd'n; one on each side the
firth rose their barrows,
Shielding beneath their round two breasts, now death-
sunder'd ever.
HALFDAN and HELGE then, as the People decreed, were
successors
After their sire in the realm; but FRITHIOF divided with
no one;
Peaceful he heir'd, sole son to his father, and settled in
Framnäs.
Far to the right, and the left, and behind his homestead
ascended
Hills and low vallies and rocks, — but its fourth side fronted
the ocean.
Forests of birch crown'd the mountain-tops, while their
sides smoothly sloping
Flourish'd with golden corn, and with man-high bright-
waving rye-crops.

Lakes full many their glitt'ring mirrors held to the
 mountain,
 Held to the woods, too, above, — in whose depths had
 high-branching elk-deer
 Range as they royally trod, or drank of a hundred fresh
 streamlets.
 Pasturing Herds were seen in the vallies, cropping the
 green-sward,
 Or with sleek sides standing, and bags which long'd for
 the milk-pail.
 'Mid them were spread, here and there o'er the meadows,
 white-woolly sheep-flocks, —
 Wand'ring careless and free; as, (when soft winds herald
 the Spring-time,)
 Heav'n's blue vault small far-scatter'd cloudlets flockwise
 besprinkle.
 Rang'd in their stalls, like winds close-fetter'd, and proud
 and impatient,
 Pawing there stood twice twelve chain'd coursers, sweet-
 grasses champing;
 Knotted with red were their manes, and their hoofs shone
 brightly with steel-shoes.
 Wide, and a House by itself, was the Drinking-Hall, built
 of tough heart-fir;
 Not five hundred men, (though ten twelves went to the
 hundred),
 Fill'd that spacious Hall, when at Yule they gather'd to
 banquet.
 Right through the Hall's whole length ran the Board, of
 scarlet-oak timbers,
 Polish'd and bright like steel; the two High-seat pillars of
 honour

Stood at its upper end, God-shapes both carv'd from hard
 elm-wood, —
 ODEN with lordlike features, and FREY with the sun on
 his bonnet.
 Lately, — between them, thron'd on his bear-hide (th' hide
 was all coal-black,
 Red like to scarlet its jaws, but the sharp claws shodded
 with silver,) —
 THORSTEN sat there 'mong his friends, Hospitality sitting
 with Gladness!
 Oft, while the Moon flew along through the sky, the'old
 Chief would tell, cheerly,
 Marvels which out in strange lands he had seen, and his
 Vikinga-rovings
 Far o'er the Baltics waves, and the Western seas, and in
 Gandvik.
 Mute sat the list'ning guests, their looks firm fixing on
 the'old man's
 Lips, like the bee on its rose; but the Scald thought,
 silent, on BRAGE
 As, with silvery beard and runes on his tongue, he sits
 calmly
 Telling, beneath some thick-spreading beech-tree, a Saga by
 MIMER'S
 Fount whose waves ever murmur, himself a Saga undying.
 Midst on the straw-strewn floor, shot the fire-flame cease-
 lessly upwards,
 Glad in its stone-wall'd hearth; while down through the
 wide-stretching chimney
 Heav'nly friends, blue-twinkling stars, glanc'd bright on
 the Hall-guests.

BJÖRN, nathless, both the Sword and his life lost soon at
one venture, —

Southward in Gröningasund, when he fought 'gainst the
powerful VIFELL.

VIFELL had but one son, hight VIKING. — Now, old and
decrepid,

Dwelt there at Ulleråker a King with a fair-blooming
daughter.

Just thereupon, from the woods' deep shades, came a grim-
looking Giant,

Taller by far than other men, and all hairy and savage;
Fierce from the' old Chief, then he combat claims, or his
daughter and kingdom.

None could accept his challenge, for steel was not in the
country

Edg'd that it bit on his iron-hard skull; so they nam'd
him GRIM IRON-HEAD!

VIKING alone, who his fifteenth winter newly had finish'd,
Brav'd the wild foe — on his Arm and *Angurvadel* de-
pending:

Then, at one blow, he the foul fiend clave, and the Fair
One deliver'd.

VIKING to THORSTEN, his Son, this Falchion gave; and from
THORSTEN

Went it to FRITHIOF, his heir; when in wide Hall drawn —
it glitter'd

Like quick lightning-flash therethrough, or a sky-streaming
Northlight.

Hammer'd gold was the hilt, but the blade was cover'd
with runics,

Wonderful, all unknown in the North, but known at the
Sun's Gates —

There, where our fathers dwelt, till the' ASAR led them up
hither.

Dead-pale flicker'd those runes, when blest Peace rul'd in
the country;

But, should HILDUR begin Her sport, then burn'd ev'ry
letter!

Red as the comb of the fighting-Cock: quick lost was that
Hero

Meeting in battle's night that blade high-flaming with runics.
Widely renown'd was this Sword, of swords most choice
in the Northland!

Next most precious in price was an Armring, all
over famous;

Forg'd by the halting VAULUND 'twas, the'old North-Story's
VULCAN.

Three full marks weigh'd the Ring, and of pure gold VAU-
LUND had wrought it.

Heav'n was grav'd thereupon, with the twelve IMMORTALS'
strong castles —

Signs of the changing Months, but the Scald had Sun-
Houses nam'd them.

Alfhem there was beheld, FREY's Castle; the Sun 'tis
who, new-born,

Heav'n's steep heights slow 'ginneth to climb, uprising at
Yule-time.

Söquabäck also was there; in its Hall sat ODEN with SAGA
Drinking his wine from a golden bowl; that bowl is wide
Ocean

Tinted with gold from Morn's red beams; but SAGA the
Spring is

Trac'd on the green-blooming plains with flow'rets, 'stead
of with rune-marks.

BALDER was also there on his throne, hot Midsummer's
 Sun, which
 Down from the firmament pours rich beamings, of *Good-*
 ness the token; —
 For in all *Good* is streaming light, but *Evil* is darkness.
 Alway to tread, tires the Sun in Her course; and GOOD-
 NESS is like Her, —
 Soon turning giddy at such far heights; with a sigh both,
 wearied,
 Sink to the Land of the Shades, HEL's Home: 'tis BALDER
 on Death-Pile.
 There, too, saw one the Peace-fort, GLITNER, where FOR-
 SET' the' Appeaser
 Balance in hand grave sat, — the' Assize-and-Autumn
 Judge faultless.
 These fair signs, and many thereto (Light's conflicts betok'-
 ning
 Far o'er the sky's arch'd vault, and in each man's breast
 when he museth)
 The' Artist had carv'd on the Ring, while a splendid firm-
 elapsing Ruby
 Crown'd its embracing round — as the bright Sun crowneth
 her Heaven.
 Long this Ring had an heir-loom been, for the race reach'd,
 backward,
 Though by the Mother's side, great VAULUND reckon'd its
 Founder.
 Yet was this jewel once carried off by SOTE, the Pirate, —
 Who, o'er the North Seas, pillaging rov'd, but afterward
 vanish'd.
 Fame gave out, at the last, that SOTE had buried in *Bret-*
 land

Ship and rich goods and live Self on the coast, in his
 wall'd-about Barrow;
 But no rest found he there, and his Cairn was ceaselessly
 haunted.
 THORSTEN, also, that rumour had heard and with BELE,
 his friend-chief,
 Climb'd his good Dragon-Ship, salt billows clove and
 steer'd to the cairn-strand.
 Wide as a Temple's arch, or some Palace, firmly im-
 bedded
 'Mong hard gravel and verdant turf, upheap'd was the
 Grave-mound.
 Light from its depths shone out; through a chink of the
 doorway in-gazing,
 Saw those champions the Viking-ship well-pitch'd and
 well fasten'd —
 Anchors and yards and masts still secure; but a figure all
 grisly
 High on the stern was sitting, a blue-flame mantle about
 him.
 Dreadful and grim, fierce-scour'd he the blood-stain'd
 blade he had wielded,
 Yet could not its stains scour away; all the gold he had
 plunder'd
 Lay heap'd up and about; himself on his arm bare the
 Bracelet.
 'Now', whisper'd BELE, 'We'll straight go down and fight
 with the goblin,
 Two against one Fire-spirit! — But half-wroth answer'd him
 THORSTEN,
 'One 'gainst one was the use of our Fathers; alone will
 I fight him!'

Long was it now contended, which of the two should en-
counter

First that perilous foe; till at last took BELE his steel-helm,
Shook two lots, and decided the quarrel. Glimmering
star-light

Show'd his lot to brave THORSTEN again. At one blow of
his iron-lance

Locks and strong bolts gave way. — If a champion ques-
tion'd him ever

What in that night-gloomy deep he'd seen — he silent-
ly shudder'd.

Chauntings wild heard BELE first, most like to a Spell-
song;

Then came loud-clashing sounds, as of swords cross'd
fiercely in conflict;

Lastly a horrible scream. — Then was silence. — Out
totter'd THORSTEN

Stagg'ring, pale, and confus'd, — for with Death, demon-
Death, had he battled.

The'Armring yet grasp'd he tight; — 'Tis dear-bought' —
often observ'd he;

'Once, but once, in my life I've trembled; 'twas — when
I took it!'

Widely renown'd was that Gem, of gems most choice in
the North-Land.

Lastly; the swift-wing'd ELLIDA rank'd 'mong the fa-
mily-treasures.

VIKING, 'twas said, as he homeward return'd from a far-
stretching foray,

Sailing along his coasts one day, saw a man on a shipwreck
Who yet merrily swung up and down, as sporting with
Ocean.

Tall was the man, and nobly form'd, and his features
were open,
Glad, and yet changeable, just like the Sea when it plays
in the sunshine.
Blue was his Mantle; of gold his belt set about with red corals;
White like to wave-foam flow'd his beard, but his hair
floated sea-green.
VIKING right to the spot steers his Snail, and rescues
him helpless;
Home to his Halls then led he him shiv'ring, and feasted
him nobly.
Yet, when his Host bade him sleep in peace, light-smil-
ing he answer'd, —
'Fair is the wind and my Ship, as thou saw'st, is not to
be slighted;
Full this night some hundreds of miles, hope I well to sail
forward.
Thanks, nathless, for thine offer; 'tis well-meant; — would
that I only
Had some keepsake to give; — but my wealth lies deep
'mong the sea-waves.
Yet on the shore some present, perchance, thou'lt find
in the morning.' —
There by day-break was VIKING, when lo! like a sea-eagle
darting
Fierce on his prey through the air, flew a Dragon-ship
right in the haven!
None on board could be seen, not ev'n could a steersman
be notic'd.
Yet trac'd the rudder its winding path 'mong the cliffs and
suuk shoal-rocks —
Just as some Spirit had dwelt therein. As it near'd the
smooth beech-sand

Reev'd of itself was the sail, no mortal touching the canvass;
Down to the bottom, too, sank the hook'd anchor, Ocean's-
sands biting!

Mute stood VIKING and gaz'd; — but then sang the fresh-
sporting billows, —

'ÆGIR, the Rescued, forgets not his debt. See! he gives
thee yon Dragon!'

Royal the present was; for the 'oak-beams, gently-inbending,
Join'd were not, as is wont in a ship, — but had grown
altogether.

Dragon-shap'd it lay on the sca; full high o'er the waters
Rose its proud head, while its wide throat flam'd, with
red gold thickly cover'd.

Speckled with yellow and blue was the belly; but back,
towards the rudder,

Curv'd its strong-knit tail, in a ring all scaly with silver.
Black were its wings, with edgings of gold; when each
one was full-stretch'd —

Flew She with th' whistling Storm for a wager; — but
the' eagle came after! —

Saw'st thou the vessel, with arm'd men fill'd — thou
straightway had'st fancied

Some King's City was floating past, or some quick-swim-
ming fortress.

Widely renown'd was this Ship, of ships most choice in the
Northland! —

These, and yet more thereto, young FRITHIOF heir'd
from his Father.

Scarce through the North was there found an Inheritance
richer or larger,

Kings' Sons' only excepted, — for Kings are still the most
mighty.

Yet, though not a King's Son, was his Temper kingly by nature —

Friendly, and noble, and gentle; thus daily grew he more famous.

Champions twelve, too, had he—grey-hair'd, and princes
in exploits—

Comrades his Father had lov'd, steel-breasted and scarr'd
o'er the forehead.

Last on the Champions' bench, equal-ag'd with FRITHIOF,
 a stripling

Sat, like a rose among wither'd leaves; BJÖRN, call'd they
the Hero —

Glad as a child, but firm like a man, and yet wise as
a grey-beard!

Up with FRITHIOF he'd grown; they had mingled blood
with each other,

Foster-brothers in Northman wise; and they swore to
continue

Steadfast in weal and woe, each other revenging in battle.
Now 'mong his Champions and crowding Guests who had
come to the Grave-Feast —

FRITHIOF, a sorrowful host, (his eyes full of fast-falling
tear-drops)

Drank, as his Sires had before, — 'to his Father's mem'ry' —;
and thoughtful

Lists to the Song of the Scalds in his praise — their loud-
thund'ring Drapa.

Then to his Father's Seat, now his own, stepp'd he boldly,
and sat him

Down 'mid its ODEN and FREY; — that is THOR's own
place up in VALHALL!





Art by J. Schuchter

Printed by J. Schuchter

BALDER'S STRAND
Sigurd - fjord, Bergens' stadt, Norway



CANTO IV.

Frithiof's Courtship.

Argument.

There is an abrupt though harmonious sententiousness in this Canto, exceedingly well adapted to the gloomy and foreboding incidents it describes.

FRITHIOF is love-sick. He invites the brother-kings to his Halls, hoping that 'their Sister the fair' will not be left behind. — Nor is he disappointed; but the meeting is short, and he is again left to loneliness and despair. The Courier-dove which he sends returns not, and — roused from his dreamy inaction by the reproaches of BJÖRN — he casts off the moorings of ELLIDA, and sweeps over the firth to the Courts of the Princes. He chances to find them distributing justice to the People, and embraces the opportunity to declare his passion for INGEBORG, and to demand her hand.

HELGE, with many biting taunts, insultingly refuses her — whereupon the bold Suitor, in a tempest of ungovernable but noble indignation, cleaves in two the Shield instead of the skull of the royal tyrant, and

'Homeward returneth o'er dark-blue waters.'

The two last lines of *every* stanza end in feminine rhymes in the Original.

CANTO IV.

Frithiof's Courtship.

I.

Right well peals the Song in the Chieftain's Hall,
And Scalds the high deeds of his Sires recall:
But that Song cheereth
Not FRITHIOF; he heeds not the Scald nor heareth!

II.

And the Earth is once more clad in waving green,
O'er the Seas Dragons swimming again are seen; —
But War's Son wanders
Thro' deep woods, and sad on the pale Moon ponders.

III.

Yet late was he happy — so happy, so glad —
For cheerful King HALFDAN as guest he had,
And HELGE glooming, —
And with them their Sister brought they, the blooming.

IV.

He sat by her side, gently pressing Her hand, —
A pressure at times felt he back, warm and bland; —
And still, enchanted,
Saw features so dear, so noble, so vaunted!

V.

Of those joyous days spoke they long, with delight,
 When Morning's fresh dews still on life glitter'd bright;
 Ere Childhood closes
 On scenes, in high souls, still fresh like group'd roses.

VI.

She playful salutes Him from dale and from park,
 From the names which grew on the birch-tree's bark,
 And thence where flourish
 (On the green hill planted) the'oaks Heroes nourish.

VII.

'Over-pleasant the Palace now scarce could appear,
 For HALFDAN was childish, and HIELGE severe; —
 Those two kingly heirs
 They listen to nothing but praises and pray'rs.

VIII.

'And Friend found she none (here she blush'd like a rose),
 With whom her sad heart could its plaints repose;
 The King's Halls compare
 To HILDING's free vallies, — how stifling they were!

IX.

'And the Doves they had tam'd and fed day by day
 Had fled, frighten'd off by the hawk, far away; —
 All are bereft me,
 But one pair alone; — take one of those left me!

X.

'Home, doubtless, again the sweet bird will fly, —
 Sure longs she, like others, her Friend to be nigh;
 Runes kindly tender
 Bind fast 'neath her wing; none marketh the Sender!'

XVII.

'ELLIDA, too, now has no sport on the sea;
 How ceaseless her cable she jerks to get free. —
 ELLIDA! still thee;
 FRITHIOF, the peaceful, no war-sport will thee!

XVIII.

'Who dies in his bed also dies; ere 'tis past, —
 My good spear, like ODEN's, shall carve me at last.
 That cannot fail us;
 HELA, the blue-white, will welcome and hail us!' —

XIX.

Then FRITHIOF his Dragon's tight moorings set free,
 And the sails fill'd fast, loud snorted the sea:
 Right over the bay,
 To the King's Sons steer'd He his course through the
 spray.

XX.

On BELE's Cairn sitting the Kings he saw,
 Their People they hear'd and judg'd after law;
 But FRITHIOF speaks out
 With voice that is heard hills and dales round about:

XXI.

'Fair ING'BORG, ye Kings! right dear is to me!
 I ask her now from you, my own Bride to be.
 For doubtless, BELE,
 Our long-foreseen union had sanction'd freely.

XXII.

'He let us grow calmly in HILDING's grove,
 Like young trees up-shooting together above;
 And Love's FREJA bound
 Their tops, with gold twine rich-encircling them round.

XVIII.

'No King was my Sire, not a Jarl, ev'n — 'tis true;
Yet Scald-songs his mem'ry and exploits renew;
The Rune-stones will tell
On high-vaulted Cairn what my Race hath done well.

XXIV.

‘With ease could I win me both empire and land; —
But rather I stay on my Forefathers’ strand;
While arms I can wield —
Both Poverty’s hut and King’s Palace I’ll shield.

XXV.

'On BELE's round Barrow we stand; each word
In the dark deeps beneath us he hears and has heard;
With FRITHIOF pleadeth
The' old Chief in his Cairn: think! your answer thought
 needeth!' —

XXVI.

Then HELGE rose up, and right scornful begun; —
 'Our Sister is not for a Peasant's Son:
 Proud North-Land Chiefs shall
 Dispute, but not thou, for the Daughter of Valhall.

XXVII.

'Boast on, that the Northmen their Hero thee style, —
With hand-strength win men, with words women beguile:
But blood ODEN-sprung
I never can give to an arrogant tongue!

XXVIII.

'My Kingdom requires not thy service; I can,
Protect it myself. — Wouldst thou yet be my man,
A place I proffer
'Mong those of my Household, — such can I offer!' —

XXIX.

'I'll scarcely be *thy* man'; was FRITHIOF's reply. —
 'Like my Father, a man for myself am I;
 From thy silver slide
 Fly! ANGURVADEL! not a breath may'st thou bide!' —

XXX.

The falchion's blue steel in the Sun bright glanc'd,
 And redly the runes on that flame-blade danc'd. —
 'Thou, ANGURVADEL,
 Thou at least', said FRITHIOF, 'art high-born and noble.

XXXI.

'And, but for the peace this Barrow should crown,
 On the spot I'd hew thee, Swarthy-King, down!
 But dear 'twill cost thee,
 Hereafter, too near my good sword to trust thee!' —

XXXII.

This said, at one blow clove his Battle-brand keen
 Grim HELGE's gold War-shield, as't hung on the green;
 Its halves straight follow,
 Clashing the Cairn; — that crash downwards sounds
 hollow.

XXXIII.

'Well struck! my good blade! Lie thou there now, and
 dream
 Of exploits more noble. — Till then hide the gleam
 Of rune-mark'd slaughter;
 Now Home-ward we'll sail o'er the dark-blue water!' —

CANTO V.

King Ring.

Argument.

How rich the calm repose flung over the picture with which this Canto opens! — And RING, the wise

‘King of a land like the groves of the Gods’,
RING the chief venerable for his years and his virtues, — in how few words does the genius of the Poet give him possession of our hearts!

This aged Prince, who has lost his Partner and wishes to give ‘a Mother to his Country and his Children’, hears the fame of INGEBORG, that ‘slender lily’, and requests her from the Brothers as his bride. BELGE, the cruel Priest-bigot, consults entrails and tokens instead of Nature and his Land, and gives a decided no! This refusal is rendered still more galling by an impertinent jest of the giddy HALFDAN, — and the indignant old Monarch prepares for war.

INGEBORG, the unconsulted plaything of policy and superstition, is sent for shelter and security, to BALDER’S Sanctuary, where she sits ‘weeping her bosom full.’ ‘It is’, adds the Bard, ‘dew sprinkling - o’er the lily!’

In the Original, feminine rhymes close the second and last lines of *every* verse.

CANTO V.

King Ring.

I.

King RING he push'd back his gold chair from the board,
And his Champions rise
And Scalds, and would hear from the North's fam'd Lord
His kingly word; —
Gentle was he as BALDER, as MIMER wise!

II.

Like the Gods' own groves, heard his Land no alarm;
Peace-shadow'd reposes,
Profan'd by no arms, its green-wood so calm, —
And hedg'd from harm
Fresh flourish'd the grass, their sweets shed the roses.

III.

All alone JUSTICE sat, at once mild and severe,
On his Seat of Dooming;
And Peace paid willing its debt ev'ry year;
And far and near,
Bright-wav'd in the Sunshine, gold corn-crops were
blooming.

IV.

The Snails, too, came swimming, with breasts of black
 And wings stretch'd whitely,
 From a hundred coasts, — and from each far track
 Wealth brought they back

Various and wondrous, as wealth summons lightly.

V.

And Peace in his domains and Liberty dwell
 United and glad;
 And all lov'd their Country's Father well, —
 Though each would tell

At the Diet, unfetter'd, what thoughts he had.

VI.

Thus peaceful and blest he his Northern throne fills
 For winters thrice ten;
 And none ever angry went home to his hills, —
 And nightly thrills

ODEN's Hall with his People's benison.

VII.

And King RING he push'd back his gold chair from the board,
 And glad uptread
 All his Chiefs, and would hear from the North's fam'd Lord
 His kingly word; —

But deeply he sigh'd, and then spoke and said:

VIII.

'In FOLKVANG's Bow'rs sits my Queen, I know,
 On purple cov'ring,
 But here o'er her dust verdant grasses grow,
 And, by the flow

Of the stream round her Grave-mound, flow'r-sweets
 are hov'ring.

IX.

‘No Queen shall I find so good and so fair,
 My Kingdom’s glory;
 VALHALL’s rewards ’mong the Gods she will share; —
 But my Country’s pray’r
 And my Babes’, for a Mother implore me.

X.

‘King BELE right oft came up to my Hall,
 With Summer’s breezes;
 On the daughter he’s left my choice doth fall, —
 That Lily tall
 And slender, whose cheek still with Morn’s blush
 pleases!

XI.

‘Tis true that she’s young; and girlhood, I know,
 Sweet flow’rs most weareth;
 While I’m in my sear leaf, and winters strow
 E’en now their snow
 On the thin-seatter’d locks the King beareth.

XII.

‘But, — can She an upright true man love,
 Nor his white hairs reckon,
 And to those dear infants a Mother prove
 Whose own’s above, —
 To his throne Autumn then the Spring will beckon!

XIII.

‘Take gold from the vault-rooms, take gems for the Bride,
 From yon strong oak-presses;
 And follow, ye Minstrels, with harpings of pride: —
 For festive tide,
 And wooing-hour, BRACE still blesses!’

XIV.

Then out went the youths with glad tumult away,
 With gold and with pray'rs,
 And next came the Harpers in long array
 With chauntings gay,
 And stood before BELE's Royal heirs.

XV.

Days two, ay! days three, were in wassail spent, —
 The fourth not endeth —
 Ere to HELGE they all, on quick answer bent,
 Rose up and went, —
 For each, longing glances now homeward sendeth.

XVI.

Both falchion and horse offers HELGE the King
 I' th' Grove leaf-laden —
 VALA and pale priest questioning,
 What best might bring
 Happy fates to his Sister, that fair young maiden!

XVII.

But the Lungs, and the Priest, and the VALA show
 That it may not be; —
 Then, scar'd by the sign, HELGE bad them go
 With changeless no!
 For Man must obey, when the Gods decree.

XVIII.

But waggish King HALFDAN he said with a smile,
 'Farewell to the feast;
 King Grey-beard himself should have ridden a mile, —
 Myself, the while,
 Would the good old man gladly have help on his
 beast!'

XIX.

Then wroth go the' Envoys with HELGE's reply,
 Nor forget the story
 Of HALFDAN's insult: — RING answers them, dry,
 'We soon shall try
 King Grey-beard's revenge for his glory!' —

XX.

His War-shield he struck, as it hung o'er his head
 On th' high-stemm'd Lind: —
 Then swift o'er the billows Dragons tread
 With combs blood-red,
 And helmets fierce nod in the rushing wind.

XXI.

And the message of war to King HELGE flew,
 Who mutter'd grimly, —
 'Hard fight shall we have, for RING's men are not few;
 But shelter due
 My Sister shall find where BALDER stands dimly.'

XXII.

All pale sits the Loving-one there, full of woe,
 On the blest dais stilly;
 She broiders in silk and in gold also,
 And tears o'erflow
 Her white-heav'd bosom, — dew's so drench the lily!

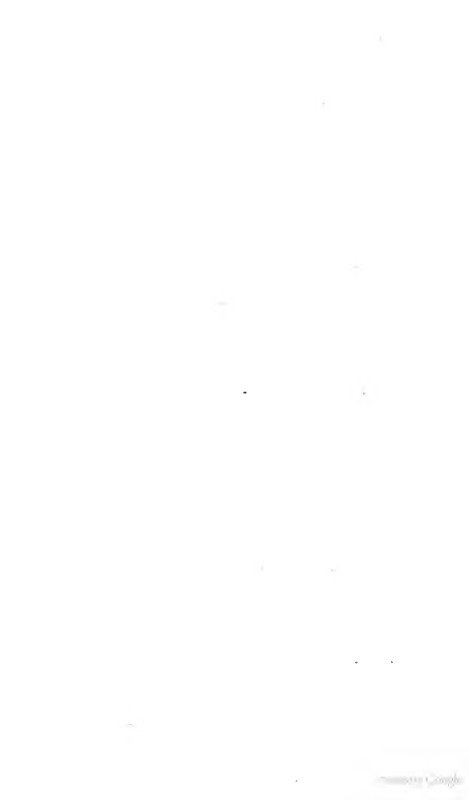
CANTO VI.

Frithiof at Chess.

Argument.

IN this fresh and spirited Chanson, HILDING, who is described as coming on the errand of the Princes, finds FRITHIOF and his Foster-Brother at Chess. To his propositions and observations he gets only dubious and emblematic answers, such as can apply both to the game and to himself.

At last, as he is about indignantly to depart, FRITHIOF informs him, in plain terms, that the Kings who have insulted him may help themselves. Hereupon, his Fosterfather retires, — hoping that ODEN will ‘guide every thing to the best!’



FRITHIOF AT CHESS.

Allegretto.

Music by P. CRISTELLA Stockholm

Voice

Pianoforte.

NORS and FRITHIOF both can -

to view, both have pleased, heard were bounding, I'm on side or square, black

gather, I'm on gold, the struggling too. Then came HILDING glad, by

directed, Vene the Highborn, waits to, seat, ed; Drawn thy horn kind, Foot, or

for then, let our doubtful, can, too close. Drawn thy horn kind, Foot, or

for then, let our doubtful, can, too close

CANTO VI.

Frithiof at Chess.

I.

BJÖRN and FRITHIOF, both contending,
O'er their splendid board were bending;
 Now on silver squares thick gather,
 Now on gold, the struggling foes:

Then came HILDING, gladly greeted, —
‘Welcome! the High-Chair waits; be seated!
 Drain thy Horn, kind Foster-Father,
 Let our doubtful contest close!’ —

II.

‘BELE’s Sons,’ quoth HILDING, ‘send me;
Arm’d with pray’rs, to thee I wend me.
 Evil tidings round them hover,
 All the land on Thee relies’. —

Answers FRITHIOF: — ‘BJÖRN, in danger
Stands thy King! beware the stranger;
 Yet a Pawn can all recover, —
 Pawns were made for sacrifice!’ —

III.

‘FRITHIOF, anger not the Kings so;
Strong, remember, Eaglets’ wings grow.
 Forces RING full well despises
 Conquer yet, oppos’d to thine.’ —

‘BJÖRN, the foe my Castle craveth!
 But the’ attack with ease it braveth;
 Grim and high the fierce wall rises,
 Bright the Shield-tow’r shines within!’ —

IV.

‘ING’BORG wastes the day in weeping, —
 Sad, tho’ in BALDER’s sacred keeping;
 Tempt not war for Her release, and
 Mourn unheeded Her blue een?’ —

‘BJÖRN; thou’ in vain my Queen pursuest,
 She from childhood dearest, truest!
 She’s my Game’s most darling Piece, and
 Come what will — I’ll save my Queen!’ —

V.

‘What! not ev’n reply conceded? —
 FRITHIOF, go I thus unheeded?
 Till that Child’s-play yonder endeth
 Must my suit unheard remain?’ —

FRITHIOF rose, and as he’ addresses
 The’ old man — kind his hand he presses; —
 ‘Father! nought my firm soul bendeth,
 Thou hast heard, yet hear again: —

VI.

‘Yes! my words take back unvarnish’d, —
 Deeply they’ve my honour tarnish’d;
 No strong ties to them unite me,
 Never will I be their man!’ —

‘Well, in thine own path thou goest;
 I blame *not* the rage thou showest:
 All for the best guide ODEN rightly!’ —
 So old HILDING’s answer ran.

CANTO VII.

Frithiof's Bliss.

Argument.

With a glowing pencil, "dipped in the sun-beams", and whose rich warmth and tender elegance remind us of Poets — Household-Gods, in the South, — **TEGNÉR**, in his VII:th Canto, rapidly describes the pains and pleasures of the two young Lovers' forbidden meeting within the walls of the White God's Temple.

As the Night disappears, however, they must part. **FRI-THOF** and his Beloved first kneel before the Altar of the Divinity, and with a fervent eloquence he plights his troth to **KING BELE'S** Daughter. Then, printing a burning kiss upon her brow and lips, he bids her 'sleep and dream of him', and goes.

This Canto is pre-eminently distinguished in the Original for purity, softness, and melody of language.

FRITHIOF'S BLISS.

*Mus. slightly altered (by G.D.) from
Allegro Andante. H. CRUZZE, Stockholm.*

Voice.

Pianoforte

The musical score is written for Voice and Pianoforte. It consists of three systems of staves. The first system shows the beginning of the piece with a treble and bass staff for the piano and a single staff for the voice. The second system continues the piano accompaniment with a treble and bass staff. The third system includes the voice part with lyrics in English and Swedish. The lyrics are: "Let RICH'S Son of pleasure van der From dale to dale, for sword and shield: Now get they not: with HILDER you der". The piano accompaniment features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand, with various musical notations including notes, rests, and dynamic markings.

Let RICH'S Son of pleasure van der From dale to dale, for
sword and shield: Now get they not: with HILDER you der

To all my world my battle-field, to all my world my battle-

-field, Proud King revenge the wide earth's wrongs I there will not look

*back up-on! But only drink the God's own gladness with **TRIUMPH***

in sweet re-vi-von!

CANTO VII.

Frithiof's Bliss.

I.

'Let BELE's Sons at pleasure wander
From dale to dale for sword and shield;
Mine get they not, with BALDER yonder
Is all my world, my battle-field.
Proud Kings' revenge, — the wide Earth's sadness, —
I there will not look back upon,
But only drink the Gods' own gladness —
With ING'BORG in sweet union!

II.

'Long as day's purple beam abideth
Which, warm, the Sun on flow'ret show'rs, —
That rose-stain'd gauze-web like which hideth
My ING'BORG's bosom, world of flow'rs; —
Consum'd by longings fierce, undying,
So long I stray upon the strand --
And with my sharp sword write, deep-sighing,
That Lov'd one's name upon its sand.

III.

'How ling'ring go the tedious moments!
Thou DELLING's Son, why dronest thou?
Thou sure hast seen the groves and mountains,
The sounds and islands, long ere now!

In Western halls dwells no fond maiden
 Who, long since, waits thy dawn above, —
 And then, to thy young breast flies, laden
 Still first still last with tales of love?

IV.

'At length, thy toilsome route is over,
 Thou sinkest to thine ocean-bed;
 And Eve, the Gods' glad sports to cover,
 Draws round her curtains rosy-red.
 Earth's streams Love whisper to each other,
 Heav'n's breezes whisper Love's caress;
 Hail! welcome! NIGHT, the Gods' own Mother,
 With pearls upon thy bridal dress.

V.

'Those high cold Stars, how stilly glide they,
 Fond lover like on silent toe!
 ELLIDA! fly o'er frith and tide-way,
 Shoot on! blue billow, — faster go!
 The White God's grove-land yonder bloometh,
 To the good Gods our course is bound;
 And 'neath there, BALDER's Temple gloometh,
 Love's Goddess shelter'd in its round.

VI.

'How blest I now the shore am treading! — ,
 I glad could kiss thee, Earth! — and you,
 Small Flow'rs, the crook'd path quaintly threading
 With white and red — I'd glad kiss too!
 Thou Moon, who thus thy light-floods streamest
 Round grove and temple, cairn and tomb,
 How fair thou sittest there and dreamest,
 Like SAGA in a marriage-room!

VII.

'My feelings' voice, sweet Brook, who taught thee,
 As with those flow'rs thou whisp'rest low?
 And, Northland's Nightingales, who brought ye, —
 Stol'n from my breast, — that plaintive woe?
 See! Fairies paint with Ev'ning's blushes
 My ING'BORG's shape on sky-cloth blue; —
 But cnvious FREJA forward rushes,
 And far hence blows each beauteous huc.

VIII.

'But fade, and welcome, airy semblance!
 Here comes Herself, than Hope more fair,
 And faithful as is Youth's remembrance;
 She comes — and Love rewards my pray'r!
 Come, dearest! Let these arms enclose thee! —
 Come to this heart, with Love on fire;
 Come to my breast, and there repose thee,
 My Life's bright star — my Soul's desire!

IX.

'Like lily-stalk thy frame is slender,
 Yet like ripe rose-bud full and free;
 As th' Gods' high will Thou'rt pure; yet tender
 And warm as FREJA's thought to be!
 My Fair-One, kiss me! Let my passion
 Light kindred flamings in thy soul; —
 Ah! at that kiss, the round Earth's fashion
 Has gone, yon Heav'n's fires cease to roll!

X.

'Nay, Love! No perils here attend us!
 BJÖRN and his Champions, all in arms,
 Stand there below, and would defend us,
 If need were, 'gainst a world's alarms;

Myself, how gladly — thy defender —
 I'd fight as now I clasp thee here;
 How bless'd, bright VALHALL would I enter, —
 If *Thou* wert my VALKYRIA!

XI.

'Thou whisp'rest 'BALDER', — His wrath scarest; —
 That gentle God all anger flies.
 We worship here a Lover, dearest!
 Our hearts' love is his sacrifice;
 That God whose brow beams sunshine-splendour,
 Whose faith lasts through Eternity, —
 Was not his love to beauteous NANNA
 As pure, as warm, as mine to thee?

XII.

'His Image see! — Himself broods o'er it —
 How mild, how kind, his bright eyes move!
 An off'ring bear I here before it,
 A warm heart full of purest love.
 Come, kneel with me! no altar-incense
 To BALDER's soul more grateful is
 Than two hearts, vowing in his presence
 A mutual faith as true as His!

XIII.

'To that far Heav'n my Love belongeth
 More than this Earth; — receive it then;
 In Heav'n 'twas nurtur'd, and it longeth
 To reach its starry home again.
 How bless'd were he, already yonder!
 How bless'd who now with thee could die, —
 And, conqu'ring, 'mong the Gods could wander,
 Embracing his pale Maid on high!

XIV.

‘Then, when, from silver gates outriding,
 Its champions rush’d to War’s fierce glee, —
 Still at thy friendly side abiding
 Should I be found, still gaze on Thee!
 Did VALHALL’s blushing maids round-proffer
 The Mead-Horns, rich with foam of gold, —
 I Thee alone would pledge, Thee offer
 In gentle whispers love untold.

XV.

‘A leaf-deck’d Bow’r I there would build us,
 Near some bold headland’s dark-blue bay;
 The deep grove’s verdant shades would shield us,
 That grove whose gold-fruit blooms for aye!
 When VALHALL’s Sun flam’d up again (and —
 How dear, how lord-like is its glow!)
 Back to the Gods return’d we then, and —
 Yet long’d we home again to go!

XVI.

‘Yes! there I’d crown with stars far-glancing
 Thy brow and locks of waving light;
 In VINGOLF’s Hall I’d lead thee dancing,
 Till rose-red blush’d my lily white!
 Then, from the mazy course I led thee
 To Love’s and Peace’s blissful bow’r,
 Where silver-bearded BRAGE’d wed thee —
 With bride-songs new each Eve’s soft hour.

XVII.

‘How, through the grove, the Quail is screaming!
 That song is from VALHALLA’s strand.
 How, o’er the sound, the Moon is gleaming!
 He shines from out the Spirits’ land.

That song, that light, both herald truthful
 A world of love from sorrow free;
 Ah! fain I'd see that world so youthful —
 With Thee, my INGERBORG, with thee!

XVIII.

'Nay, weep not! Life as yet red streameth
 Through these full veins. O! weep no more.
 The dreams that Love and proud Youth dreameth
 So soon from Earth up Heav'n-ward soar.
 Should once half op'd those pretty arms be,
 Once hither turn'd those loving eyes, —
 Entranc'd no more, my Maid quick charms me
 Back from the glories of the skies!' - - -

XIX.

'The Lark; hush!' — 'No! those light-trill'd numbers
 Some cooing Dove's fond faith exprest;
 In grassy tuft the Lark still slumbers
 Close by its mate, in soft warm nest.
 They, happy they! can love united
 At dawning as at closing day;
 Through Heav'n's wide space they soar delighted, —
 Not freer, the wings that cleave their way.' - - -

XX.

'See! that's the dawn there!' — 'No! dim-streaming
 Some beacon's flame illumes yon East.
 We yet can speak our hearts' fond dreaming,
 Not yet dear lovely Night hath ceast.
 O'ersleep thee, golden Star! I pray, nor
 Make haste from thy long sleep to wake;
 For FRITHIOF may'st thou sleep all day, or —
 If so thou wilt — till RAGNARÖK!

XXI.

'In vain! Fresh dawn-streaks Heav'n discloses, —
 Morn's wind e'en now blows keen and bleak, —
 Already bud those Eastern roses
 Fresh like to those on ING'BORG's cheek.
 Hark! sweet that feather'd song-troop twitters,
 Unthinking, in the bright'ning sky;
 Existence moves; the billow glitters,
 And far the shades and lover fly!

XXII.

'There comes She now in all Her glory!
 Pardon me, golden Sun, my pray'r;
 I feel, I know, a God's before me, —
 But yet how brilliant, oh! how fair!
 O happy he, who trod unclouded
 And valiant as thou treadest now, —
 And proud and glad his weak life shrouded
 In light and vict'ry, — like as Thou!

XXIII.

'Behold! — Before thee, god of splendour,
 The fairest stands in all the North!
 Become, bright Sun, Her strong Defender, —
 Thine image She on this green Earth.
 Her soul is pure as thine own lustre;
 Her eye, like thine own Heav'n, is blue;
 And round her forehead ringlets cluster
 Dyed in thine own dark-golden hue'. - - -

XXIV.

'Farewell, my Dearest! We each other
 Some longer night again shall see.
 Farewell! — yet one kiss! Ah! Another
 On those red lips accord to me!

Sleep now; and all these scenes dream over:

At midday wake, and faithful tell

The hours like me. -- Regret thy Lover,

And burn as I. — Farewell! Farewell!



MAY

JUN



1891

1891

Engraved by J. J.

CANTO VIII.

The Parting.

Argument.

TEGNÉR'S Iambics are remarkably soft and pure. They flow in a "silver tide", making "sweet music" as they pass away, and with their "gentle murmurs" filling the mind with sensations of a delightful melancholy. — But he has also known how to apply them; they suit the subject, and it suiteth them!

The curtain of the VIII:th Canto rises, and discovers INGEBORG alone, sitting in the Temple of BALDER. In a monologue full of beauty She discovers to us the depth of her affection for the Hero of her Choice, the Angel of her Dreams, the Ideal of her Imagination. Then, knowing that he went to demand her hand publicly in the Diet of her Land, she tremblingly and forebodingly awaits *his* return and *her* sentence, determined to propitiate the offended BALDER by abiding her Fate, even to the sacrifice of her 'whole Life's happiness.'

He comes, — declares, in a torrent of indignant rage, her Brother's second and malignant refusal on the ground of his having violated the White God's Sanctuary, and explains that he has been in consequence condemned by the 'crowned hypocrite' to cross the Ocean and compel ANGANTYR to make good his omitted tribute, — under pain of banishment and outlawry. Ho then, in a magnificent outburst of impassioned tenderness, beseeches his dear maiden — to abandon a country so unjust, and seek a fairer Home in the verdant Paradise of Greece! This proposal, as we might expect from her feminine and delicate softness and *passive* enduringness of character, she at once refuses. — A lovers' quarrel ensues; but, comprehending the sublime severity of her motives and touched by the despair of her grief, FRITHIOF acknowledges his hastiness, prays her pardon, renews his assurances of hopeful and tender attachment, — and presents her with his shining Arm-Ring, on whose wonderful Almanac as it clasps her arm 'like glow-worm circling lily-stalk', she may reckon the tedious Months of 'slow-wing'd sorrow' till her Chief's return!

CANTO VIII.

The Parting.

INGEBORG.

‘It dawns already; — and still is FRITHIOF absent!
Yet yester-sun beheld the Ting proclaim’d
On BELE’s Cairn: that spot was chosen well,
For there his Daughter’s fate should be determin’d!
How many fond entreaties hath it cost me,
How many tears, (by FREJA all up-reekon’d!)
Hate’s icy wall to melt round FRITHIOF’s heart,
And tempt the promise from that proud One’s mouth,
Again to stretch his hand in reconeilement! —
Severe, alas, is Man! and for his glory
(For so he calls his pride) but little recketh
If, rudely stepping, he should trample down
A faithful heart or two, all bruis’d and broken.
Yes! clinging to his breast, weak fragile Woman
Some moss-plant likens, whose pale tints creep o’er
The hard bare rock, and there unseen unmark’d
Her painful hold scarce keeps of granite cliff,
Nurtur’d — sad food! by Night’s slow-falling tears!

‘My fate, then, yesterday was fix’d for ever,
And o’er it Ev’ning’s sun hath set already.

But FRITHIOF comes not! All those pale stars yonder
 Arc one by one expiring, and are gone;
 And, with each single star that morning quenches,
 A hope my breast had nurtur'd dies away.
 But, ah! why hope I longer? VALHALL's Gods
 Love me not now, for I have anger'd them.
 The lofty BALDER, in whose shade I shelter,
 Is injur'd, — for a passion earthly, human,
 Can ne'er be pure enough for Gods to look on!
 No! never dare this world's vain joys intrude
 Beneath those arches, where the reverend
 And high Superior Pow'rs have fix'd their dwelling.
 And yet my fault is — what? — In Virgin Love
 What is't, that tender gentle God displeases? —
 As URDA's chrystal wave is't not all pure,
 And innocent as GEFION's Morning-dreamings?
 Through Heav'n advancing, yonder high-born Sun
 Her pure eye turns not from two loving hearts;
 And Day's sad widow, starry Night, with joy
 Listens, 'mid all her mourning, to their oaths;
 Ah! how can Innocence beneath Heav'n's vault
 Be construed Crime beneath these Temple-arches?
 'Tis true, I FRITHIOF love! Yes! long as Mem'ry
 Can stretch her records, have I lov'd but Him:
 The Twin of my existence is this feeling,
 I know not its commencement, nor can once
 Conceive the' idea that it hath not been so! —
 The rip'ning fruit about its kernel sitteth,
 And round its substance grows its bowl of gold
 Maturing slowly in the summer-sun; —
 I so have grown around that kernel-feeling
 While rip'ning up to Woman, and my Life

Is only the' outward shell of my affection.
 Forgive me, BALDER! with a faithful heart
 Thy Halls I enter'd, and when thence I go
 Still faithful is it: Yes! it follows me
 When BIFROST's bridge I traverse, boldly treading
 With all my Love before the Gods of VALHALL.
 Bright shields his mirrors, shall He there stand forth
 An ASA-Son as they, and with dove-wings
 Unfetter'd take his course to whence He came —
 The blue eternal space ALLFATHER's bosom
 For ever shelters. — Nay, why frownest thou?
 Why darkens BALDER's brow 'mid Morn's fresh dawning?
 In these my veins, as in thine own, red rushes
 Old ODEN's blood; what wilt thou then, my Kinsman?
 My Love I cannot, will not, sacrifice,
 For know, God! that thy lofty Heav'n 'tis worthy. —
 But all my Being's bliss I well can offer,
 I that can cast far from me, as a Queen
 Her royal robes throws-by and doffs her state —
 Nathless a Queen as ever! — Ycs, 'tis done!
 Never, O lofty VALHALL, need'st thou blush
 To own thy Cousin. — I go to meet my fate,
 As to meet his the Hero. — There comes FRITHIOF:
 How wild, how pale, His looks! — 'Tis past, 'tis o'er,
 My wrathful NORN comes as his attendant!
 Be strong, my Soul! — Tho' late, yet welcome, FRITHIOF!
 Our fate is fix'd; upon thy brow 'tis written,
 And all may read it.'

FRITHIOF.

'Are not blood-red runes
 Carv'd deep too there, — loud-speaking insult, shame,
 Contempt and exile?'

INGEBORG.

'FRITHIOF, come, bethink thee!
What happen'd tell me; for the worst, long since,
I darkly boded. — I'm prepar'd for all.'

FRITHIOF.

'I sought the Diet, gather'd at the Barrow,
Round whose smooth grassy sides, shield joining shield.
And sword in hand, our North's brave warriors stood,
In rings within each other, till they reach'd
The Summit. But upon the Judgement-Stone —
Like some dark thunder-cloud — thy Brother sat,
That pale bloodman with looks of dusky gloom;
And near him HALFDAN, that fair full-grown child,
Was seen, all thoughtless, playing with his sword.
Then stepp'd I forth and spoke: — 'War stands and strikes
His glitt'ring shield within thy boundaries;
Thy realm, King HELGE, is in jeopardy:
But give thy Sister, and I'll lend mine arm
Thy guard in battle. It may stead thee well!
Come! let this grudge between us be forgotten, --
Unwilling bear I such 'gainst ING'BORG's Brother.
Be counsell'd, King! be just! and save at once
Thy golden crown and thy fair Sister's heart!
Here is my hand: by ASA-THOR I swear
Never again 'tis stretch'd in reconciliation!' —
Then rose the Ting tumultuous. Thousand swords
On thousand shields loud hammer'd deafning plaudits;
Up heav'n-ward flew the weapon-clang, and heav'n
Drank, glad, free men's assent to right, to justice. —
'Yes! give him ING'BORG, that fair slender Lily,
The loveliest ever grew in these our vales:
What swordsman in our land is like to him?

Ay! give him ING'BORG!' — Then my Fosterfather,
 Old HILDING, with his silv'ry beard, uprose
 And spoke right wisely many a weighty word
 And pithy proverb biting fable-like.
 Nay, HALFDAN even, from his kingly seat
 Upstanding, ask'd with words and looks consent.
 In vain, in vain! But wasted was each prayer —
 Like sunshine lavish'd on the naked rock,
 No barvest tempting from its barren bosom:
 Thus cold, thus hard, was HELGE's gloomy brow —
 Still like itself — a chilling 'No!' to Merey! —
 'The Peasant's Son', — so, scornful glancing, spoke he —
 'Might ING'BORG claim, but thou, the Temple-forceer,
 Art scarce, methinks, a match for VALHALL's Child.
 Say, FRITHIOF, — BALDER's peace hast thou not broken,
 Not seen my Sister in His House, while Day
 Conceal'd himself, abash'd, before your meeting?
 Speak! Yea or Nay!' — Then echoed from the ring
 Of crowded warriors, — 'Say but Nay, say Nay!
 Thy simple word we'll trust; we'll court for thee,
 Thou, THORSTEN's Son, art good as any King's;
 Say nay, say nay! and thine is INGEBORG!' —
 'The happiness', I answer'd, 'of my life
 On one word hangs; but fear not therefore, HELGE!
 I would not lie to gain the joys of VALHALL,
 Much less this Earth's delights. I've seen thy Sister,
 Have spoken with Her in the Temple's Night, —
 But have not, therefore, broken BALDER's peace!' —
 More none would hear. A murmur of deep horror
 The Diet travers'd; they who nearest stood
 Drew back, as I had with the plague been smitten;
 And, when I round me gaz'd, pale Superstition

Had lam'd each tongue, and white-lim'd ev'ry cheek
 But late with cheerful hope so brightly blooming.
 Then conquer'd HELGE. — With a voice as hoarse
 And gloomy as dead VALA's when to ODEN
 She sang, in VEGTAMSQVIDA, how destruction
 Should overwhelm His ASAR and how HELA triumph'd —
 So hoarse he spoke: — 'By our great Fathers' Laws
 To banishment or death I could condemn thee
 For this thy crime. But mild as is that BALDER
 Whose Shrine thou' insultedst, shall my judgement be. —
 Far westward lieth, garlanding broad Ocean,
 An isle-group govern'd by Jarl ANGANTYR.
 His gold the Jarl paid yearly in the days
 Of BELE's reign, but now keeps back his tribute.
 Away, then, o'er the Sea! — Collect the money;
 This penance fix I for thy hardihood!
 'Tis said', he added, with mean scoundrel-scorn,
 'That ANGANTYR's hard-handed, and sits brooding
 Like FAFNER, that fam'd Dragon, o'er his gold.
 But — who can face our SIGURD, bane of FAFNER?
 Now, an thou wilt, an exploit dare — more manly
 Than witching timid girls in BALDER's grove. —
 Till Summer breathe again, we'll here await thee
 With all thy fame, and with — the gold — in special:
 Else, FRITHIOF, art thou doom'd a branded coward,
 And exil'd all thy days from this our Land!' —
 His verdict thus he gave, — and clos'd the Diet. —

INGEBORG.

'And thy resolve?'

FRITHIOF.

'What! — have I then a choice?

Is not my honour bound to this demand?

Yes! it shall be redeem'd though ANGANTYR
 'Neath NASTRAND's floods his paltry gold had hidden. —
 To-day, e'en, voyage I.'

INGEBORG.

'And leave thy ING'BORG?'

FRITHIOF.

'Leave Thee — ah No! Thou sharest all my wand'rings?'

INGEBORG.

'Alas, I cannot!'

FRITHIOF.

'But hear me! then reply! —

Thy Brother, in his wisdom, hath forgotten
 That ANGANTYR was once my Father's friend
 As well as BELE'S. With good will, perhaps,
 He'll yield what I would have; but should he not,
 A sharp persuader, pow'rful advocate,
 Hangs here, my left side's ornament and strength.
 The gold so dearly lov'd I'll send to HELGE,
 And thus will free us both, at once, for ever,
 From that crown'd hypocrite's red offring-knife.
 Ourselves, fair ING'BORG, will ELLIDA's sails
 O'er unknown waves expand. She'll bound along
 And bear us to some far-off, friendly, strand
 A safe asylum for our outlaw'd Love.
 This North — what boots it me? What boots a People
 That pale at ev'ry word their DIAR speak? —
 They would, with daring hand, my heart-hopes dash,
 The blooming flow'r-cup of my very being: —
 I swear by FREJA that it shall not be!
 A wretched thrall is fasten'd to the sod
 Where first he grew; but I will be a freeman,
 Free as the Mountain-breezes. — One hand full

Of dust from THORSTEN's grave, and one from BELE's,
 Will yet find room on shipboard; that is all
 We want or ask from this our foster-earth.
 A Sun far brighter shall we find, my Dearest,
 Than this which shines so pale on cliffs of snow;
 A sky more beautiful than this will hail us,
 Whose mild soft stars with heav'nly glance look down,
 In warm-breath'd summer night, on many' a pair
 Of faithful lovers sate in laurel-groves.
 My father, THORSTEN VIKINGSSON, far-wander'd
 On Sea-King exploits, — and full oft beguil'd
 Long winter-ev'nings by the blazing hearth
 With tales of Greekland's Ocean, where fair islands
 Like green groves rise from out the laughing wave.
 Of old, a mighty race liv'd there, and Gods
 Still mightier dwelt in marble sanctuaries. —
 Now stand They desolate: wild luxuriant herbage
 O'erspreads their lonely avenues, flow'rs shoot
 From runes which speak of wise antiquity,
 And rich-curl'd tendrils of the vineyard South
 Slim columns circle with their green embrace.
 But round these ruins, in unsown harvest-crops,
 Gives the' untouch'd Earth all man can want or wish;
 While fresh leaves glow with clust'ring golden apples,
 And bending boughs full purple grapes weigh down
 All tempting, rich, and juicy as — thy lips!
 There ING'BORG, 'mid that sea's bright waves, we'll stablish
 A little North more beautiful than this;
 Those slender Temple-arches will we fill
 With faithful love, and entertain again
 Forgotten Gods with human happiness. —
 Should loose-sail'd Barque float slowly past our isle,

(For storms have there no home-land) in the blush
 Of eve's soft light, while some glad mariner
 Looks out from rose-dyed billows to the shore, —
 He then shall view, within the Temple's threshold,
 That other FREJA, (in their speech methinks
 She's APHRODITE hight) and, wond'ring, see
 Her golden locks light-flutt'ring in the Zephyr,
 And eyes more bright than brightest Southern skies! —
 As years roll by, shall slow shoot up around Her
 A little temple-race of fairy Creatures
 With cheeks where, 'mong the North's snow-drifts, the South
 Would seem to' have planted ev'ry freshest rose! —
 Ah! ING'BORG, ah! How fair, how near, how tempting
 Stands all Earth's joy to two fond faithful hearts!
 Yes! have they courage close to grasp her to them —
 She willing follows and a VINGOLF builds us
 Already here, beneath the fleeting clouds. —
 Come, Dearest, haste thee! Ev'ry word we utter
 Is one more moment stolen from our bliss.
 Come! All's prepar'd. ELLIDA spreads, impatient,
 Dark Eagle-wings for flight; and fresh'ning breezes
 Point out the path, for ever, from a strand
 Where gloomy Fears hold awful sway around. . . .
 But why delay?' —

INGEBORG.

'I can not follow Thee.'

FRITHIOF.

'Not follow? — Not . . . '

INGEBORG.

‘Ah! FRITHIOF, Thou art happy!

Thou follow’st none, but art Thyself the foremost,
 Like thy good Dragon-Ship’s high-lifted stem; —
 While at the rudder stands thy Will, and steers
 Thy course, with steady hand, o’er angry waves.
 How otherwise, alas! it is with ING’BORG!
 In others’ hands my fate reposes, and
 Their prey they slip not, bleed it as it will! —
 Self-sacrifice, and tears, and languishing,
 And wasting grief, — such the King’s Daughter’s Freedom!’ —

FRITHIOF.

‘What hinders, then, thy freedom? BELE sits
 Within his cairn.’ —

INGEBORG.

‘My Father’s — HELGE, now!

He holds my Father’s place, and his consent
 Decides my hand. — No! BELE’s Daughter steals not
 Her happiness, however near it be.
 Ah! what were Woman, should she burst those bonds
 With which ALLFATHER fastens to the strong
 Her weak existence? — Some pale Water-lily
 She likens, as on ev’ry light-mov’d wave
 It rises, trembles, falls; and o’er its head
 The Seaman’s keel its reckless way pursueth
 Nor marks that it cuts-through her stalk so slender.
 Such is that Lily’s destiny; — but still
 Long as the sands beneath, her deep root grasps —
 The plant her value hath, and borrows dyes

From pale Relation-Stars above, itself
 A Star soft-floating on the billowy blue.
 Ah! should She struggle loose, away she drives
 A wither'd leaf around the desert waters. —
 The Night just gone, — that Night how fearful was it! —
 I waited thee expectant, and thou cam'st not;
 And Night's dark children, gloomy black-hair'd Thoughts,
 In long procession pass'd before mine eye,
 All watchful, burning, and without a tear;
 Nay, BALDER's Self, the bloodless God, beheld me
 With looks of threat'ning and an angry mien: —
 The Night just gone, my Fate I've well consider'd —
 And firm resolv'd to' abide it. I remain
 A duteous off'ring at my Brother's Altar.
 And yet 'twas well I heard not, then, thy story
 Of islands fabled in the gorgeous clouds,
 Where Ev'ning's blush is spread unceasing over
 A quiet flow'r-world, full of peace and love. —
 Who knows his own heart's weakness? Childhood's dreamings
 So long all silent, now once more rise up
 Low-whisp'ring in mine ear, with voice familiar
 As 'twere a Sister's, and as soft and tender
 As some fond lover's when he courts his maid.
 I hear you not; I cannot, will not, hear you
 Ye tempting voices, once so dearly lov'd. —
 What would the South with me, the North-Land's daughter?
 Too pale am I for all its rose-retreats;
 Its burning Sun would parch a soul as mine, —
 Too cold and hueless for its glowing rays.
 Yes! full of longing, would mine eye turn often
 To yonder Pole-star, ever steadfast standing
 A heav'nly sentinel o'er our Fathers' graves.

My noble FRITHIOF, born his Land's Defender,
 Shall never flee inglorious from its shores,
 His dear-bought Fame shall never cast behind him
 For aught so worthless as a young girl's love!
 A life whose golden-threaded days the Sun
 Spins year from year the same, is beautiful;
 But this eternal oneness, Woman's Soul
 Alone can please; to Man, and most to Thee,
 Life's changeless calm is changeless weariness. —
 Then joys thy proud soul, when the tumbling Tempest
 On foaming Courser sweeps o'er Ocean's deeps
 That so, for life or death, on thin plank riding,
 Thou may'st contend with Danger for thine honor.
 The beauteous wilderness thou paintest, would
 Too many' an unborn exploit slow entomb;
 And, with thy shield, — thy glad, free, dauntless spirit
 Dark rust would gnaw. — But it shall not be so!
 Not I, at least, my FRITHIOF's name will steal
 From Bard-harp'd songs; not I, at least, will quench
 My Hero's glory in its first red dawn!
 Be wise, dear FRITHIOF! Heav'n's dread lofty NORR
 Command; let us give way! At least our Honour
 May still be sav'd from out our Fortunes' shipwreck, —
 For ah! our life's chief Bliss is gone for ever!
 We must, *must* part!

FRITHIOF.

'Nay! wherefore must we? — Is't
 For that a sleepless night untunes thy spirit?

INGEBORG.

"Tis, that my worth and thine must both be rescued!"

FRITHIOF.

'On Man's firm Love rests Woman's dearest value!'

INGEBORG.

'Not long he loves whom he esteems no more.'

FRITHIOF.

'Can his esteem, then, light caprices purchasc?' —

INGEBORG.

'Caprice! a noble one — the sense of Duty!'

FRITHIOF.

'But yesterday, our Love was still most righteous.'

INGEBORG.

'Nor less to-day: — The more would flight be crime.'

FRITHIOF.

'Necessity invites us; Come: no more!'

INGEBORG.

'Necessity is what is Right and Noble!'

FRITHIOF.

'The Sun high riseth. Come! our time goes quickly.'

INGEBORG.

'Alas! 'tis gone already — gone for ever!'

FRITHIOF.

'Once more; consider! was that word thy last!'

INGEBORG.

'All *well* have I consider'd: — 'tis my last!'

FRITHIOF.

'Then, HELGE's Sister, fare Thee well! -- Adieu!'

INGEBORG.

'O! FRITHIOF, FRITHIOF, is it thus we part?
 What! Hast thou not *one* friendly look to give
 Thy childhood's friend? — Hast thou no hand to stretch
 Towards Her, unfortunate, who once was lov'd? —
 Think'st Thou I rest on roses here, and motion
 My whole Life's bliss away — and coldly smile?
 From this torn bosom can I rend a Hope
 Grown with my very being — and feel no pang? - -
 Ah! wast not thou my heart's first Morning-dream? - -
 Whatever joy I knew, I call'd it FRITHIOF;
 And all that Life holds great or good or noble
 Put on Thy features to my youthful eye.
 Dim not this glowing image, nor repay
 Thus sternly Woman's weakness when she offers
 Whatever on this earth *was* dearest to Her,
 Whate'er in VALHALL's Halls will dearest prove.
 Enough, O FRITHIOF, has that offering cost me,

And well deserves one word of tender comfort.
 I know Thou lov'st me: I have known it long,
 E'en since first 'gan to dawn my young existence;
 And, year on year, where'er afar Thou rovest,
 Thy ING'BORG's mem'ry must, will, follow Thee! —
 But loud-clash'd arms still ease the pangs of Sorrow,
 Yes! far, far — Ocean's wild fierce tumult drives Her;
 Nor dares She, timid, sit on champion's bench
 'Mong wine, and healths, and songs of victory. —
 But yet at times, wheue'er in deade'st night
 Thou must'rest in their order days long fled, —
 One pallid Form will slow glide in among them,
 Thou know'st it well, saluting thee from regions
 Far off but dear; — 'tis that pale Virgin's image
 Whom holy BALDER in his Temple guards.
 Thou may'st not, Dearest! must not, turn away
 From that sad Phantom's features; no! low whisper
 Some friendly word in greeting! Night's faint winds
 On faithful wings that word will carry me, —
 One comfort left, my last, mine only one!
 My loss, alas! nought here can dissipate;
 All, all, around me is its guardian!
 These high-arch'd Temple-vaults speak thee alone,
 And, bright with moon-light rays, the God's own image
 Thy features takes, instead of threat'ning gloom.
 Should yonder Sea attract, — there swam Thy keel,
 Its path swift cutting to the longing ING'BORG;
 Should yonder Grove, — there many' a tree uprises
 Whose tender bark with ING'BORG's name was carv'd, —
 That name, alas! the growing bark slow covers,
 And this, tradition saith, betok'neth Death! —
 Where last he saw Thee, bright-ey'd Day I ask,

Where last, the Night, but both are silent; nay
 The very Sea which carries Thee replies
 With nought but sighs half-utter'd to the shore. —
 With Ev'ning's blush I'll greet Thee, when 'tis quench'd
 In those Thy billows; and Heav'n's swiftest vessel,
 The long-stretch'd cloud, shall never flit above me —
 But freighted with the poor Forsaken's grief!
 Thus, seated in my Maiden-Bow'r, I'll hold me
 The black-clad widow of my life's delights;
 There in my web I'll broken lilies broider —
 Till Spring his cloth shall weave, embroidering
 Its woof with fairer lilies on — my grave.
 But touch I my sweet Harp, in songs lamenting
 My grief in all its deep-ton'd bitterness,
 Fast-flowing tears will then, as now - - -

FRITHIOF.

'Thou conqu'rest, BELE's Daughter: weep no more!
 Forgive mine anger; 'twas my sorrow only
 Disguis'd one moment in the dress of Wrath,
 A dress it cannot wear beyond a moment.
 My own good NORNA, art thou, ING'BORG; Yes!
 What noble is, a noble mind best teaches;
 The wisdom of Necessity can have
 No Advocate more eloquent than Thou,
 My beauteous VALA with Thy rosy lips.
 Yes! I will yield to dire Necessity,
 Will part from Thee, but never from my Hope —
 I take that with me o'er the Western waters! —
 I take that with me to the gates of Death!
 Next Spring, I trust, again shall see me here;

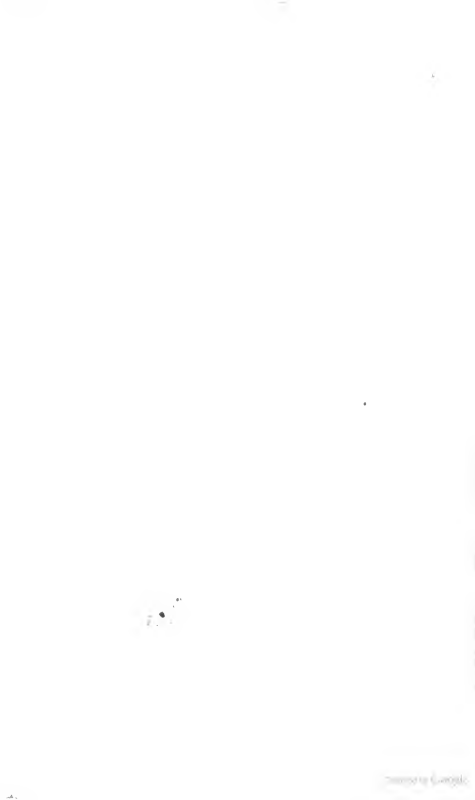
King HELGE yet again shall meet his foe.
 My promise then perform'd, his claim fulfill'd,
 And that great crime aton'd I'm charg'd withal —
 I'll ask Thy hand, nay boldly will demand it
 In open Council, 'mid the glitt'ring steel,
 And not from HELGE, but the North's free People,
 For they, King's Daughter, can dispose of Thee: —
 Let him deny who dares, and hears my reason! —
 Till then, farewell! Forget me never! And,
 In sweet rememb'rance of our youthful love,
 This Arm-Ring take, a fair VAULUNDER-work
 With all Heav'n's wonders carv'd i' th' shining gold; —
 Ah! the best wonder is a faithful heart! - - -
 How prettily becomes it Thy white arm, —
 A glow-worm twining round a lily-stem! - - -
 Farewell, my Bride! My best Belov'd, Farewell!
 A few short months - - - and! O how diff'rent then!' —
(goes.)

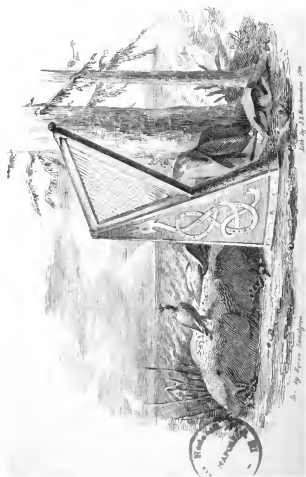
INGEBORG.

'How glad, how daring-all, how full of hope! —
 His good Sword pointing to the NORNA's bosom
 'Thou shalt', saith He, 'Thou shalt give way'. — Alas!
 The NORNA, my poor FRITHIOF, yields to no one;
 Right on She goes, and laughs at ANGURVADEL! —
 My gloomy Brother, Ah! how little know'st Thou!
 Never can Thy frank Hero-spirit fathom
 His dark Soul's depths, and all that envious hatred
 Which burns and smoulders in his remorseless breast.
 His Sister's hand he'll never give thee. — Sooner
 He'd give his Crown, his Life, to wild destruction,

And offer *me* to' old ODEN, or to' old RING
That hoary Chief whom now he battles sore. —

— — — — —
'Where'er I look, no hope remains for Me,
Yet glad I see Thy heart still keep the Stranger:
Myself alone shall know my grief, my danger;
But oh! may all good Gods attend on Thee!
On this, Thine Arm-Ring, may I yet count over
Each sep'rate Month of tedious fretting pain;
One, two, four, six — then perhaps returns the Rover,
But — ne'er to find his INGEBORG again!' —





INGEBORG'S HARP.
Composition after the 9 Auto (Sings)

CANTO IX.

Ingeborg's Lament.

Argument.

The sail of her Lover's 'long-ship' has just faded beneath the horizon's boundary; — and the Desolate One weeps! Far-seeing and observant, She feareth all things. 'Death alone,' concludes the Mourner, 'will bring me the wings of the Gods.'

The wave-like dash of the metro harmonizes wonderfully with the melancholy despair of hopeless Love, — seeking in vain the light-floating ELLIDA that carrieth her chosen Hero from her embrace, far o'er the wilds of the pathless Ocean!



INGEBORG'S LAMENT.

Mus. slightly altered (lyric) from

Andante doloso.

F. CRISTELL, Stockholm

Voice.

Pianoforte.

Summer is past,

A cold wind blows up howl by the blast. Ye O' how gladly out

you - der Far would I wa - der!

CANTO IX.

Ingeborg's Lament.

I.

'Summer is past,
Ocean's broad bosom's upheav'd by the blast:
Yet O how gladly out yonder
Far would I wander!

II.

'Long did I view
Westward His sail, on the wave as it flew;
Sail ah! how bless'd! — that abideth
Still where He rideth.

III.

'Swell not so high,
Billow of blue; fast enough he sweeps by.
Guide Him, ye Stars! — In his danger
Shine on the Stranger!

IV.

'When, in the Spring,
Homeward he hastens — no ING'BORG will bring
Welcomes i' th' valley to meet Him,
Hall-words to greet Him.

V.

'Deep under ground
Pallid and cold for her Love she is found!
Or, a sad victim, her Brothers
Give her to others. —

VI.

'Mine shalt thou be,
 Hawk He forgot; yes! I'll love as did He: —
 ING'BORG will feed thee, through endless
 Skies hunting friendless.

VII.

'Here, on His hand,
 Work I thy form on the cloth's broad band;
 Pinions of silver, and glowing
 Gold-talons, sewing.

VIII.

'FREJA one day
 Falcon-wings took, and through space hied away:
 Northwards and southwards, She sought Her
 Dearly-lov'd ÖDER:

IX.

'Ah! could I wear
 Thine, they alas! would not carry me there;
 Wings like the Gods', to the lonely —
 Death giveth only!

X.

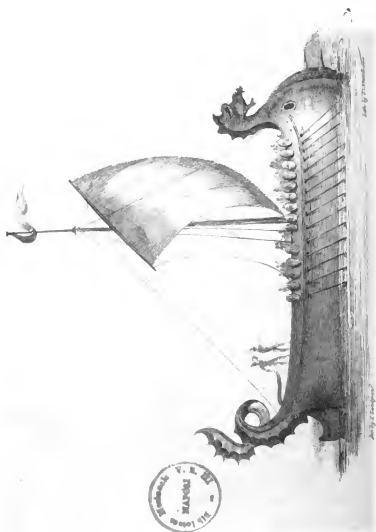
'Pretty one! keep
 Fix'd on my shoulder, and gaze on the deep; —
 Gaze we and long as we will, no
 Keel cleaves the billow.

XI.

'When I am dead,
 Doubtless returns He; then mind what I said; —
 FRITHIOF, whose tears will bewail me,
 Hail me, ah! hail me!' —



ELLIDA
The Viking Ship



CANTO X.

Frithiof at Sea.

Argument.

Gloomily wild, terribly grand, is the subject of this Song. The young Hero, intent upon bringing to a successful close the Enterprise so maliciously imposed on him by the swarthy blood-king, is ploughing the foaming billows on board his good Dragon, and bound to the far-off Orkneys. But his false foe has invoked the aid of witchcraft. The rising storm assumes an unnatural fierceness. Wave follows wave, erash — crash. All Heaven seems armed for his destruction. Personal strength, and the excellence of his God-built vessel, save him for awhile, — but, at last, ‘Death’ he sees ‘is on board’ with him, and he distributes fragments of his golden Bracelet among his stout champions, that they may not go down empty-handed to the ‘Sea-blue RAN.’

Suddenly, however, he discovers the horrible Troll-shapes which have caused the Tempest. To see is to dare, — to dare to overcome! His lances soon death-pierce the terrible fiend-monsters, and ELLIDA dashes triumphantly over the ‘island-like Ocean-whale.’

Immediately the enchantment vanishes. All Nature recovers its serenity, and he reaches in safety his desired haven.

The peculiar variation of metro, rhyme, and recitative which this Canto exhibits, — the admirable art with which the Author has embellished the letter of the Original Saga, while faithfully adhering to its spirit, — and the vivid colours in which the Panorama-like series of its sea-pictures is painted, — undoubtedly make it one of the most effective and best-disposed Legend-Songs in the whole of this noble Epic Drama. — Would that the Translator could have embodied all the beauties he has felt!

The Recitativo is a looser kind of that Icelandic alliterative metre, of which we meet with so sovere and beautiful an example in the XXI:st Canto.

CANTO X.

Frithiof at Sea.

I.

But, wood and afeard,
HELGE stood on the shore —
To the Goblins so weird
Dark spells mutt'ring o'er.

See! Heav'n's vault now clouds are treading;
Crashing thunders RAN's wastes sweep,
Fast Her boiling waves are spreading
Sparkling froth o'er all the deep.
See! I' th' sky red lightnings fasten
Here and there a bloody band;
Ocean's sea-birds — frighten'd — hasten,
Harshly screaming, to the strand. —

'Desp'rate weather, Comrades!
Hark! the Storm I hear a-
Far His pinions flapping, —
But we grow not pale:
Sit in peace with BALDER,
Think of me and long! — O,
Beauteous in Thy sorrow,
Beauteous INGEBORG!' —

II.

'Gainst ELLIDA came
 Of Trolls a grim pair;
 'Twas the wind-cold HAM,
 'Twas HEJD with snow-hair.

Then the Storm unfetter'd wingeth
 Wild His course; in Ocean's foam
 Now he dips Him, now up-swingeth,
 Whirling toward the Gods' own home:
 Rides each Horror-Spirit, warning,
 High upon the topmost wave —
 Up from out the white, vast, yawning,
 Bottomless, unfathom'd grave.

'Fairer was our voyage,
 Moonlight glitt'ring round us,
 O'er the mirrowing billows
 Hence to BALDER's Grove:
 Warmer than 'tis here, my
 ING'BORG's heart was beating, —
 Whiter than the sea-foam
 Swell'd Her bosom then!' —

III.

Now, SOLUNDAR see
 'Mong white breakers stand; —
 There all calm the waves be,
 There's your port, steer to land!

But the dauntless Viking fears not
 On His true-fast Oak so soon;
 Hard the helm He grasps, and hears not —
 But with joy — winds sport aboon.

Tighter still the sail He stretcheth,
 Faster still He cuts His way, —
 Westward, west, due west — He fetches,
 Rush the billow as it may! —

‘Fain one moment longer
 Fierce I’d fight the Tempest;
 Storms and Northmen flourish
 Well together here.
 For a gust to land-ward,
 Should Her Ocean-Eagle
 Fearful feebly flutter —
 How would ING’BORG blush!’ —

IV.

But each wave’s now a hill,
 Down yet deeper they reel,
 Blasts in cordage sing shrill, —
 Strains the grating keel: —

Yet, howe’er the surges wrestle,
 Whether for or ’gainst they rise, —
 Still ELLIDA, God-built vessel,
 All their angry threats defies.
 Like some star-shoot in the gloaming,
 Glad she bounds along, and leaps
 Goat-like o’er rough mountains, roaming
 Now o’er heights and now o’er deeps! —

‘Better felt soft kisses
 From my Bride with BALDER,
 Than, as here I stand, to
 Taste this up-thrown brine.

Better 'twas to' encircle
 ING'BORG's Waist so slender, —
 Than, as here, tight-clasping
 This hard Rudder-bar!

V.

But the snow-big cloud
 Icy knife-gusts pours;
 And on deck, shield, shroud
 Clatter hailstone show'rs. —

And from stem to stern on board Her,
 Nought thou canst for night descry;
 Dark 'tis there, as in that chamber,
 Where the dead imprison'd lie.
 Down 'mid whirlpool-horrors dashes
 The' implacable bedevil'd wave;
 While grey-white, as strown with ashes,
 Gapes one endless, soundless, grave! —

'RAN our beds of blue is
 Spreading 'mong the billows,
 But for me is waiting
 Thy bed, INGEBORG.
 Yes! stout-hearted fellows
 Lift Thy oars, ELLIDA;
 Gods thy good keel builded, —
 Yet awhile we'll swim!' —

VI.

O'er Her starboard broke
 Now, a mountain-sea,
 And with whelming stroke
 Swept Her deck all free. —

FRITHIOF then His Armlet taking,
 (Three marks weigh'd it, and was old
 BELE's gift, nor Moru's awaking
 Sun outshone its fine-wrought gold)
 Quick, the dwarf-carv'd Ring in pieces
 Hews, relentless, with His sword —
 And, the fragments sharing, misses
 None of all His men on board.

'Gold, on sweet-heart ramblings,
 Pow'rful is and pleasant;
 Who goes empty-handed
 Down to sea-blue RAN?
 Cold her kisses strike, and
 Fleeting her embrace is —
 But we Ocean's Bride be-
 Trothe with purest gold!' —

VII.

Threat'ning still His worst,
 Roars the Storm again;
 Quick the Sheet is burst —
 Snaps the yard in twain.

'Gainst th' half-buried Ship, commotion-
 Toss'd, high waves to boarding go;
 And howe'er they bale, is Ocean
 Not so soon bal'd out, we know!
 Not ev'n FRITHIOF now doubts longer
 That He carries Death on board;
 Yet than storm or billow stronger,
 Higher, sounds His lordly word: —

'Hither BJÖRN! The rudder
 Grasp with *bear-paw* strongly;
 VALHALL'S Pow'rs sure send not
 Weather such as this:
 Witchcraft's working! HELGE,
 Coward-scoundrel, doubtless
 Conjur'd has these billows —
 I will up and see!'

VIII.

Like Marten, he flew
 Up the bending mast;
 And there, fast-clinging, threw
 Many' a glance o'er the waste.

Look! — as isle that loose-torn drifteth —
 Stops that Whale ELLIDA's way;
 Sea-fiends two the Monster listeth
 High on's back, through boiling spray:
 HEJD is wrapp'd in snowy cov'ring,
 Fashion'd like the white-furr'd bear, —
 HAM, 'mid whistling winds grim-hov'ring,
 Storm-bird like assaults the air:

•
 'Now, ELLIDA! show us
 Whether, as 'tis boasted,
 Hero-mood thy iron-fast
 Round oak-bosom holds! —
 Listen! Art Thou truly
 ÆGIR's God-sprung daughter —
 Up! with copper-kcel, and
 Gore that spell-charm'd Whale!' —

IX.

And ELLIDA hears
 Her young Lord's behest,
 With one bound — gulfs clears
 To the Troll-Whale's breast.

From the wound a stream out-gushes
 Up toward Heav'n, of smoking blood;
 And, gash'd through, the beast down-rushes,
 Roaring, to the deepest mud:
 Then, at once, the Hero slingeth
 Two sharp spears; one the' Ice-Bear's hide
 Pierceth, the' other deadly springeth
 Through yon pitch-black Eagle's side. —

'Bravely struck, ELLIDA! —
 Not so soon will HELGE's
 Dragon-ship leap upwards
 Out from bloody mud:
 HEJD nor HAM much longer
 The' up-toss'd sea will keep, for
 Bitter 'tis to bite the
 Hard blue-shining steel!' —

X.

And the Storm — it had fled
 At once from the Sea;
 Only ground-swells led
 To the' Isle on their lea.

And at once the Sun fresh treadeth,
 Monarch like in Hall of blue;
 Joy o'er ship and wave She spreadeth,
 Hill and dale creates anew.
 Sunset's beamings crown with gold the
 Craggy rock and grove-dark plain; —

All, with glad surprise, behold the
Shores of EFJESUND again.

'ING'BORG's Pray'rs, — pale Maidens,
Up to VALHALL rising —
Lily-white, on Heav'n's own
Gold-floors bent the knee:
Tears in light-blue eyes, and
Sighs from swan-down bosoms
The' ASAR's stern hearts melted —
'Thank, then, thank the Gods!' —

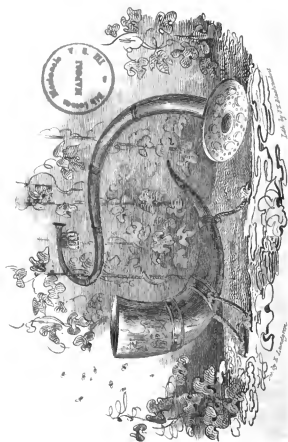
XI.

But EILIDA rose
Sore jarr'd by the whale,
And water-logg'd goes,
All awear'd by Her Sail.

Yet more wearied than their Dragon
Totter FRITHIOF's gallant men;
Though each leans upon his weapon,
Scarcely upright stand they then.
BJÖRN, on pow'rful shoulder, dareth
Four to carry to the land;
FRITHIOF, all alone, eight beareth, —
Sets them so round the' upblaz'd brand.

'Nay! ye white fac'd, shame not!
Waves are mighty Vikings;
Hard's the' unequal struggle —
Ocean's maids our foes.
See! there comes the Mead-Horn,
Wand'ring on bright gold-foot;
Shipmates! cold limbs warm, — and
Here's to INGEBORG!' —





SCANDINAVIAN DRINKING-HORN
AND LUR (TRUMPET)

CANTO XI.

Frithiof at the Court
of
Angantyr.

Argument.

With a fresh, vigorous, popular, ease this Canto conducts us to the Court of Jarl ANGANTYR, the generous and civilized Chief of the Orkneys.

FRITHIOF and his men have scarcely landed, when — the weary Envoy is welcomed by the grim ATLE's brutal challenge. He accepts the offer, and vanquishes and spares his foe.

Old HALVAR then comes up — though rather late, 'tis true — to separate the combatants and announce the banquet.

ANGANTYR'S reception of his daring and renowned Visitor, inspires us with a high admiration of his noble qualities. After listening to his adventures, he *presents* him with the tribute he came to *demand*, and with a friendly force detains him over the Winter in his Halls.

We need not add, that the pure Ballad style (of which this Canto may be considered a specimen) is very difficult in English. Neither too high nor too low, it must unite simplicity with strength, and natural and national expressions with that dignified language equally opposite to vulgarity and to fustian. It was better, however, to risk the danger, than altogether to lose the effect.

FRITHIOF WITH ANGANTYR.

Arrangement for the DRAKE, 1865, by

*An old Viennese - a student of
Christianus Orend.*

Voice

Pianoforte.

Allegretto

You say we'll soon part - long. How

ANGANTYR was then With in his fir hall sit ting At

travail with his men. Right glad he was, and banded His eye blue never rep-

Where Eringer den de seen - ed All like a golden

Chor

even Where Eringer den de - seen - ed all like a gold-en even.

CANTO XI.

Frithiof at the Court of Angantyr.

I.

Now say we, Ocean quitting,
How ANGANTYR was then
Within His Fir-Hall sitting,
At wassail with his men.
Right glad He was, and bended
His eye blue waves upon,
Where Ev'ning's Sun descended
All like a golden Swan.

II.

Outside the window chances
Old HALVAR watch to be,
Right earnest were His glances, —
The mead too guarded He:
One custom miss'd He never,
To scan the bottom o'er, —
And then, in silence, ever
The Horn thrust in for more.

III.

Now far i' th' Hall, loud-rattling,
His empty Horn he threw,
And cried: — 'Gainst storm-waves battling
A ship at hand I view;

On board half-dead they tarry,
 Now come they to the land,
 And two tall giants carry
 The pale ones to the strand.' —

IV.

The Jarl's keen gazings wander
 Where bright waves mirrowing flow; —
 'ELLIDA's sail is yonder,
 And FRITHIOF's there I trow:
 His gait and brow discover
 Again old THORSTEN's Son;
 Search all the Northland over,
 Ye'll ne'er find such a one!' —

V.

Then Berserk ATLE springeth,
 Fierce-grinning, from his place, —
 (Blood-stain'd, his black beard flingeth
 Brute grinness o'er his face —)
 And screams — 'I'll prove the saying
 That FRITHIOF, all his days,
 Unnerves the sword from slaying
 Nor e'er for quarter prays.'

VI.

And up with him all eager
 His twelve dread champions spring;
 Impatient, the' air they dagger
 And sword and bill-axe swing:
 Then coastward storm'd they, heated,
 To where the Dragon lay, —
 And FRITHIOF, careless seated,
 Full stoutly talk'd away.

VII.

'Right well I now could kill thee';
 With shouts 'gan ATLE cry;
 'Thou, yet, may'st either will thee
 To battle here or fly:
 But if for peace thou prayest,
 Though Champion hard and bold,
 Through me the Jarl thou mayest
 In friendly guise behold!' —

VIII.

Said FRITHIOF; 'With my voyage
 I'm spent, 'tis true; — yet may
 Our Falchions prove our courage
 Ere peace from thee I pray!' —
 Then steel full soon did lighten
 In sun-brown champion-hand,
 And quick its flame-runes brighten
 On FRITHIOF's sharp-tongu'd brand.

IX.

Fast, now, are sword-thrusts given,
 And death-blows hail around;
 At once fly both shields, riven
 In halves, upon the ground.
 Their fight's uncensurable,
 They firm their circle tread,
 But keen bit ANGURVADEL,
 And straight broke ATLE's blade.

X.

'My sword', said FRITHIOF, 'never
 'Gainst swordless man I wave;
 But an thou wilt, however,
 A diff'rent sport we'll have; —

Then storm they, nothing yielded,
 Two autumn-billows like!
 And oft, with steel round shielded,
 Their jarring breasts fierce strike.

XI.

All like two bears they wrestle,
 On hills of snow; and draw
 And strain, each like an eagle
 On the' angry Sea at war.
 The root-fast rock resisted
 Full hardly them between
 And green iron-oaks down-twisted
 With lesser pulls have been.

XII.

From each broad brow sweat rushes;
 Their bosoms coldly heave;
 And stones and mounds and bushes
 Dints hundred-fold receive.
 With awe its close abide, the
 Men steel-clad on the strand;
 That wrestling-match was widely
 Renown'd in Northern Land.

XIII.

At last, to the' earth down-reeling,
 Has FRITHIOF fell'd His foe,
 And 'gainst His bosom kneeling,
 Fierce words succeed the blow;
 'If but my Sword I brandish'd —
 O swarthy Berserk-beard, —
 Its point, ere now, base-vanquish'd!
 Had through thy back appear'd.'

XIV.

'Let not that hindrance 'larm thee;'
 Grim ATLE proudly cried;
 'Go! with thy rune-blade arm thee,
 I'll lie as I have lied: —
 We both at last must wander
 Bright VALHALL's halls to view;
 To-day can I go yonder,
 Tomorrow, haply you!' —

XV.

And long pause FRITHIOF made not,
 That play he finish will;
 He ANGURVADEL stay'd not, —
 But ATLE yet lay still; —
 Whereat, His heart relenting,
 He quick held-in His brand
 And check'd His wrath, presenting
 The fallen foe His hand.

XVI.

Now HALVAR warn'd right loudly,
 And rais'd his wand of white, —
 'This fray ye sport so proudly
 Here causeth no delight:
 High-smoking long have gold, and
 Fair silver, dishes stood;
 The savoury meats grow cold, and
 My thirst doth me no good!' —

XVII.

Appeas'd, each now advances
 Within the Jarl's Hall-door;
 And much meets FRITHIOF's glances
 He ne'er had seen before:

The bare walls from the weather
 No rough-plan'd planks protect,
 But precious rich-gilt leather
 With fruits and flow'rs bedeck'd.

XVIII.

There, midst the floor, ascended
 No blazing hearth-fire's light.
 But 'gainst the wall was bended
 The marble chimney bright:
 No smoke the dark roof tarnish'd
 No soot the beams o'ercastr;
 Glass panes the windows garnish'd,
 And locks the door held fast.

XIX.

There many' a candle brighten'd
 From silver arms; no torch
 With crackling blaze enlighten'd
 The champions' rude debauch.
 Whole-roast, rich odours flinging,
 A Stag the board adorns,
 Its gold-hoof rais'd for springing,
 And leaf'd its grove-like horns.

XX.

Behind each Chief, a Virgin
 Stands up with lily dye,
 Just like some Star emerging
 From out a stormy sky;
 Each step brown locks discloses,
 Clear sparkle eyes of blue, —
 And, like to runc-sprung roses,
 Small lips bud forth to view.

XXI.

But high, right kingly seeming,
 Sat th' Jarl in silver chair,
 His Helm with sun-rays streaming,
 His Mail with gold wrought fair;
 And glist'ning stars o'er-powder'd
 His Mantle rich and fine,
 Its purple edging border'd
 With spotless Ermeline.

XXII.

Steps three he took, to meet him,
 To' his Guest his hand stretch'd free,
 Then friendly thus did greet him, —
 'Come! Seat thee next to me!
 Full many' a horn I've emptied
 With THORSTEN, my good fier!
 His Son, the wide-commended,
 Shall sit his Host as near!' —

XXIII.

The Goblet then he crowneth
 With SIK'LÖ's richest wine,
 Its flame-sparks nothing drowneth,
 It foams like Ocean's brine! —
 'My old Friend's Son, I send Thee
 A welcome here again;
 I drink — 'to THORSTEN's Mem'ry', —
 Myself and all my men!' —

XXIV.

A Bard from MORVEN's mountains
 Now sweeps the harp along,
 From Gaelic music-fountains
 Springs sad his hero-song;

But in Norrānic chaunteth
 Another, ancient-wise,
 He THORSTEN's exploits vaunteth
 And takes the scaldic prize.

XXV.

Now th' Jarl to ask delighted
 Of Northern kinsmen dear,
 And FRITHIOF all recited
 In words well-weigh'd and clear;
 Nor Truth's just measure broke he,
 Impartial was his doom;
 Like Queenly SAGA spoke he
 In Mem'ry's holy room.

XXVI.

When next, He all repeated
 On the' Ocean's deeps he'd seen,
 And how 'mid waves defeated
 The King's grim Imps had been; —
 Then joy the champions proudly,
 Then ANGANTYR smiles too, —
 And shouts, re-echo'd loudly,
 His brave adventures drew.

XXVII.

But — when His tale He changes
 To ING'BORG, His Belov'd,
 How tender-sad she ranges,
 Her grief how noble prov'd; —
 Then many' a damsel sighing
 With cheeks on fire doth stand;
 How fain she'd press, replying,
 That true-love Knight's bold hand! —

XXVIII.

At last, the young Chief 'ginneth
 His errand to speak about,
 And th' Jarl's kind ear he winneth
 Who, patient, hears him out; —
 'I tribute-bound was never,
 My People too is free;
 We'll — 'BELE' — drink, but ever
 His friends not subjects be!

XXIX.

'His Sons I know not; would they
 Draw taxes from my land, —
 As all brave Princes should, they
 Can ask them sword in hand;
 When here — my Falchion reckons! —
 Thy Father yet was dear!' —
 Then with his hand he beekons
 To' his Daughter sitting near.

XXX.

Then up that flow'r-shoot tender
 Sprang quick from gold-back'd chair,
 Her waist was all so slender
 Her breasts so round and fair!
 That little rogue young ASTRILD
 Her dimpled cheeks disclose,
 Like Butterfly wind-carried
 To some just-op'ning Rose. —

XXXI.

To' her virgin-bow'r she speedeth,
 And green-work'd Purse she brings,
 Where many a wild thing treadeth
 In woodland-wanderings;

And o'er the Sea, sail-whit'ning,
 Do silver Moonbeams shine, —
 Its lock are rubies bright'ning,
 Its tassels golden twine.

XXXII.

Her gentle Sire has taken
 The Purse she thus doth hold,
 And fills to th' brim, down-shaken,
 With far-off minted gold; —
 'My welcome's-gift I bear thee,
 Be' it us'd as best it may;
 But now shall FRITHIOF swear me
 All winter here to stay!'

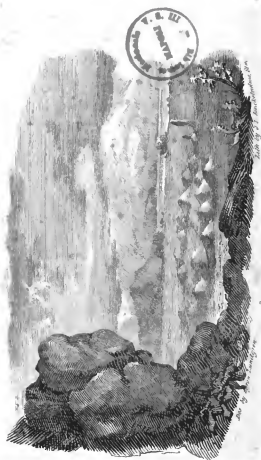
XXXIII.

'Mood vanquishes all over, —
 But now the Storm-winds reign,
 And HEJD and HAM recover
 I fear, their strength again;
 ELLIDA springs not always
 So luck-ful as before,
 Though one we've miss'd, the billows
 Right many whales ride o'er!' —

XXXIV.

Thus quaff'd they there and jested
 Till morn re-lit her torch,
 But that gold wine-cup zested
 A feast — no wild debauch;
 At last a brimming Bumper
 They drain — 'to ANGANTYR', —
 And FRITHIOF thus the winter
 Pass'd out with right good cheer!





SCANDINAVIAN BATTLE FIELD (Stagfält)

With the Burial - Cairns of the Dead.

And Abbe Sköpparna (not - Roger)

CANTO XII.

Frithiof's Return.

Argument.

FRITHIOF returns. — And behold *he* is the same, equally faithful, equally hopeful, equally worshipping his Love. But alas! How all is chang'd around him! His Home-Halls a smoking ruin, — his INGEBORG afar-off and given to another, — the 'sorrowful and houseless' young warrior standeth still and "wotteth not what it may mean."

But HILDING, that "ancient" so friendly to his Foster-Child, has watched the Framnäs-steered ELLIDA touch the strand, and hastens to meet, instruct, and console him. In few but chosen words, he tells him of the unsuccessful battle fought by the Brothers, King RING'S unrelenting conditions for a Peace, the consequent forced marriage of their Sister with the armed and venerable suitor, and HELGE'S dastardly revengo in setting fire to the Homestead of the absent Tribute seeker. — FRITHIOF'S answer is worthy of any Poet of any age, and only *its* Author could have dictated HILDING'S reply — by which the inflamed and insulted youth is silenced — but not convinced:

'ALLFATHER dooms', mutter'd FRITHIOF, glooming;

'But I, too, may for awhile be dooming.

'Tis BALDER'S Midsummer Holy Feast, —

I th' Temple, crown'd, will stand his Priest; —

That Arson-King, who his Sister blooming

Has sold, I'll too for awhile be dooming!

CANTO XII.

Frithiof's Return.

But Spring breathes soft in yon Heav'n of blue,
And Earth's green verdure again is new:
His Host then FRITHIOF thanketh, in motion
Once more out over the plains of Ocean.
On sun-bright pathway His coal-black Swan
Her silv'ry furrow with joy ploughs on,
For western breezes, Spring's music bringing,
Like Nigthingales in the sails are singing;
And ÆGIR's Daughters, in blue veils dight,
The helm leap round, and urge on its flight. --
Ah! pleasant 'tis — when, from far-off sailing,
Thy prow thou turn'st to thy Homeland! — hailing
The coast where smoke from thy own Hearth's curl'd,
And Mem'ry guards her fair Childhood-world!
The fresh-stream'd fountain thy Play-place washes,
While Barrows green hold thy Fathers' ashes;
And, full of longing, thy faithful Maid
With sea-ward gaze on the cliff is staid! —
Days six he sails, on the seventh's dawning
A dark-blue stripe he discerns, which Morning
At Heav'n's far border shows slowly rise
Till rocks, isles, 'land' quick salute his eyes!
His Land it is from the deep that springeth,
Its shades they are which the Green-Wood flingeth.

Its foaming torrents he hears war there,
 As breast of marble the rock lays bare. —
 He hails the headland, the strait he hailleth,
 And close to BALDER's retreat he saileth,
 Wherein, last summer, so many' a night
 With ING'BORG seated he dream'd delight. —
 'Why comes She not? — Has She no fond presage
 How near I swing on the dark-blue sea - surge?
 But haply', abandoning BALDER's walls,
 She sorrowful sits in Her regal halls
 Her Harp soft striking, or bright gold weaveth!' —
 The Temple's pinnales sudden leaveth
 His Falcon then, and from heav'n hath sped
 To FRITHIOF's shoulder, as oft he'd fled,
 His white wing ceaseless he flaps above him,
 And, faithful, thence no allurements move him;
 With fire-bright talon he ceaseless scrapes,
 Nor rest he gives nor repose he takes.
 To FRITHIOF's ear, then, his crook'd bill wended
 As though some message to give 'twas bended,
 Perhaps from ING'BORG, his dear-lov'd Bride, —
 But broken sounds — what can they betide?

ELLIDA, rustling, the Cape now passes,
 Glad-bounding, hind-like o'er verdant grasses;
 For well-known waves 'gainst the keel have gone:
 But FRITHIOF, joyful, Her prow upon,
 His eyes oft rubs, and his hand upholdeth
 Above His brow, and the shore beholdeth; —
 But rub He' or look as He may, no more
 His FRAMNÄS' home shall He e'er explore!
 The naked chimney is grimly tow'ring,

Like champion-skel'ton in grave-mound low'ring;
 Where Court-halls stood, is a fire-clear'd land;
 And ashes whirl round the ravag'd strand.
 Then FRITHIOF quick from the ship advances,
 O'er burnt demesnes casting angry glances,
 His Father's grounds and His childhood's walks; —
 But rough-hair'd BRAN up to meet him stalks,
 His faithful Dog that for Him bold wrestled
 Full oft with bears in the forest nestled;
 How glad his gambols, how glad his leaps,
 How high to' his Master he springing keeps! —
 His milk-white Courser, (with mane gold-blended,
 And hind-like legs and a neck swan-bended,) —
 Which FRITHIOF once had so often rode,
 With lofty bounds from the dale, too, trode,
 And turns his neck, neighing glad, and lingers
 And bread will have from his Master's fingers: —
 Poor FRITHIOF, poorer by far than they,
 Has nought for his fav'rites howe'er they pray!

As sad and houseless He stands, round-viewing
 For land he'd heir'd — the burnt woodland-ruin,
 See! aged HILDING advances there
 His Fosterfather with silver hair: —
 'At this black show can I scarcely wonder,
 When the' Eagle's flown they his dwelling plunder.
 A kingly exploit for peace I see;
 Oath HELGE took, right well keepeth he, —
 The Gods to worship, — mankind abhorring! —
 His 'Progress' call we an Arson-warring.
 Not grief, but anger it works, I swear;
 But ING'BORG's — tell me I pray thee — where? —
 'Dark words I bring,' said this Yeoman hoary;

Not glad, I ween, wilt Thou find my story. —
 Thou scarce hadst sail'd, when King RING drew nigh,
 Shields five 'gainst one could I well descry.
 At DISAR-DALE, by the Stream, they battled,
 And blood-red foaming its waters rattled.
 King HALFDAN jested and laugh'd away,
 Nathless he struck like a man that day;
 The kingly stripling my target shielded,
 His skill's first trial such pleasure yielded.
 But short enough did their war-sport last,
 For — HELGE fled, and then all was past!
 But the' ASA-Kinsman in all haste lighted
 Thy Halls so fair, as he 'scap'd affrighted. —
 Now two hard terms for the Brothers stand; —
 To RING they yield shall their Sister's hand,
 (For atonement could but by Her be tender'd)
 Or — land and crown must be both surrender'd:
 And Peaceful Heralds right frequent ride, —
 But now King RING hath ta'en home his Bride! —

'O! Woman, Woman!' — cried FRITHIOF madly, —
 'When Thought with LOKE first shelter'd gladly,
 A Lie it was! and He sent it then
 In Woman's shape to the world of Men!
 Yes! a blue-eyed Lie, who with false tears ruleth,
 Enchanteth always, and alway fooleth;
 A rose-cheek'd Lie, with rich-swelling breast,
 And in Spring-ice virtue and Wind-faith drest;
 With guileful heart She, deceitful, glances,
 And Perjury still on her fresh lips dances! —
 And yet how dear to my soul was She —
 How dear was then, ah! yet is to me!

In all my sports, far as Mem'ry reaches,
 My Mate was ING'BORG! Remembrance teaches
 That of each high exploit my proud Youth dream'd,
 Herself as Prize still most precious seem'd. —
 Like two fair Trees, by one root united, —
 Has THOR one stem with His lightnings blighted,
 Straight withers the' other, — is one all green, —
 With verdure crown'd is its spouse-trunk seen; —
 So' our grief and gladness were thus one only!
 Not us'd is FRITHIOF to think him lonely;
 Now *is* he lonely. — Thou lofty VAR!
 Where' pencil-bearing Thou journiest far,
 And oaths on tablets of gold inscribest —
 Let be those fool'ries! 'Thou dreams describest,
 Thy tablets marking all full of lies;
 On faithful gold — what a pity 'tis!
 Of BALDER's NANNA some tale fame telleth;
 On human brow now no Truth more dwelleth,
 In human bosom all Faith is spent, —
 Since ING'BORG's voice has to guile been lent,
 That voice like Zephyr o'er flow'r-meads creeping,
 Like BRAGE's music — His harp-strings sweeping!
 Ah! ne'er mine ear shall those harp-tones drink;
 Of that false Bride ne'er again I'll think; —
 The dancing storm-wave shall be my pillow,
 Thou blood shall drink, thou wide ocean-billow!
 Where sword-blades scatter the Barrows' seed,
 O'er hill o'er dale shall my foot-steps speed!
 All crown'd, perchance, I may meet a stranger, —
 I'd know if then I shall spare from danger!
 Some youth, perchance, I may meet, all calm
 And full of love 'mid the shields' alarm,

Some fool on honour and truth depending, —
 From pity' — I'll hew! — his poor life quick-ending :
 I'll save from shame; he shall glorious die —
 Not guil'd, betray'd, nor despis'd — as I!

'How still boils over,' now HILDING pleaded,
 'Youth's hot fierce blood; and yet, Son! how needed
 To cool its fervors are years of snow: —
 That noble Maiden nor wrong thou so!
 My Foster-Daughter impeach not! — Better
 Impeach the NORNOR; for who can fetter
 Their angry Fates, which — on this our world —
 Heav'n's Thunder-land hither down hath hurl'd?
 Her sorrows nobly to none proclaiming,
 E'en legend-VIDAR in silence shaming,
 Her grief was still, — as, in south-wood side
 Some turtle-dove's, when her mate hath died.
 Her heart, nathless, She to me disclosed;
 And — endless pangs in its depths reposed! —
 The Water-bird when death-pierc'd her breast,
 To th' bottom dives, with one comfort blest —
 That burning day will not see her bruises,
 Lies so below and her life-blood loses; —
 Thus shrank Her pain to the realms of Night,
 None knew but I all Her griefs aright! —
 'For BELE's realm they've an off'ring bound me
 And Winter's verdure is hung around me;
 While fragrant snow-flow'rs bloom round my hair,
 I'm a Peace-maid now: sure the victim's fair!
 Ah! Death were easy! — But Death pain stilleth;
 Atonement only scorn'd BALDER willeth,
 A ling'ring death, — no repose it meets,

Its heart still flutters, its pulse still beats! —
 But the weak one's struggles reveal thou never,
 None pity shall, though I grieve for ever;
 King BELE's Daughter Her woes will bide. —
 Yet FRITHIOF hail from his once hop'd Bride! —
 The Wedding day came at last, (its token
 I'd willing see from my rune-staff broken,)
 To th' Temple glided a long-drawn train
 Of white-rob'd Virgins and sword-clad men:
 A gloomy Minstrel before them wended, —
 O'er black-hued palfrey the pale Bride bended,
 Like that pale Spirit which sits up o'er
 The dusky cloud when the thunders roar!
 My Lily tall, from Her saddle bearing,
 I led then forth through the Temple, faring
 To the' Altar-Circle where, Priests among,
 LOFN's vows she took with unfalt'ring tongue.
 To th' White God, too, She long pray'rs presented;
 And all, save only the Bride, lamented. .
 Then first the RING on Her tap'ring arm
 Grim HELGE mark'd, and straight snatch'd the charm;
 Now BALDER weareth the glitt'ring trifle. —
 My rage I then could no longer stifle,
 My good sword quick from its scabbard forth
 I drew, — then little was HELGE worth; —
 But ING'BORG whisper'd, — 'Let be! a brother
 Could this have spar'd, — I had borne all other;
 Yet much we suffer before we die, —
 ALLFATHER 'tween us will doom on high!'

'ALLFATHER dooms!' — mutter'd FRITHIOF glooming;
 'But I, too, may for awhile be dooming.

‘Tis BALDER’s Midsummer holy Feast,
And crown’d i’ th’ Temple will stand his Priest;
That Arson-King, who his Sister blooming
Has sold, — I’ll, too, for awhile be dooming! —

CANTO XIII.

Balder's Pyre.

Argument.

Terrible is the misery, grand the desolation, presented to us in this exceedingly massive Canto. Every Line is a sentence, every Stanza a picture.

The bold and successful Ocean-adventurer, penetrates into the interior of BALDER'S Temple, at whose altar the malignant and bigot ruffian-king is sacrificing. *Flinging* the purse instead of *giving* it, he fells to the Earth his enemy; then seizing his 'Arm-Ring tho Good' which he finds adorning the Image instead of INCEBORG, he wrenches and pulls till the wooden Idol itself gives way, falls headlong among the altar-flames, — and in a moment the Temple, that sanctuary so holy and so venerable, is in a blaze! Vain are all efforts to stop the flames; timbers snap, metals melt, walls yawn, the Grove blazes, — and BALDER'S HAGE is no more!

Horror-struck and shuddering, the innocent but sacrilegious Templo-Firer turneth him from the smoking ruin, and 'weeps as the Morn slow breaketh.'



BALDER'S PYRE.

Accompaniment by G. BEAKE, Stockholm.

Air by G. S.

Voice.

Pianoforte

The musical score is arranged in four systems. Each system contains a Voice staff (treble clef) and a Pianoforte staff (grand staff, treble and bass clefs). The key signature is one flat (B-flat major or D minor), and the time signature is 6/8. The first system shows the beginning of the piece. The second and third systems continue the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The fourth system includes the lyrics "Mid-night sun all blood-red bright." written below the piano staff. The piano part features a prominent, rhythmic accompaniment in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand. The score concludes with a double bar line.

For-*g*h't hille e'er-bend-ed Midn'ght's sun all bloom'd red 'T'rybe

For-*g*h't hille e'er-bend-ed; It was not day it

was not night, Between them it was sus-pend-ed It was not day it

was not night be-tween them it was sus-pend-ed



CANTO XIII.

Balder's Pyre.

I.

Midnight's Sun, all blood-red bright,
Far-off hills o'erbended;
It was not day, it was not night,
Between them it was suspended.

II.

BALDER's Pyre, of the Sun a Mark,
Holy Hearth red-staineth;
Yet, soon dies its last faint spark,
Darkly then HÖDER reigneth.

III.

Ancient Priests round the Temple-wall
Stood, and the pile-brands shifted;
Silver-bearded and pale, they all
Flint-knives in hard hands lifted.

IV.

HELGE, crown'd, standeth them beside,
Help 'mid the circle proff'ring.
Hark! then clatter, at midnight's tide,
Arms in the grove of Off'ring. —

V.

'BJÖRN, the door hold close, Man! — So! —
 Pris'ners they 'll all obey me:
 Out or in whoe'er would go —
 Cleave his skull, I pray thee.'

VI.

Pale waxeth HELGE, — that voice too well
 Knows he, and what presaging.
 Forth trod FRITHIOF, and dark words fell
 Storm like in Autumn raging.

VII.

'Here's the tribute, Prince! thy breath
 Order'd from western waters;
 Take it! Then — for life or death —
 Fight we at BALDER's auters:

VIII.

'Baek shield-cover'd, my bosom bare,
 Nought shall unfair be reekon'd.
 First, as King, strike thou! Beware
 Mind — for I strike the second.

IX.

'Yonder door? — Nay, gaze, Fool, here!
 Caught in his hole the fox is;
 Think of Framnäs, and ING'BORG dear
 Fam'd that for golden locks is!'

X.

So His Hero-accents rang;
 Th' Purse from his belt then freely
 Drew He, and careless enough it flang
 Right at the Son of BELE.

XL

Blood from his Mouth gush'd out straightway,
 Streaming blackly splendid;
 There, by his altar, swooning lay
 The' ASAR's high descendant.

XII.

'What! Thine own gold bearst not? — Shame!
 Shame! coward-king vile-shrinking;
 ANGURVADEL none e'er shall blame
 Blood so base for drinking!

XIII.

'Silence! Priests with off'ring-knife,
 Chiefs yon Moon lights dimly!
 Noise might cost each wretched life,
 Back! — for my blade thirsts grimly.

XIV.

'Rageful Thine eye, white BALDER, shines;
 Yet, why so anger-swollen?
 Yon fair Ring Thine arm round-twines,
 Pardon me, but 'tis stolen!

XV.

'Not, sure, for Thee VAULUNDER kept
 Graving that jewel's wonders;
 Violence stole, and the Virgin wept, —
 Down with all scoundrel-plunders!' —

XVI.

Brave he pull'd; but fast-grown seem'd
 The' arm and the Ring so curious;
 When loos'd at last, where the' Altar gleam'd
 Brightest — the God leapt furious!

XVII.

Hark, that crash! Gnawing gold-tooth'd flame
 Rafter and roof o'er-quivers;
 BJÖRN turns pale as he stands, and shame
 FRITHIOF feels — that he shivers.

XVIII.

'BJÖRN, release them! Unbar the door;
 Guarding is now all over:
 Th' Temple blazes; pour water, pour
 All the Sea thereover!' —

XIX.

Now from Temple and grove and strand,
 Chain-like, they clasp each other;
 Billows, wand'ring from hand to hand,
 Hissing the fires would smother.

XX.

Rain-God like, sits FRITHIOF there,
 High o'er beams and waters,
 All-directing with lordly air,
 Calm 'mong the hot fire-slaughters.

XXI.

Vain! fire conquers; rolling past,
 Smoke-clouds whirl, and smelted
 Gold on red-hot sands falls fast,
 Silver plates are melted.

XXII.

All, all's lost! From half-burn'd Hall
 Th' fire-red Cock up-swingeth! —
 Sits on the roof, and, with shrilly call
 Flutt'ring, his free course wingeth.

XXIII.

Morning's winds from the North rush by,
 Heav'nward the fire-wave surges,
 BALDER's grove is summer-dry,
 Greedy the fierce blaze gorges; --

XXIV.

Raging, from branch to branch it flew,
 Still round the goal ne'er closing;
 Ah! how fearful that wild light grew,
 BALDER'S PYRE — how imposing!

XXV.

Hark! — how it snaps i' th' gaping root;
See! from the top sparks shower; —
'Gainst MUSPEL's Sons, the red, what boot
Man's art, man's arm, man's power?

XXVI.

Fire-seas tumble in BALDER's grove;
Shoreless the billows wander:
Sun-beams rise, but frith and cove
Mirrow Hell's flame-lights yonder!

XXVII.

To' ashes soon is the Temple burn'd,
To' ashes the Grove so blooming: —
FRITHIOF, grief-ful, away has turn'd,
Day — o'er His hot tears glooming!

CANTO XIV.

**Frithiof goeth into
Banishment.**

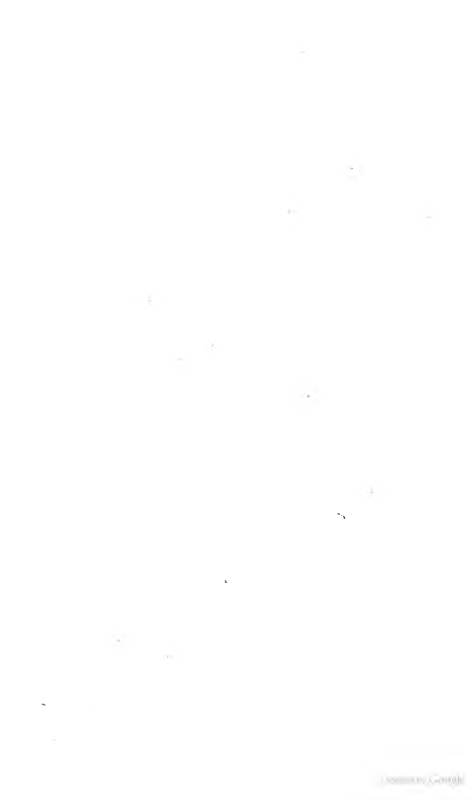
Argument.

This Canto opens with an unrivaled Monologue. FRITHIOF hastening his unavoidable exile from his beloved Fatherland, is steering towards Ocean, 'while the smoke of the Temple still rises from the strand.' His passionate words somewhat ease his full heart, and he ends with the exclamation —

'My Life-Home given
Thou shalt, far-driven,
My Barrow be,
Thou free broad Sea!'

But he is pursued! HELGE, with his fleet of Dragons, hastens to grasp the fugitive ere he escapes his vengeance. — This danger, however, has been foreseen; BJÖRN has scuttled the vessels, and they are filling rapidly. HELGE and his crews escape with difficulty to shore, and the Tyrant owes his life only to the ineffable contempt of his noble foe, who then chaunteth a Farewell Song to his Country's Genius, and is carried by heaven's fresh breezes to those 'plains blue-spreading' on whose broad bosom all 'unknown

Are despot's glances
And tyrant's fancies!'



PRITHIOF GOES INTO BANISHMENT.

Andante sostenuto. *Mus. by P. CRISTALL, Stockholm.*

Voice. *Howe bring his, very head. Then*

Pianoforte. *let by North A way I'm hur ried, from the thine each My*

rave, from there on. I bounding in, Now nurse of heroes here.

well here, well here, well here, well."

pp

CANTO XIV.

Frithiof goeth into Banishment.

His ship's-deck slight
I' th' summer-night,
Bore th' Hero grieving.
Like waves high-heaving,
Now rage now woe
'Thro' His bosom flow. —
Smoke still ascended,
The fire not ended.

'Thou Temple-smoke
Fly up! — Invoke
From high VALHALLA
The rage of BALDER;
Send th' white God's wrath
To blight my path!
Fly up! and chatter
Till the' arches clatter
Say — Temple-round
Burnt thus to th' ground;
Thus down fell sudden
Thine Image wooden,
Like all wood lay
And burn'd away! —
The Grove, too, mention

Secure since falchion
 Had thigh-girt been,
 Now waste; not e'en
 Was the' honor gotten
 To sink, time-rotten. —
 This, — more thereto
 Which all may view, —
 To BALDER carry;
 Nor fail, nor tarry,
 Mist-Courier! high
 To th' Mist-God fly! —

Each Scald, sure, raises
 Mild HELGE's praises
 Who thus has bann'd
 From yond my Land; —
 From Him bans never! —
 Well! nought can sever
 From that blue realm
 Where billows whelm. —
 Thou may'st not rest Thee,
 Thou still must haste Thee,
 ELLIDA! — out
 Th' wide world about.
 Yes! rock on! roaming
 Mid froth salt-foaming
 My Dragon good!
 Nor drop of blood
 Will hurt, thou knowest,
 Where'er Thou goest.
 When storms hoarse cry,
 My House Thou 'rt by;

For BALDER's — Brother —
 He burn'd mine other.
 Yes! Thou'rt my North,
 My Foster-earth;
 From that down yonder
 I now must wander.
 Yes! Thou'rt my Bride,
 Black weeds Thy pride;
 For ah! how dare one
 Trust Her, that Fair One? —

'Thou free broad Sea!
 Unknown to Thee
 Are despot's glances
 And tyrant's fancies.
 Where freemen swing —
 Is he thy King,
 Who never shivers
 Howe'er high quivers,
 With rage oppress'd,
 Thy froth-white breast!
 Thy plains, blue-spreading,
 Glad chiefs are treading;
 Like ploughs thereon
 Their keels drive on;
 And blood-rain patters
 In shade the' oak scatters,
 But steel-bright there
 The corn-seeds glare!
 Those plains so hoary
 Bear crops of glory,
 Rich crops of gold:

Thou billow bold
 Befriend me! — Never
 I'll from thee sever! —
 My father's Mound
 Dull stands, fast-bound,
 And self-same surges
 Chaunce changeless dirges;
 But blue shall mine
 Through foam-flow'rs shine,
 'Mid tempests swimming,
 And storms thick dimming,
 And draw yet me
 Down, down, below. —
 My Life-Home given,
 Thou shalt, far-driven!
 My Barrow be —
 Thou free broad Sea!' —

Thus fierce he grieveth,
 And sorrowing leaveth
 His prow so true
 The reeds it knew, —
 All gently gliding
 'Mong rocks still biding
 To watch i' th' North
 The shallow firth. —
 But vengeance wakens:
 With twice five Dragons
 Swam HELGE round
 And clos'd the Sound.
 Then each loud crieth; —
 'Now HELGE dieth

This one fight o'er —
 Then thrives no more,
 The bright Moon under,
 That VALHALL's wonder;
 Above He'll rise
 To' His home, the skies;
 That blood immortal,
 Seeks ODEN's portal.'

The word scarce said,
 With unseen tread
 Some Pow'r fast clingeth
 To' each keel that swingeth!
 And see! they slow
 Are drawn below
 To dead-rich RANA;
 Nay! e'en King HELGE
 From half-drown'd prone
 Scarce swims ashore.

But glad BJÖRN proudly
 Shouts, laughing loudly, —
 'Thou ASA-blood,
 That trick was good!
 Unseen, unfearful,
 I scuttled cheerful
 The ships last night;
 The thought was bright!
 What RAN enfoldeth
 I hope she holdeth,
 As heretofore:
 Yet, pity sore,

They went to th' bottom
 Their Chief forgotten!

In angry mood
 King HELGE stood,
 Scarce death-deliver'd;
 His drawn Bow quiver'd,
 Steel-cast and round,
 'Gainst rocky ground;
 Himself not knew it,
 How hard he drew it,
 Till th' steel-bow sprang
 With snapping clang.

But FRITHIOF weigheth
 His Lance, and sayeth: —
 'Held back, this free
 Death-Eagle see!
 If out He dashes
 He mortal gashes
 That tyrant-thing
 A coward-King
 Who — needless shrinketh:
 My Lance ne'er drinketh
 A craven's blood.
 Ay! 'tis too good
 For such achievements!
 'Mong rune-stone grievements
 It carv'd may stand,
 But ne'er shall brand
 That scoundrel-framing
 Which thy name's shaming!

Thy manhood's bloom
 Finds shipwreck's doom,
 And scaping hither
 On shore, will wither. —
 Rust steel may break,
 Not thou. — I'll take
 A mark far higher
 Than base peace-buyer:
 Take care how near
 Thine own appear! —

To' an oar cut down, He
 Then grasps a pine-tree,
 (That mast-pine fell
 In Gudbrand's dell,)
 Its mate then heaveth,
 And the' ocean cleaveth.
 Strong pulls He takes. —
 As reed-shaft breaks,
 As cold-blade snappeth. —
 Each oar quick cracketh! —

Day's Orb now shin'd
 Hill-tops behind;
 Fresh breezes bounded
 From shore, and sounded
 Each wave to dance
 In Morning's glance.
 Where th' high surge leapeth
 ELLIDA sweepeth,
 Glad stretch'd her wings. —
 But FRITHIOF sings:

I.

'Heimskringla's forehead,
 Thou lofty North!
 Away I'm hurried
 From this thine Earth.
 My race from Thee goes,
 I boasting tell;
 Now, nurse of heroes —
 Farewell! Farewell!

II.

'Farewell, high-gleaming
 VALHALLA's Throne,
 Night's Eye, bright-beaming
 Midsummer's Sun!
 Sky! where, as in Hero's
 Soul, pure depths dwell, —
 And thronging Star-rows, —
 Farewell! Farewell!

III.

'Farewell, ye Mountains,
 Seats Glory for;
 Ye tablet-fountains
 For mighty THOR!
 Ye lakes and Highlands
 I left so sel',
 Ye rocks and islands,
 Farewell! Farewell!

IV.

'Farewell, Cairns dreaming
 By wave of blue, —
 Where, snow-white gleaming,
 Limes flow'r-dust strew!

But SAGA spieth
 And doometh well
 I the' Earth what lieth; —
 Farewell! Farewell!

V.

'Farewell, ye bowers,'
 Fresh Houses green,
 Where youth pluck'd flowers
 By murm'ring stream:
 Ye friends of childhood
 Who meant me well,
 Ye' re yet remember'd; —
 Farewell! Farewell!

VI.

'My Love insulted,
 My Palace brent,
 My Honour tarnish'd,
 In Exile sent, —
 From Land in sadness
 To th' Sea we' appeal, —
 But Life's young gladness —
 Farewell! Farewell!'

CANTO XV.

The Viking-Code.

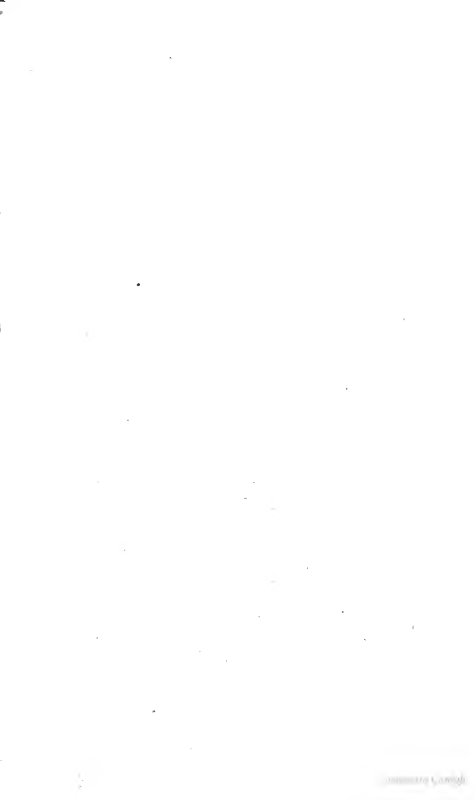
Argument.

THE 'VIKING-CODE' follows, an admirable digest of the battle-breathing maxims acted upon by the freebooters of the North. But still TEGNÉR'S genius has thrown the Rainbow of Pity over the Deluge of Blood!

'Tis enough shouldst thou conquer! — Who prays thee
for peace, hath no sword, — and cannot be thy foe.
Pray'r is VALHALLA'S Child, hear the pale Virgin's voice;
yes! a scoundrel is he that says no!'

In many a sweetly-flowing Stanza is then related the deep melancholy of the love-stricken youth, his struggles to ennoble the pirate-life he professed, his savage reckless death-seeking bravery in battle, his sorrowful home-longing in peace — till at last he concludes;

'There's the flag on the mast, to the Norinland it points,
and the North holds the Country I love;
Back to Northward I'll steer, gladly following the course of
the breezes fresh-blowing above!'



THE VIKING-CODE.

Music by B. CHITZELL, Stockholm

Voice.

Pianoforte.

Maestoso

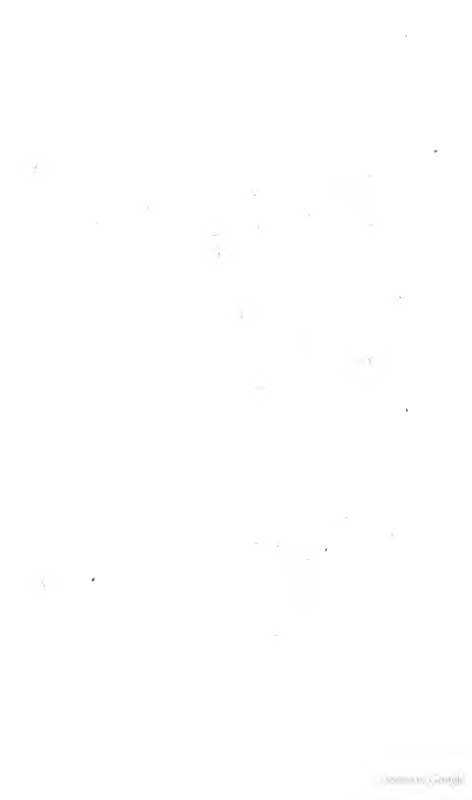
The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a piano introduction in G major, 2/4 time, marked *Maestoso*. The piano part features a rhythmic melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The voice part enters with a single note, followed by a melodic line. The lyrics are in Swedish and English.

För' oss' wide like the sea - ven that

bound: through the sky. Flow be now for the de - so late

von . . . *And his King, a God, who has championed our cause with his*
will will then hear what is he!





CANTO XV.

The Viking-Code.

I.

Far and wide, like the Faleon that hunts through the
sky, flew He now o'er the desolate Sea;
And his Vikinga-Code, for His champions on board, wrote
he well; — wilt thou hear what it be?.

II.

'On thy ship pitch no tent; in no house shalt thou sleep;
in the hall who our friends ever knew?
On his shield sleeps the Viking, his sword in his hand,
and for tent has yon Heaven the blue.

III.

'With a short-shafted hammer fights conquering THOR,
FREY'S own sword but an ell long is made;
That's enough. Hast thou courage! Strike close to thy
foe: not too short for thee then is thy blade!

IV.

'When the storm roars on high, up aloft with the sail;
ah! how pleasant's the Sea in its wrath:
Let it blow, let it blow! He's a coward that furls; rather
founder than furl in thy path.

V.

'On the shore, not on board, mayst thou toy with a maid;
FREJA's self would prove false to thy love:
For the dimple deceives on her cheek, and her tresses
would net-like entrap thee above!

VI.

'Wine is VALFATHER's drink; a carouse thou mayst have;
 but yet steady and upright appear:
 He who staggers on shore may stand up, but will soon
 down to sleep-giving RAN stagger here.

VII.

'Sails the merchant-ship forth, thou his bark mayst protect,
 if — due tribute his weak hand has told:
 On thy wave art thou King; he's a slave to his pelf,
 and thy steel is as good as his gold!

VIII.

'With the dice and the lot shall the booty be shar'd; and
 complain not, however it goes:
 But the Sea-King himself throws no dice on the deck,
 only glory He seeks from his foes.

IX.

'Heaves a Viking ðan sight — then come boarding and strife,
 and hot work is it under the shield;
 But from us art thou banish'd — forget not the doom —
 if a step or a foot thou shalt yield!

X.

'Tis enough, shouldst thou conquer! Who prays thee for
 peace, has no sword — and cannot be thy foe:
 Pray'r is VALHALLA's child, hear the pale Virgin's voice;
 yes! a scoundrel is he who says no!

XI.

'Viking-gains are deep wounds, and right well they adorn
 if they stand on the brow or the breast.
 Let them bleed! Twice twelve hours first must circle ere
 binds them — who Vikinga-comrade would rest!'—

XII.

Thus His Laws carv'd He out, and fresh Exploits each day
 and fresh fame to strange coast-lands he brought;

And his Like found He none on the blue-rolling sea, and
his champions right willing they fought.

XIII.

But Himself sat all darkly, with rudder in hand, and
look'd down on the slow-rocking spray; —
'Deep thou art! Peace perchance in those depths still may
bloom, but above here all peace dies away.

XIV.

'Is the White God enrag'd? — Let him take His good
sword, I will fall should it so be decreed;
But He sits in yon sky, gloomy thoughts sending down;
ne'er my soul from their sadness is freed!' —

XV.

Yet when battle is near, like the fresh eagle flying, his
spirit fierce soars with delight;
Loudly thunders His voice, and with clear brow He stands,
like the Light'ner still foremost in fight.

XVI.

Thus from vict'ry to vict'ry He ceaselessly swam, on
that wide-foaming grave all secure;
And fresh islands He saw, and fresh bays in the South,
till fair winds on to Greek-Land allure.

XVII.

When its groves He beheld, in the green tide reflected,
its temples in ruin bent low; —
FREJA knows what He thought, and the Seald, and if e'er
thou hast known how to love — thou wilt know! —

XVIII.

'Here our dwelling had been! Here's the isle, here's the
land; of this Temple my Sire oft would tell;
Hither 'twas, hither 'twas, I invited my Maid; — ah! She,
cruel, the North lov'd too well!

XIX.

'Mong these happy green vales dwells not Peace? and Re-
 membrance, ah! haunts she not columns so fair?
 Like the whisp'rings of lovers soft murmur those springs,
 and with bridal-songs birds fill the air.

XX.

'Where is INGEBORG now? — Is so soon all forgot — for
 a Chief wither'd, grey-hair'd, and old? —
 I, I cannot forget! Gladly gave I my life, yet once more
 that dear form to behold!

XXI.

'And three years have gone by since my own land I saw,
 kingly Hall of fair Saga the Queen!
 Rise there yet so majestic those mountains to Heav'n,
 keeps my Forefathers' dale its bright green?

XXII.

'On the Cairn where my Father lies buried, a Lime-tree
 I planted — ah! blooms it there now?
 Who its tender shoot guards? — Give thy moisture, O
 Earth! and thy dews, O thou Heaven, give Thou!

XXIII.

'Yet why linger I here, on the wave of the stranger? — is
 tribute, is blood, then my goal?
 I have glory sufficient, and beggarly gold and its bright-
 ness — deep scorneth my soul.

XXIV.

'There's the flag on the mast, to the Northland it points,
 and the North holds the Country I love;
 Back to northward I'll steer, and will follow the course
 of the breezes fresh-blowing above!' —



Engr. by J. J. Blackmore. 1866.

Engr. by J. J. Blackmore.

NOGNE-FJÄLLEN.
From Enns (Kurtz Lake - (Balden) - Strande



CANTO XVI.

Björn and Frithiof.

Argument.

This Canto is very characteristic. Nothing could more effectually have painted BJÖRN the Viking-champion, and FRITHIOF the Champion-hero, of Scandinavia.

In a charming dialogue on board ELLIDA, as she lies frozen-in on the Norwegian coast, FRITHIOF declares his resolution to set out on a visit to — the Court of King RING, his successful and dangerous rival!

‘Go not alone!’

interrupts his faithful Foster-Brother; — ‘Nor do I,’ says FRITHIOF, — ‘my Sword’s at my side!’

CANTO XVI.

Björn and Frithiof.

FRITHIOF.

‘BJÖRN! I’m aweared of surge and of sea!
Billows, at best, are tumultuous urchins;
Northland’s firm, fast-rooted, dear-belov’d Mountains
Wondrously tempt me, afar though they be. —
Happy whom never his land has out-driven,
None ever chas’d from his Father’s green grave!
Ah! too long, yes too long have I striven,
Peaceless and sad, on this Ocean’s wild wave!’ —

BJÖRN.

‘Ocean is good, blame it not; for out yonder
Freedom and gladness abide on its breast;
Nothing know I of weak womanish rest,
Onward I love with the billows to wander. —
When I am old, on the blossoming Earth
I, too, will grow soil-fast as the grass is; —
Goblet and battle shall now be my mirth,
Now I’ll enjoy each young hour as it passes!’ —

FRITHIOF.

'Yet, by hard ice we are hunted on land;
 See! round our keel the big waves lie all lifeless.
 Winter I waste not, the long and the strifeless,
 Here 'mong the rocks of a desolate strand.
 Yule shall again in the Northland delight me,
 Guesting with RING and the Bride that he stole.
 Yes! I'll again view those locks streaming brightly,
 Tones still so lov'd shall yet speak to my soul!' —

BJÖRN.

'Good! Hint no longer. Revenge is our duty;
 RING shall acknowledge a Viking's is dire.
 Sudden, at midnight, his Palace we'll fire,
 First burn the' old Warrior, then ravish the Beauty.
 Haply it chances, in Vikinga-wise,
 Isle-duel worthy the Chieftain thou deemest;
 Or, Thou mayst challenge to Host-fight on ice;
 Say! — I'm prepar'd for whatever Thou schemest!' —

FRITHIOF.

'Arson, oh name not! and think not of war:
 Peaceful I go. The good King has not wrong'd me;
 She too, is guiltless. — Yes! Gods avenge strongly —
 I their insulter — the crimes they abhor.
 Little on Earth may I hope. There remaineth
 Now but to part from the Bride I hold dear: —
 Part, ah! for aye. — When soft Spring again reigneth,
 Then, if not sooner, I haste to thee here.'

BJÖRN.

'FRITHIOF, I cannot excuse, Man! Thy madness. —
 What! for a Woman lament so sore!

Women, good lack! the whole Earth swarm o'er;
Thousands, one gone, will soon banish thy sadness.

Quick, if Thou wilt, where the South Sun glows
Cargoes I'll bring of such wares, more than others

Gentle as lambs and as red as the rose, —
Then draw we lots, or divide them like Brothers!' —

FRITHIOF.

'BJÖRN! Thou art open and glad, like as FREY;

Boldness in fight, skill in counsel, thou showest;

ODEN and THOR both together Thou knowest;

FREJA, the Heav'nly, Thou dost not obey.

Speak we not now of the pow'r each God keepeth;

Rouse not, enrage not, the' Eternal again; —

Sooner or later, the sparkle that sleepeth
Wakes — in the bosom of Gods and of Men!' —

BJÖRN.

'Go not alone. — Seldom way-laid returneth,'

FRITHIOF.

'Well am I follow'd: — My sword's at my side.'

BJÖRN.

'HAGBART, forget not, of hanging died!' —

FRITHIOF.

'He who is taken, his hanging well earneth!' —

BJÖRN.

'Fall'st Thou, War-Brother! I'll 'venge Thee well;
Blood-eagle lines on Thy foe shall be flowing.'

FRITHIOF.

'BJÖRN! 'tis not needed. The cock's loud crowing
Hears he no longer than I. — Farewell!' —

CANTO XVII.

**Frithiof cometh to
King Ring.**

Argument.

Again a Ballad, — and a delightful one it is! What a succession of touching incidents in the Hall of the Patriarch-Monarch!

In an old man's disguise, 'FRITHIOF THE DAUNTLESS' has penetrated to the Court of his foe. A slight quarrel draws RING's attention to the unknown Stranger, and perceiving by his air and answers that he was no common guest, he bids him

'But yon disguise let fall now, and like thyself appear,
Disguis'd thrives Gladness never, and I'll have Gladness here.'

The Stranger obeys, and answers RING's wassail-oath by exclaiming —

'I swear to shelter FRITHIOF, though all the world withstood,
So help my fav'ring NORNA, and this my Falchion good!'

This dauntless chivalry of spirit pleases the old King, and he orders his fair young Spouse (who has already recognized her Lover) to fill-up the Drinking-Horn for the noble Champion. Thereafter, the aged Princee kindly presses his visitor to remain his Guest till Spring, — and the Songs of the Sealds long and late animate the Banquet of the Brave!

FRITHIOF COMETH TO KING RING.

Arrangement by G. BRACE, Stockholm *Air (in imitation of the Italian Style) by G. B.*

Voice.

All? Moderato. King RISE, on High-seat

Pianoforte.

rest - - ing, at Yule drunk men so bright, His

Queen was sat be-side him - all re - sy - red and

white; Like Spring and Au-tumn seem'd they, each

e - ther near to be The fresh Spring IVO - ROKU

lik - - en'd, the chil - ly Au - tumn he The *Coro.*

fresh spring IVO ROKU lik - en'd, the chil - ly Au - tumn

he.

CANTO XVII.

Frithiof cometh to King Ring.

I.

King RING, on High-Seat resting, at Yule drank mead so
bright,
His Queen was sat beside him, all rosy-red and white;
Like Spring and Autumn seem'd they, each other near,
to be,
The fresh Spring ING'BORG liken'd, — the chilly Autumn he.

II.

Unknown, an ancient Wand'rer now treadeth in the Hall,
From head to foot all darkly his thick fur-garments fall;
A staff he feebly holdeth, and bent they see him go, —
That old man yet was taller than all the rest, I trow.

III.

He sat him on the bench there, right down behind the
door;
For that the poor man's station is now, and was before; —
The courtiers eye each other, and basely him deride,
And many a finger pointeth to that grim bear's rough hide.

IV.

Then like two vivid lightnings the Stranger's eyes fierce
flash,
While one hand graspeth quickly a lordling-youth too
rash; —

Right warily the courtier he twirleth round about,
Then silent grew the others — as we had done, no doubt!

V.

‘What noise is that down yonder? — Who breaks our
kingly peace! —
Come up to me, old fellow! Your words to me address!
Your name, your will, whence come ye?’ — Thus the
angry King demands
Of the aged man, half-hidden by th’ corner where he
stands. —

VI.

‘Right much, O King, Thou askest! Yet answer’d shalt
Thou be;
My name I give not, that sure can matter none but me.
In Penitence I’m foster’d, and Want was all I heir’d,
The Wolf from came I hither, for last his bed I shar’d.

VII.

‘In former days I, joyous, the Dragon’s back bestrode;
With wings so strong, he gladly and safe o’er Ocean rode:
Now lies he lam’d and frozen, full close along the land,
Myself, too, am grown old and burn salt upon the strand.

VIII.

‘I came to see thy wisdom, through all the Country known,
And was not made for the insults thy people here have
shown;

By th’ breast a fool I lifted, and round about did swing,
Yet stood he up uninjur’d — forgive me that, O King!’ —

IX.

‘Not ill’, the Monarch crieth, ‘Thou joinest words and wit,
And the ag’d one ought to honour; come — at my board
here sit.

But yon disguise let fall now, and like thy self appear;
Disguis'd thrives Gladness never, and I'll have Gladness
here!'

X.

From off the Guest's high head, then, the hairy bear-hide
fell,

And, 'stead of him so ancient, a stripling all see well;
His lofty temples shading, bright ringlets flow'd unbound,
Like some gold wave encircling his full broad shoulders
round.

XI.

And proud he stood before them, in velvet mantle blue,
With hand-broad silver girdle where beaſts green woods
range through;

With cunning skill had the' Artist emboss'd them out to day,
And round the Hero's middle each other hunted they.

XII.

His Armlet, red gold trinket, to' his arm right splendid
clung;

Like standing heav'n-snatch'd Lightning, his shining War-
Sword hung;

His Hero-glance slow wander'd all calm o'er guest and ha',
He stood there fair as BALDER, and tall as ASA-THOR.

XIII.

The' astonish'd Queen's pale cheeks, how fast-changing
rose-tints dye! —

So purple Northlights, quiv'ring, on snow-hid meadows lie:
Like two white water-lilies on storm-wave wild that rest,
Each moment rising, falling, — so heaves her trembling
breast!

XIV.

Then loud blew signal-trumpets: — death-still became
all there;
For now was the' hour of Promise, and FREY's Boar in
they bear:
His grim mouth holds an apple, his shoulders garlands
grac'd,
And down on silver Charger four bended knees he plac'd.

XV.

And quick King RING he riseth, with grey locks thinly
crown'd,
Then, first the Boar's brow touching, his vow thus speaks
around;
'I swear to conquer FRITHIOF, stout champion though he be,
So help me FREY and ODEN, and THOR more strong than
He!'

XVI.

With mocking laugh, undaunted, the Stranger-chief uprose,
While, flash-like, hero-rage o'er his scornful face quick
goes;
His sword upon the table he dash'd with fearful clang,
And up from the' oaken benches each warrior sudden
sprang.

XVII.

'And hear thou, good Sir Monarch! for I'll too make my
vow;
Young FRITHIOF is my kinsman, I've known him up till
now; —
I swear to shelter FRITHIOF, though all the world with-
stood, —
So help my fav'ring NORNA and this my Falchion good!' —

XVIII.

With smiles the King him answer'd; 'Full bold thy accents
fall,
Yet words were never fetter'd in Northern Kingly Hall. —
Queen! fill for him that Horn there, with wine thou priz-
est best,
Till Spring returns, the Stranger I hope will be our guest.'

XIX.

The Horn which stood before her, the Queen then rais'd
with care,
From the 'Urus' forehead broke, — 'twas a jewel rich and
rare;
Its feet were shining silver, with many' a ring of gold,
While wondrous runes adorn'd it, and curious shapes of
old.

XX.

The Goblet to the Hero She reach'd, with downcast eyne,—
But much Her hand it trembled and spill'd the sparkling
 wine ;
As Ev'ning's purple blushes on snowy Lilies stand ,
So burn'd those drops all darkly on ING'BORG'S fair white
 hand.

XXI.

Straight from the noble Ladye glad took the Guest that
Horn,
Not two men could have drain'd it, as men are now y-born;
But easily and willing, the gentle Queen to please,
The mighty Stranger drain it — in but one draught —
She sees.

XXII.

The Scald, too, his Harp awak'ning, as by RING's board
he sate,

A heart-sprung legend chaunted of Northern Lovers' fate; —
Of HAGBART and fair SIGNE he sang with voice so deep,
That steel-clad bosoms melted — each stern eye long'd
to weep.

XXIII.

Then harp'd he VALHALL's glories, rewards the' Einheriar
gain'd,

And eke their Fathers' exploits, by land and sea obtain'd; —
His sword then grasp'd each warrior, enkindled ev'ry look,
And — ceaseless round the' assembly its course the full
Horn took!

XXIV.

So, — deeply in that King's-House they drank all through
the night, —

A Yule-carouse each champion enjoy'd with such delight;
And then to sleep loud haste they, so glad and free from
care,

But aged RING he slumber'd — by ING'BORG's side the fair!



CANTO XVIII.

**The
Sledge-Excursion.**

Argument.

"The next Canto," says Professor LONGFELLOW,* "describes a sleigh-ride on the ice. It has a cold breath about it. The short, sharp stanzas are like the angry gusts of a north-wester."

The venerable RING and his lovely Spouse will sledge across the 'clear mirror' of the frozen lake. The Stranger warns in vain, — the ice gives way, — and only FRITHIOF's vigorous activity can save them. — He hastens to the side of his Beloved,

'And then, without effort, pulls up with one spring,
On tho' ice, as before, — Sledgo, Charger, and RING!'

* *North American Review*, No XCVI, July 1837, p. 177.

THE SLEDGE EXCURSION.

Allegretto.

Alone + Incongruent
die ersten Ergebnisse

Voice

P i c a n o f o r t e

King RING to a ban-quet sets

out with her Queen. So clear sweeps the air war-like looking for you

stercus *tsai* *tsai*-*tsai* *tsai*-*tsai* *tsai* - *tsai* *tsai* *tsai* *tsai*-*tsai* *tsai*-

la. So clear as crystal the mirror-like lake, / so zen shen

CANTO XVIII.

The Sledge-Excursion.

I.

King RING to a banquet sets out with his Queen,
So clear sweeps the mirror-like lake's frozen sheen.

II.

'Keep back!' said the Stranger, 'that icy path shun;
'Twill give way; cold and deep for a bath its waves run!'

III.

'Not so soon,' answers RING, 'can a King be drown'd;
Let the coward who fears it the lake go round!' —

IV.

Fierce frowns the tall Champion, dark threats in his eyes,
And quick on his feet steel scate-shoes He ties.

V.

Then away darts the Courser, away in his might;
He flame-snorting gallops, — so wild his delight.

VI.

'On! speed thee!' cries RING; 'On! my Swift-of-foot good!
Let us see if thou springest from SLEIPNER's high blood!'

VII.

Like the Storm in its wrath, they dash o'er the lake;
RING heeds not the cry of His Queen — 'It will break!' —

VIII.

Nor idleth the steel-footed Warrior; — His speed
Outstrips, when He wills it, yon fast-flying Steed.

IX.

And many a rune, too, on the' ice He engraves;
Fair ING'BORG drives o'er Her own Name on the waves.

X.

Thus forward they rush on the glassy-smooth path,
But beneath them false RANA her ambush hath:

XI.

In Her silvery roof a deep fissure she reft, —
And the Royal Sledge lies in the op'ning cleft.

XII.

Then pale, pale as death, waxes RING's lovely bride,
But — a whirlwind no swifter — the Guest's at Her side!

XIII.

With iron-heel boring, He the' ice firmly treads; —
So, the Charger's mane grasping, his hands deep embeds;

XIV.

And then, without effort, — He pulls, at one spring,
On the' ice, as before, — Sledge, Charger, and RING. —

XV.

'Full sooth,' cries RING quickly, 'my praise hast thou won;
Not better could strong-handed FRITHIOF have done!' —

XVI.

So back they return to the Palace once more; —
The Stranger will there the long winter pass o'er.

CANTO XIX.

Frithiof's Temptation.

Argument.

This Canto is of a "ryghte excellent eunnyng." A changing flow of soft melancholy or rich wild vigour pervades its stanzas, and a wonderful knowledge of the human heart elevates its moral lessons.

The aged RING and all his Court will to the "merry green wood." He is followed by the blooming INGEBORG and the Stranger-favourite. As the chase waxes hot, however, the old King and FRITHIOF find themselves in a verdant dale, separated from their attendant Train. RING pretends great sleepiness, and shortly after falls into an apparently profound slumber on the young Warrior's knee, as 'calm as the infant on its mother's arm.'

Thon rises 'The Temptation' before the troubled Imagination of the impetuous Sea-King;

'Hero no human eye can see thee, silent is the dark deep grave.'

But — though "a single individual seems alone to stand between him and supreme felicity: and the age is an age of ferocity; might and right are well nigh synonymous; the Viking sports with human life as with the billow; the very minister of religion imbrues his hand in the blood of his fellow-creatures; a death of violence is accounted a blessing, since it opens the gates of Valhalla," * — the generous and noble Youth resists the black-plumed Fiend, throws 'Lightning's Brother' far into the wood, and — the Sleeper waketh!

An explanation succeeds. RING reproaches the Viking with the soerecy of his visit, but does homage to his virtue and valour, and proposes to him a residence of regard and sonship till — the cursoe of Nature shall give him the Throno and INGEBORG. This, the wounded spirit of the 'VARG I VEUM' refuses, — and the Canto closes with FRITHIOF's passionate and despairing 'Hail' to his 'good Dragon', the 'clang of shields' and Death!

* *Strong*, p. 234.

CANTO XIX.

Frithiof's Temptation.

I.

Spring is come; birds sweetly warble, smiles the sun,
the woods are green,
And, unchain'd, the murm'ring streamlets dancing seaward
down are seen.
Glowing red as FREJA's cheeks, young op'ning rose-buds
freshly part,
And to Life's glad joys to hope and courage wakes Man's
heav'n-touch'd heart. —

II.

The' aged King to hunt will go; the Queen, too, shall
attend the sport;
And in motley groups assembles gay deck'd, thronging,
all the Court.
Bows are clatt'ring, quivers rattle, fiery coursers paw the
ground,
And the' impatient hooded falcon screams upon his prey
to bound.

III.

See! there comes the Hunt's proud Mistress. — FRITHIOF!
ah! nor look nor heed!
Star-like on a spring-cloud resting, so She sits her milk-
white steed.

Half a FREJA, half a ROTA, both eclips'd if She were
by, —
From Her rich, light, purple bonnet plumes blue-tinted
wave on high.

IV.

Look not on those eyes' bright azure! look not on those
locks of gold!

Ah! beware that waist — 'tis tap'ring; nor such round
full breasts behold:

Gaze not at the rose and lily on Her changing cheek that
meet;

List not to that voice so dear, like Spring's soft music
sighing sweet.

 γ

Now the long-stretch'd line is ready. Hark away! o'er hill
and dale. —
Horns sound shrilly, and straight up to ODEN's Hall the
glad hawks sail.
Quick to lair and covert fly the screaming game from such
affray,
But, with outstretch'd spear, the fair Valkyria gallops on
Her prey.

VI.

Old and feeble, RING can now the lengthen'd chase no
longer keep;
FRITHIOF only, dark-brow'd, silent, near him rides as forth
they sweep;
Sad, sore, gloomy thoughts are rising thickly in his troubled
breast, —
And, go where he will still croak they, muttering ceaseless,
words unblest. —

VII.

'Why, alas! free Ocean left I? — to my danger rashly
 blind; —
 Grief fares hardly on the billows, scatter'd by the fresh-
 'ning wind.
 Droops the troubled Viking! — Danger soon to tread the
 war-dance charms,
 And away his black dreams vanish, dazzled by the glance
 of arms.

VIII.

'Here how chang'd all is! Unutterable longings whirl their
 wings
 Flutt'ring round my burning forehead. Trance-like are my
 wanderings;
 BALDER's Sanctuary never *can* forgotten be; — nor yet
 The' oath She sware, not She, no! no! the cruel Gods
 have broken it.

IX.

'Yes! the race of Man they hate; its joys they view with
 wrathful look.
 Fiends! — to plant in Winter's bosom — rose-bud mine
 they grimly took:
 Winter! — He the Rose's guardian; — What! His heart
 to feel its price?
 No! — bud, leaf, and stalk his cold breath slow enfrosts
 with glitt'ring ice!'

X.

Thus lamented He. And now they came where, threat'ning
 rocks among,
 Birch and elm high o'er a valley darkly-cluster'd shadows
 flung. —

'See this pleasant dell, how cool!' The King, his charger
leaving, said;

'Come! I'm wearied; here I'll slumber; yon green bank
shall be my bed.' —

XI.

'Rest not here, o King! the ground too hard and cold a
couch would be;

Heavy sleep would follow. Rise! regain thy Halls, led
back by me.' —

'Sleep', said RING, 'like the' other Gods, when least
expected comes; my guest

Surely will not grudge his Host one balmy hour's unbroken
rest!' —

XII.

FRITHIOF now his rich-wrought mantle, loosing, on the
green turf laid,

And upon his knees secure, his head the white-hair'd
Monarch staid.

Heroes so, on war-shield pillow'd — hush'd the battle's
wild alarm, —

Peaceful slumber; so rests the' infant, cradled on its mo-
ther's arm.

XIII.

Calm He sleeps. — But hark! a bird all coal-black sings
from yonder bough; —

'Haste thee, FRITHIOF; slay the dotard!' End at once your
quarrel *now*.

Take his Queen; She's thine; Her sacred kiss of plighted
troth she gave.

Here no human eye can see Thee! — Silent is the dark
deep grave!' —

XIV.

FRITHIOF listens. — Hark! a snow-white bird then sings
 from yonder bough,
 ‘Though no human eye should see thee, ODEN’s eye would
 see it. — How! —
 Wouldst thou, Scoundrel, murder sleep? Shall helpless
 age thy bright sword stain?
 Know, whate’er thou winnest, Hero-fame at least thou
 wilt not gain!’

XV.

Thus contending sang the Birds. — But FRITHIOF seiz’d
 his Falehion good,
 And with horror threw it from him, far into the gloom-
 ful wood:
 Down to NASTRAND flies the coal-black tempter; but, light
 wings his stay,
 Like a harp-tone warbling, hieth the’ other sunward quick
 away.

XVI.

Straight awakes, then, the’ aged Sleeper. — ‘Sweet in-
 deed my rest hath been;
 Well they slumber in the shade whom Warrior guards with
 war-blade keen!
 But — where *is* thy war-blade, Stranger! Lightning’s bro-
 ther’s left thy side;
 Who has parted friends that never from each other should
 divide?’ —

XVII.

‘Little boots it!’ answer’d FRITHIOF; ‘ne’er the North I
 brand-less knew;
 Sharp, O King, the Sword’s tongue is. Yes! words of
 peace it speaks but few.

Imps of darkness haunt the steel, — Hell-Spirits sprung
 from Niffelhem,
 Sleep itself they spare not, — and e'en silver locks but
 anger them! —

XVIII.

'Youth! I slept not! Only would I thus thy hero-soul first
 try; —
 Fools may the' untried man or sword all fondly trust;
 so will not I!
 Thou art FRITHIOF! I have known Thee since Thou first
 my Halls didst find;
 RING, though old, has long perceiv'd his clever guest's
 most secret mind.

XIX.

'Wherefore to my Palace creptst Thou! nameless and in
 close disguise?
 Wherefore; — but to make an aged Chieftain's Bride thy
 stolen prize!
 Never, FRITHIOF, 'mid glad guests her station Honour
 nameless took;
 Sun-bright is Her shield; Her open face would spurn dis-
 sembled look:

XX.

'Fame a FRITHIOF's exploits rumour'd, terror both to Gods
 and Men;
 Desp'rate, careless which, that Viking shields would cleave
 or Temples bren!
 Soon, methought, this Chief will march with upborne
 shield against my Land;
 Soon He came, — but hid in tatters, and a Beggar's staff
 in hand! —

XXI.

‘Why those down-cast glances? I, too, have been young;
 I’ve felt that truth —
 Life is but a life-long contest, and its Berserk’s-Course
 is Youth:
 Youth, ’mid shields round-pressing fierce, shall strive till
 passion’s rage expire;
 I have prov’d and pardon’d, — I have pitied and forgot
 mine ire.

XXII.

‘Listen! — Old I wax, and, feeble, soon shall in my
 Cairn recline;
 Then my Kingdom take, young Warrior; take my Queen
 too, She is thine!
 Be, till then, my Son; and share my Hall’s free welcome
 as before!
 Swordless Champion shall protect me; so our ancient feud
 is o’er’.—

XXIII.

‘Thief like’, answer’d FRITHIOF grimly, ‘came I not with-
 in thy Hall;
 Had I wish’d to seize thy Queen, say — who could stand
 me, who appal?
 Ah! I fain would see my Bride! — Once more, but once!
 Her charms would view;
 And, weak madman like, my love’s half-slumb’ring flame
 I wak’d anew!

XXIV.

‘RING, I go! — Its guest thy Court too long already shel-
 ter’d hath;
 Gods implacable upon my head devote pour all their wrath.
 BALDER with the bright-hued tresses, He whose love each
 mortal shares,
 Me alone fierce hates, of all mankind rejects alone my pray’rs!

XXV.

'Yes! His Fane I laid in ashes! — VARG I VEUM am I hight!
 Sounds my name — loud shrieks the child, and festive
 boards Joy flies affright.

Ycs! Her long-lost Son my Country has rejected and opprest;
 Outlaw'd in my Home-Land am I; outlaw'd, peaceless, in
 my breast!

XXVI.

'On the fresh green Earth no longer, peace vain-seeking,
 will I live;

'Neath my foot the ground burns hotly, and the tree no
 shade will give.

INCEBORG, my own — I've lost! His spoil the white-hair'd
 King retains;

Set, extinguish'd, is my Life's bright Sun — and round
 me darkness reigns.

XXVII.

'Hence, then, to my Ocean will I: — Out my Dragon-
 ship! — Hurrah!

Glad onc! Bathe again thy pitch-black bosom in salt waves afar;
 Flap thy wings in storm-clouds bravely! Hissing cut the
 high-dash'd foam;

Fly where'er a Guide-Star kindles, far as conquer'd billows
 roam!

XXVIII.

'Rattling tempests horrid rolling — deep-voic'd thunders —
 will I hear;

FRITHIOF's soul is then most calm when most the crashing
 din is near.

Hark! old Chief, — shields clang — darts hiss, — out
 on mid Ocean roars the Fray: —

Joyful shall I fall — to hear the Gods, pleas'd, my par-
 don say! —



CANTO XX.

King King's Death.

Argument.

Tender, solemn, decisive, is this beautiful Canto. The music of CRUSELL is its best and shortest incarnation. It is, however, as to the metre *very* difficult to translate; and our Version is, in this instance, more than usually (we hope) inferior to the Original.

Covered with years and glory, and feeling that the hand of Death is on him, RING reprovetH FRITHIOF for his 'girl-like plainings' and intended departuro, and —, shrinking from the 'straw-death' so unwelcome to the old Scandinavian Hero, — he

'runes carves to ODEN'

on breast and on arm.

Then, plodging in one long last draught his Home-Land the North, — he prossed the hand of FRITHIOF and of INGE-BORG, and his soul

'Flew back, with a sigh, up to' ALLFATHER again!



KING RING'S DEATH.

Martoso.

Mus. by B. CRISTIE, Stockholm.

Voice

Pianoforte

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is in a soprano or alto clef, and the piano part is in a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are written below the voice staff.

SKINFANE, streaming Mine-gold, fire, rarer Spring-bloom from
O— even more fair than be— fore. e Horn's Ray, bright
beaming Twice lovely blazes, And plays in the Hall— Mark ' who
tops on the door!—

CANTO XX.

King Ring's Death.

I.

SKINFAXE, streaming
 Mane-gold-fire, raises
Spring's Sun from Ocean, more fair than before:
 Morn's Ray, bright beaming,
 Twice lovely blazes,
And plays in the Hall. — Hark! who taps on the door? —

II.

Buried in sorrow,
 FRITHIOF advanceth;
Pale sits the King: fair INGEBORG's breast
 Heaves like the billow. —
 Faint-trembling, chanteth
The Stranger 'Farewell' to the Halls of his rest: —

III.

'My' wing'd Steed out yonder
 Waves bathe so gay, now;
My' Sea-Horse is longing to dash from the Strand:
 Far must he wander. —
 Th' Guest must away, now,
Away from the friend that he loves and his Land.

IV.

‘ING’BORG! the’ unbroken
 Ring I restore Thee;
 Mem’ries all sacred within it remain: —
 Give not the token!
 Pardons I o’er Thee
 Speak, — for on Earth Thou ne’er seest me again!

V.

‘Never again the
 Fire’s light curl’d daughters
 See I from th’ North rise. — Man is a slave; —
 Nornor they reign! — the
 Wild waste of waters,
 There is my Fatherland, there is my Grave!

VI.

‘Nor on the strand go,
 RING, with Thy consort; —
 Least, when pale stars gleam bright o’er the bay: —
 For ‘mid the sand, o
 Chief! may be up-toss’d
 The’ Outlaw’d young Viking’s bones, bleach’d in the spray!’ —

VII.

Saith RING; — ‘How it wearies,
 List’ning to live-long
 Plainings from Men, as from Girls when they cry!
 Loud in mine ear is
 Long since my death-song
 Echoing: — what then? — Who are born — they must die!

VIII.

‘Strengths none deliver,
 Tears ne’er atone, no
 Strugglings avail, from the NORNOR’s decree.
 RING is the giver!
 ING’BORG’s thy own; — so
 My Son’s firm defence in my realm shalt Thou be!

IX.

‘Friends oft have spoken,
 Seated in Halls here;
 Well have I lov’d golden Peace all around.
 Yet have I broken
 Shields in the valley,
 Shields on the sea — nor grew pale at the Sound.

X.

‘Bleeding now, Geirsodd
 Quick will I carve me,
 North-Kings it fits not to die in their bed:
 Little this final
 Exploit will cost me;
 Living — we’re scarce more at ease than the dead!’

XI.

To’ ODEN then truefast
 Carves He fair Runics,
 Death-runes cut deep on his arm and His breast;
 Sparkling the contrast!
 See! how those streams mix,
 Silver hairs purpling on bosom at rest!

XII.

Wine bring so mellow! —
 Hail to thy Mem'ry,
 Hail to thy glory Thou North blooming bright!
 Harvests' deep yellow,
 Minds thinking clearly,
 The' achievements of Peace, — were on earth my delight.

XIII.

'Oft sought I, fruitless,
 Peace where, 'mid slaughter,
 Wild Chieftains dwelt; — but she'd flown far away:
 Now stands the bloodless
 Tomb's gentle daughter,
 Fav'rite of Heav'n and awaits me to day!

XIV.

'Gods all, I hail ye!
 Sons of VALHALLA!
 Earth disappears; to the' ASAR's high feast
 GJALLAR-HORN bids me;
 Blessedness, like a
 Gold-helmet, circles their up-coming guest!' —

XV.

With one hand then clasp'd He
 ING'BORG, His Dear One;
 The' other to' His Son and the Viking He bends: —
 So, closing gently
 His Eyes to the clear Sun, —
 Sighing, the King's Soul to' ALLFATHER ascends!

CANTO XXI.

Rings's Dirge.

Argument.

How massive, how sublime, is this Song! Glorious the Genius that could imagine its inspiring loftiness!

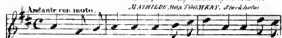
RING is immured in his Cairn. — But see! Valhall opens; crowding Gods welcome the wise Chief, the peaceful warrior, to their Paradise, — and BRAGE chaunts to his sounding harp the praises of virtue uplifted to Heaven!

The peculiar alliterative construction of this Canto, whose distinguishing features we have endeavoured to preserve, may be regarded as a fair specimen of the old Northern poetry in general, and of that of the Icelandic Sagas etc. in particular.

RING'S DIRGE.

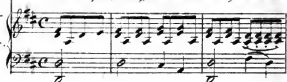
*Music of sorrow and death! By the Poetess
MATHILDE ROSA THOMSEN, Stockholm*

Voice.



Th' hero-sprung his reigu sits in his barrow the blade be-

Pianoforte.



-side him. Buckler on arm. Chasing his counsellor close to his side neigh-



Passing with golden of Thien thy guided grave.



CANTO XXI.

King's Dirge.

I.

Th' Hero-sprung Sov'reign
Sits in His Barrow,
Battle-blade by Him,
Buckler on arm: —
Chafing, his Courser
Close to His side neighs,
Pawing with gold-hoof
The' Earth-girded grave. ,

II.

Royally RING now
Rides over BIFROST,
Rocks with the burden
The' arch-bended bridge.
Wide-ope spring VALHALL's
Vast-vaulted portals,
The' ASAR His hands glad
Hurry to grasp.

III.

Far on a foray
 Fights puissant THOR, but
 Welcomes with wine-cup
 ALLFATHER's wink.
 FREY round the Chieftain's
 Crown plaiteth eorn-ears,
 FRIGGA binds bright-hued
 Blue-flow'rs among.

IV.

White-bearded Bard, ag'd
 BRAGE, his gold-harp
 Sweeps — and yet softer
 Stealeth the lay:
 Lull'd by the lyre-tones
 VANADIS listens,
 Bent o'er the board her
 Bosom of snow: —

V.

'Swords 'mid cleft helmets
 Savagely sing, and
 Fierce-boiling billows
 Blood-red still run.
 Arm-strength, which good Gods
 Give to the warrior,
 Brutal as Berserk
 Bites on the shield.

VI.

'Hail! then to VALHALL
 Heav'n-honour'd Prince, whose
 Shield His sav'd Country
 Shelter'd with — peace!

Type of tried strength soft
 Temper'd by love, like
 Incense rich-rising,
 Reach'dst thou the sky!

VII.

'Words wise and chosen
 VALFATHER whispers,
 Seated by SAGA,
 Söquabäck's Maid; —
 So clang the Chieftain's
 Silver-clear tones, like
 MIMER's fount, flowing
 Freshly and deep.

VIII.

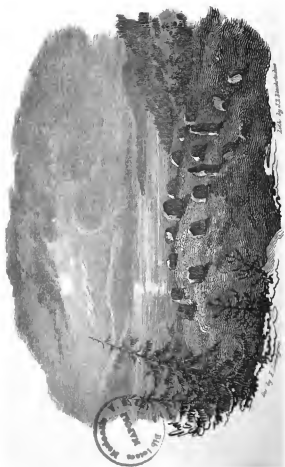
'Furious feudmen
 FORSET' appeases,
 Doomer where URDA's
 Welling waves flow; —
 So on the doom-stone,
 Dreadful but dear, wise
 RING hasten'd Heroes'
 Hands to disarm.

IX.

'Generous gifts, too,
 Gave He, — rich-scatt'ring
 Round Him Dwarf-Day-shine,
 Dragon-bed bright;
 Glad from His princely
 Palm went the present;
 Light from His lips flew
 Love, Pity, Hope!

X.

'Welcome, then, Wise One!
VALHALL's-Heir, Welcome!
Long shall the North-Land
Laud thy lov'd name.
BRAGE, the mead-horn
Holding, hails courteous, —
RING, NORNOR's Peace-Pledge,
Prince from the North!' —



SCANDINAVIAN TING-PLACE

Died - Mound

CANTO XXII.

**The Election to the
Kingdom.**

Argument.

RING's vacant throne must be filled. The free yeomen of the land assemble to elect a successor.

Willingly will they persuade the daring and renowned FRITHIOF to marry the widowed Queen, and assume the diadem. But that Chief, impelled by a spirit of chivalrous delicacy, and borne down by oppressive and consuming remorse — 'will choose his bride himself,' and, unreconciled to the offended BALDER, dare not claim INGEBORG's hand.

Having, therefore, procured the election of RING's young Son * to the throne, which he promises to protect, the peace-seeking Viking kisses the Child's fair brow, and disappears slowly over the heath.

* "Of such recorded deviations from the rule of regular inheritance, our Poet has taken advantage to exhibit his Hero superior to the temptations of ambition, as already he had proved himself elevated above the meaner seductions of vengeance and desire." *Strong's Frithiof*, p. 272.

CANTO XXII.

The Election to the Kingdom.

I.

TO TING! Away! O'er dale and hill
The Fire-Cross speeds;
King RING is dead; — His throne to fill —
A Diet needs.

II.

To' his wall-hung Sword each yeoman flies,
Its steel is blue; —
And quick its edge his finger tries,
It bites right true.

III.

On shine so steel-blue joyful gaze
His laughing boys;
The blade's too big for one to raise,
It *two* employs.

IV.

From spot and stain his daughter frees
The Helm with care;
But how she blushes, when she sees
Her image there!

V.

His Shield's round fence, a Sun in blood,
 Last guards his mail. —
 Hail iron-limb'd Freeman! Warrior good!
 Hail yeoman, hail!

VI.

Thy Country's honour, — glory, — all —
 Thee gone, would cease;
 In battle still thy brave Land's wall,
 Its voice in peace! —

VII.

Thus gather they, with clang of shields
 And arms' hoarse sound,
 In open TING, for Heav'n's blue fields
 Sole roof them round.

VIII.

But, standing on the TING-Stone there,
 See FRITHIOF hold
 (A child as yet) the King's young heir
 With locks of gold. —

IX.

'Too young's that Prince,' — loud murmur then
 The' assembled throng;
 'Nor Judge he'll be among his men,
 Nor War-Chief strong.' —

X.

But FRITHIOF on His shield lifts high
 The Son of RING; —
 'Northmen! not yet your Land's hopes die; —
 See here your King!

XI.

'See here old ODEN's awful Race
 In image bright;
 The shield he treads with youthful grace; —
 So fish swims light.

XII.

'I swear his Kingdom to protect
 With sword and spear;
 Till, with his father's Gold-wreath deck'd,
 I crown him here!

XIII.

'FORSETE, BALDER's high-born Son,
 Hath heard mine oath;
 Strike dead, FORSET', if ere I'm won
 To break my troth!' —

XIV.

But thron'd King like, the lad sat proud
 On shield-floor high;
 So the' Eaglet glad, from rock-hung cloud,
 The Sun will eye!

XV.

At length this place his young blood found
 Too dull to keep;
 And, with one spring, he gains the ground —
 A royal leap!

XVI.

Then rose loud shouts from all the TING, —
 'We, Northmen free,
 Elect thee! — Shield-borne Youth! like RING,
 Thy father, be!

XVII.

'Neath FRITHIOF's guardian counsels live,
 Thy realm his care: —
 Jarl FRITHIOF, as thy bride we give
 His Mother fair!' —

XVIII.

'To-day,' — the frowning Chief replied, —
 'A King we choose,
 Not marry; — when I take my Bride,
 None for me wooes.

XIX.

'To BALDER's sacred Grove I go;
 My NORNOR dread
 I swore should there be met, — and know
 They wait my tread.

XX.

'Yes, all my fortunes, all my love,
 I them will tell;
 Time's spreading 'Tree beneath, above,
 Those Shield-maids dwell.

XXI.

'BALDER's, the light-hair'd pale God's, wrath
 Still 'gainst me burns;
 None else my heart's young Spouse ta'en hath,
 None else returns!' —

XXII.

His brow slight kissing, RING's fair Child
 Salutes He low;
 Then, silent, o'er the heath-plain wild
 He vanish'd slow.

CANTO XXIII.

Frithiof

on his

Father's Barrow.

Argument.

Events hasten to their completion. This Canto, which abounds in the tenderest and most affecting interest, leads to the "final end."

The wearied, heart-broken, humbled young Sea-King revisits his Home-fields and the Cairn of his Father. His thoughts there how agonizing, his repentance how moving, his prayer how deep!

And BALDER hears!

The Celestial Temple that rises before him in gorgeous beauty, intimates at once the answer and its condition.

To see is to feel, to feel — to resolve.

'Here on my shield I'll sleep — and dreaming wonder
How Man's appeas'd, and Gods forget their thunder!'

FRITHIOF ON HIS FATHER'S BARROW.

Arrangement by G. BRACE, Stockholm

Adapted by G. S.

Voice.

Mesto.

"How love-ly smiles the Sun, how friend-ly
In Evening dews ALL-FATHER'S love angels

Pianoforte.

dance From branch to branch her mildly soft-est beams;
glance As in the a-noon-deep with pure clear gleam. How

red the dye that o'er you bill ad-vances, On BALDER'S at-tar-

stems all bleed its dream! Soon sleep the bu-ried band on Night's black pillow, soon

do, you golden shield sleep 'neath the hel-low."

CANTO XXIII.

Frithiof on his Father's Barrow.

I.

'How lovely smiles the Sun, how friendly dances
From branch to branch Her mildly-soften'd beam;
In Ev'ning's dews ALLFATHER's look bright glances,
As in His Ocean-deeps, with pure clear gleam!
How red the dye that o'er yon hill advances,
On BALDER's Altar-stone all blood its stream!
Soon sleeps the buried land on Night's black pillow,
Soon She, yon golden shield — sinks 'neath the billow.

II.

'But first, on those dear spots I'll gaze and ponder,
My childhood's friends, where charm'd so oft I've stood.—
The self-same flow'rs still scent the Eve, and yonder
The self-same birds' soft music fills the wood;
And round that rock the tumbling waves still wander, —
O happy he, who ne'er has plough'd their flood!
To Fame and Name and Exploits false waves wake thee,
But far, ah! far from Homeland's vales they take thee!

III.

'Stream! well I know thee; oft, my heart by sadness
Unblighted yet, I brav'd thy waters clear.
Dale! well I know thee; there we swore, weak madness!
An endless faith — such faith we find not here.

Ye Birches, too! whose bark in Love's young gladness
 I carv'd with many' a rune, unchang'd appear
 With silv'ry stems, and leaf-crowns graceful bended: —
 All, all's the same, 'tis my fond Dream that's ended!

IV.

'Is all the same? — Ah! here no *Framnäs* towers,
 No BALDER's Temple gems the sacred strand.
 Yes! fair they were, my childhood's vales and bowers,
 Now waste and spoil'd by sword and flaming brand;
 Man's vengeance, and the wrath of VALHALL's Powers
 Dark warnings speak from this black fire-brent land, —
 Hence, Pilgrim! here no pious step abideth,
 For BALDER's Grove wild forest-creatures hideth!

V.

'Through all our life a Tempter prowls malignant,
 The cruel NIDHÖGG from the world below.
 He hates that ASA-Light, whose rays benignant
 On th' Hero's brow and glitt'ring sword bright glow.
 Each scoundrel-deed which Passion's rage indignant
 Prompts, He commits, curs'd tax to realms of woe;
 And when successful, when the Temple blazes, —
 His coal-black hands the Fiend loud-clapping raises!

VI.

'Far-shining VALHALL! — Is *no*' Atonement granted?
 Mild blue-ey'd BALDER! wilt Thou take no fine?
 Blood-fines take we, when kinsmen fall; the' undaunted
 High Gods themselves are sooth'd when altars shine.
 O Thou, 'of all the Gods for Love most vaunted,
 Some off'ring ask, — whate'er Thou wilt is thine.
 Could FRITHIOF dream the flames would upward muster? —
 Give back, then, Hero-God! my Shield's stain'd lustre.

VII.

'Remove Thy burden; 'tis too heavy for me!

Extinguish in my soul these spectres drear.

Repentance sues. The crime one moment saw me

Dare, let a glorious life atone. Though here
The *Light'ner* stood, I swear he would not awe me!

The pale-blue HEL herself I would not fear; —
At Thee, whose looks the Moon's white beams resemble,
And Thy revenge, o gentle God, I tremble! —

VIII.

'Here stands my Father's Cairn. — Sleeps He hereunder? —

Ah! Thither rode He whence returneth none!

You starry tent His home, the shields' loud thunder

Now hears He glad, or mead-draughts has begun. —
From Heav'n's fields look, thou ASA-Guest! nor wonder —

Thy SON invokes Thee, THORSTEN VIKINGSSON!
Nor runes I have, nor spells, nor wizard-token, —
But say, how ASA-BALDER's rage is broken! - - -

IX.

'Has, then, the Grave no tongue? — From out his barrow

Spake strong-arm'd ANGANTYR for sword of steel;

But what was TIRFING's price, though like swift arrow

It struck, to what I ask? — No sword reveal,
An Isle-fight such will give, — but wounds that harrow

The soul, O teach me, ASGÂRD-Chief, to heal!
My' uncertain gaze direct; O lead my guesses; —
Sore, BALDER's wrath a noble mind distresses!

X.

'Thou speak'st not, Father! — Hark! in tones soft-blended

The Billow murmurs; let its words be thine!

The Storm-wind rises; on His wings suspended,

O whisper ere He go, some hint divine!

Like golden rings the sun-set Clouds are bended; —

Let one of them Thy thought's bright Herald shine! —
No word! — no Sign! — Thy Son's distresses heed'st Thou
Dear Father? — Ah! poor Death! what pity need'st Thou? . . .

XI.

The Sun is quenched; and Ev'ning's breeze is trolling

To the Earth's tired race its cloud-sprung lullaby;
And Ev'ning's blush drives up, Her chariot rolling

With rose-red wheels along the dark'ning sky;
Like some fair VALHALL-vision, men consoling,

She flies blue-tinted hills and vallies by. —
Then sudden, o'er the Western waters pendent,
An Image comes, with gold and flames resplendent.

XII.

An air-born Phantom call we such heav'n-wonder,
(In VALHALL sounds its name more fair I ween;)
O'er BALDER's groves it hovers, night's clouds under,
Like gold-crown resting on a bed of green.

Above, below, — its rich hues VALHALL's plunder —
It glows with pomp ne'er 'fore by mortal seen.
At last, to' a Temple settling, firm 'tis grounded, —
Where BALDER's stood, another Temple's founded!

XIII.

Of BREIDABLICK an Image, o'er the rifted

And cavern'd cliff, high walls like silver shone:
The steel-cut pillars deep-blue tints quick shifted,
One splendid jewel was its Altar-stone:

Light hung the Dome, as though by sprites uplifted,
And clear and pure as Winter's starry zone;
And high therein, rich sky-blue dresses wearing,
Sat VALHALL's Deities, bright gold-crowns bearing,

XIV.

And see! the NORNOR in the Porch assembled,
 On rune-carv'd shields supported gallantly;
 Three rose-buds in one Urn the group resembled, —
 All solemn sweetness, charming dignity.
 And URDA, silent, points where th' ruins trembled,
 But SKULDA shews the new Fane's Majesty. —
 And scarce had FRITHIOF, glad and wond'ring, banish'd
 His troublous dread — when straight the Pageant vanish'd!

XV.

'Enough, ye Maidens, Time's pure spring attending!
 Thy Sign it was, o Hero-Father good!
 The ruin'd Temple shall again, o'erbending
 The steep as erst, stand beauteous where it stood.
 How sweet — with peaceful exploits thus contending —
 To' atone the' impetuous rage of youth's hot blood! —
 Once more the fierce-rejected hopeful liveth;
 Appeals'd and mild — the WHITE GOD now forgiveth!

XVI.

'Hail! Welcome! Stars, up yonder wand'ring nightly;
 Your silent courses glad I see once more.
 Hail! Northern-Lights, up yonder flaming brightly;
 Red Temple-fires ye were for me before.
 Green flourish, Cairn! — And, from the wave trill'd lightly
 Again, thou wondrous Song, soft music pour! —
 Here on my shield I'll sleep, and dreaming wonder
 How Man's appeals'd, and Gods forget their thunder!' —





THE TEMPLE OF THE WHITE OOD 'BALDER
Don't you wonder, Balder's Temple?

CANTO XXIV.

The Reconciliation.

Argument.

With a deeply-affected heart, we trace our last outline of the concluding scene of this noble Poem. May the peace and blessing of 'the second BALDER' ever abide with its illustrious Author!

As if by magic, the New Temple rises, still more magnificent, where the former stood. FRITHIOF's work it is. Yes! It is Passion's Atonement, the Sacrifice of Self, the Token of a holier and a purer life. And 'the White God' — sheweth mercy.

'Great BALDER's Priest Supreme'

approaches the steel-clad worshiper, tenderly instructs his ignorance, telleth of HELGE's fate, persuades to Reconciliation with the cowering HALFDAN, and thereafter unlooses and reverses the awful sentence of the 'VARG I VEUM' who again stands boldly forth, excommunicate no more, — reconciled to God and to his foe!

And INGEBORG — ah!

'Then to her heart's first best Belov'd, Her childhood's friend,

She gives her lily hand

In nuptial band,

As before pard'ning BALDER's altar both low bend!'

We have not preserved the original metre * of this last Canto. It was *too near* prose, to be safe in *our* hands. TEGNÉR writes it, and it has a majestic march suitable to the didactic nature of the subject. But in our version, we fear, would only have been found the even monotony of a peculiar blank-verse style, without the sweetness and brilliancy with which TEGNÉR has adorned it. We have therefore broken up the Canto into a series of stanzas of various and irregular metres, according to the spirit of every paragraph. Happy shall we be, if we have thereby laid an embargo upon those "arms of MORPHEUS", with which he is so inclined to embrace the unfortunate readers of unfortunate verse!

*) The Iambic Trimeter (unused in English), except in the IIIrd, Xth, and parts of the VIIth, XXIIrd and XXIVth Stanzas, as specimens.

CANTO XXIV.

The Reconciliation.

I.

Finish'd great BALDER's Temple stood!
Round it no palisade of wood
Ran now as erst:
A railing stronger, fairer, than the first
And all of hammer'd iron — each bar
Gold-tipp'd and regular —
Walls BALDER's sacred House. Like some long line
Of steel-clad champions, whose bright war-spears shine
And golden helms afar — so stood
This glitt'ring guard within the holy wood!

II.

Of granite blocks enormous, join'd with curious care
And daring art, the massy pile was built; and there
(A giant-work intended
To last till Time was ended,)
It rose like UPSAL's Temple, where the North
Saw VALHALL's Halls fair imag'd here on Earth.

III.

Proud stood it there on mountain-steep, its lofty brow
Reflected calmly on the sea's bright-flowing wave.
But round about, some girdle like of beautiful flow'rs,
Went BALDER's Dale, with all its Groves' soft-murmur'd sighs,
And all its birds' sweet-twitter'd songs, — the Home of Peace.

IV.

High was the bronze-cast Portal, and two rows
 Of circling columns on their shoulders strong
 The Dome's arch'd round bore up; and fair as shows
 A gold-shield bright
 All vaulted light, —
 So fair, so light, above the Fane that Dome it hong.

V.

Farthest within, the God's High-Altar rested,
 Hewn all of one sole block
 From Northern marble rock;
 And round thereon its scroll the Serpent twisted,
 With solemn rune
 Each fold thick strewn,
 Whose words from HAVAMAL and VALA taken
 Deep thoughts in ev'ry human bosom waken, —
 While in the wall above
 A niche was seen with stars of gold
 On dark-blue ground; and there, behold!
 All mild and gentle as the silver Moon
 Sitting Heav'n's blue aboon,
 The silver Image stands of BALDER, God of Love! —

VI.

So seem'd the Sanctuary. — Forth in pairs now tread
 Twelve Temple-virgins; vests of silver thread
 Adorn each slender form, and roses red
 O'er ev'ry cheek soft graces shed,
 And spread
 O'er ev'ry innocent heart a fragrant fair rose-bed. —
 Before the White God's Image, and around
 The late-bless'd Altar, dancing, — light they bound

With scenes of murd'rous strife
 And bold adventures rife,
 Like some dark bloody shadow sinketh
 Fast down to Night; — Ah! glad he drinketh
 Forgetfulness' sweet cup, and thinketh,
 'Repose, at last, those Sea-King exploits have, —
 I stand a flow'r-crown'd Bauta-Stone upon their Grave!'

IX.

High and still higher mounts the sweet-ton'd lay,
 And upward as its warbled harm'nies roll —
 The Hero's soul
 Wings glad its flight
 To VALASKJALF the bright,
 From Earth's low vallies far, far, far away! —
 As, from the Mountain's breast,
 In ice-mail drest,
 Its winter-cuirass melts and falls
 When back again
 To Gods and Men
 Spring's Sun life's joys recalls; —
 So human vengeance vanishes,
 So human hate He banishes;
 And, as he stands in silent ecstasy,
 His Hero-bosom swells with Peace's sun-lit seal —

X.

Yes! 'twas as if he felt the heart of Nature beat
 Responsive to his own; as if, deep-mov'd, he'd press
 In brotherly embrace Heimskringla's Orb, and Peace
 Straight make with all Creation — while the God looks on! —
 Then up the Temple trode great BALDER's Priest supreme,
 Not young and fair, the White God like, but tall of mien
 With heav'nly mildness on his noble features stamp'd,

And grac'd with silver beard that down to' his girdle flow'd. —
Unwonted rev'rence FRITHIOF's haughty soul now felt,
And the' eagle-pinions on his Helm he bended deep
As the' age-crown'd Seer advanc'd; — who words of peace
thus spoke. —

XI.

'Son FRITHIOF, welcome! Yes, I've long expected
That Thou shouldst come, — for Force, tis true, still
wanders
Round land and sea afar, wild Berserk like
That pale with rage the shield's hard border biteth;
But yet, at last, it home returns again
Outwearied and all calm. — The strong-arm'd THOR
Full oft 'gainst giant Jotunheim did wend —
But spite his Belt celestial, spite his Gauntlets,
Utgårda-LOKE still his throne retains; —
Evil, itself a force, to force yields never!

XII.

'Goodness, not join'd with Strength, must child's-play be;—
On ÅGIR's bosom so, the Sun shines prettily:
But fickle as the flood the graspless splendour see!
As sink or rise the billows — thus, all changcably,
The fairy brightness flitteth, moving endlessly. —
And Force, from Goodness sever'd, surely dics;
Self-eating, self-consum'd, as sword that lies
In some damp Cairn — black rust corrodes the prize:
Yes! Life's debauch fierce Strength's mad riot is!
But ah! Oblivion's Heron flutters still
O'er goblet-brim that traitorous sweet draughts fill,
And deep's the waken'd Drunkard's shame for deeds of ill!

XIII.

'From the' Earth all Strength proceeds, from YMER's
body;

The wild tumultuous waters are its veins,

Its ev'ry sinew is of smithied brass;

But still 'tis empty all, and bare, and barren —

Till Heav'n's bright Goodness rise,

Till fruitful sun-beams stream from laughing skies.

Then blooms the grass, then purple flow'rs their broid'ry
weave,

Then rounds the golden fruit, fresh crowns the forest leave,

And Men and animals from Mother-Earth new life receive.

XIV.

'Thus 'tis with ASKER's children. — In the scale
Of ev'ry human life ALLFATHER placeth

Two weights, each other balancing — when right

The beam is pois'd; and Earthly Strength we call

The one, while the' other hight is Heav'nly Goodness. —

Strong is great THOR, no doubt, when Megingjard

He braces tightly o'er his rock-firm loins,

And strikes his best; — and ODEN too, I trow,

Is wise enough, by URDA's silver wave

Sitting and gazing downwards, while his Eagles,

Swift messengers! come flying from afar *

And tell to the' ASAR's Sire this round world's tidings; —

But, Son! They both grew pale, the vivid brightness

Of both Their crowns half-faded, — when White BALDER,

The gentle Deity, the banding Gem

In VALHALL's wreath divine, — all sudden fell! —

Then on Time's wide-stretch'd Tree its leaf-crown's glory

Fast wither'd, while grim NIDHÖGG bit, triumphant,

Its deep-torn roots! — Then old Night's prison'd forces

Broke loose at once, while *Midgård's Serpent* dash'd
 With venom'd tail the far-empoison'd skies,
 And FENRIS howl'd and roar'd, and SURTUR's fire-blade
 From Muspelheim blaz'd bright. — Wherever, since,
 Thy vision gazes — still through all Creation
 The rocking battle goes! — The gold-comb'd Cock
 The Gods in VALHALL loudly crow'd to arms;
 The blood-red Cock as shrilly summons all
 On Earth and down beneath it. —

XV.

'Ah! Peace till then
 Sat thron'd in VALHALL, — sat enthron'd 'mong Men —;
 In human bosom, and in each God's breast
 Breath'd heav'n'ly rest!

XVI.

'But here what happens, hath already happen'd
 On a still grander scale above us. — Man's
 But VALHALL imag'd faintly, — Heav'n's soft light
 Reflected dim in SAGA's rune-grav'd shield.

XVII.

'Each heart its BALDER hath. — Hast Thou forgot, my Son!
 Those days, ere Life's dark struggles had begun,
 When all existence was so glad, so fresh, so one
 As is the woodland Songster's dream
 When Summer-Eve's warm breezes gently stream
 Lulling each drowsy flow'ret's head,
 Rocking that Songster's own soft leaf-green bed? —
 Ah! then, thou ASA-born, thou moving Image fair
 Of glorious VALHALL! — still in thy spirit pure
 Did BALDER's life endure!

To th' Child the God lives ever, and whene'er
 A new-born Infant sees the day —
 HELA, that Goddess grim, restores her prey.

XVIII.

'But in each human soul we find
 That Night's dark HÖDER, BALDER's brother blind,
 Is born and waxeth strong as he;
 For — blind is ev'ry Evil born, as bear-cubs be. —
 Night is the cloak of Evil; but all Good
 Hath ever clad in shining garments stood.
 The busy LOKE, Tempter from of old,
 Still forward treads incessant, and doth hold
 The bliud one's murder-hand, whose quick-launch'd spear,
 Pierceth young BALDER's breast, that Sun of VALHALL's
 sphere!

XIX.

'Then waketh HATE; for prey springs Violence quick;
 And hungry roameth, hill and valley round,
 The Sword's grim Wolf, while Dragons wildly swim
 O'er redly-flowing billows: — for pale Virtue
 Sits hopeless, strength-less, shadow-like, with HEL
 All dead amongst the dead, and BALDER's House
 Once tow'r'd so high, now lies a black'ning ruin!

XX.

'The lofty ASAR's life thus images
 The lower course of Man's Existence; — both
 Are great ALLFATHER's thoughts, and alter never!
 What hath been, as what shall be, knoweth well
 The mystic VALA's chaunt; that chaunt, the sweet-ton'd
 Soft cradle-lullaby of infant Time,

Its death-dirge also peaaleth. Yes! the records
Of wide Heimskringla echo VALA's Song,
And Man therein his own sad story readeth.

XXI.

'The VALA asks Thee, — mark, my Son! her words, —
'Grasp Ye the Sense, or no?'

XXII.

'Thou wilt be reconcil'd. But Reconcilement's — what?
Nay! Youth, undaunted meet my gaze and turn not pale:
The' Atoner wanders round our Earth, — and *Death* he's
hight.

All Time is, in itself, a troubled streamlet
From vast Eternity; all earthly life
From great ALLFATHER's throne hath fall'n, Atonement
Restores us thither back, all cleans'd and pure.
Yes! the' ASAR, ev'n, have fall'n; and *Ragnarök*
Is their great day of reconciliation. Ah!
A bloody day 'twill be, on VIGRID's boundless
Wild death-strewn Plain — for there shall the' ASAR perish!
But unaveng'd they fall not; No! all Evil
Dies there an endless Death, while Goodness riseth,
From that great World-fire, purified at last,
To' a Life far higher, better, nobler than the past!

XXIII. *

'Yes! tho' from Heav'n's proud brow the garland drops
Of faded stars, and Earth sinks in the deep —
Fairer and newly-born her flow'r-crown'd head
Again shall rise above the crystal flood;
And younger stars shall hold, with purer lustre,
Their silent course above the new creation.

XXIV.

'But BALDER then, where verdant hills fresh rise, shall rule
 The new-born ASAR, and the pure-made race of Men:
 And those fair golden Runic-Tablets lost, alas!
 In Time's young Dawning — VALHALL's Children, reconcil'd,
 'Mong IDA-VALLEY's fragrant grass shall find once more!

Thus is the death of fallen Goodness only
 Its reconciliation, its fierce furnace-proof,
 Another birth to a far-other life,
 Which backward flies whence first it emanated
 And innocently playeth, infant-like
 On parent-knee upborne. Ah! after all —
 The best, the happiest, noblest, of existence
 Beyond the Tomb we find, that green-deck'd portal
 Of GIMLE's Paradise. Yes! low, and with but ill
 Deep stain'd is what we meet beneath Heav'n's star-lit hill!

XXV.

'Yet ev'n this life Atonement hath, — its lowly path
 Dim Antitype of that still higher, The last Day's fire!
 Imperfect and yet sweet it is,
 Like Minstrel-harmonies
 When deep-skill'd Scald with ready finger sweeps
 The waking Harp,
 And broken chords doth strike, and keeps
 Now low, now sharp,
 Tuning the quiv'ring strings
 With dream-like fragment echoings;
 Till, high up-borne at last on Music's wings,
 With full tones richly peal'd, entranc'd he sings
 Of exploits and of heroes brave;
 Awaking from their grave
 The mighty Forms of old, —

While, charm'd, his beaming eyes behold
All VALLHALL's glories, all great ODEN's pillar'd gold!

XXVI. **

'Earth is Heav'n's shadow — human life the porch
And outer court of BALDER's heav'nly Temple.
The vulgar offer blood — they bring proud steeds,
With gold and purple deck'd, before the altar —
It is a symbol, rightly read, that blood
Is the red dawn of every day of grace.

XXVII.

'But still the token
Can ne'er the substance be;
What thou thyself hast broken
None but thy self atones for thee!
The dead are reconcil'd in great ALLFATHER's
Bosom celestial; but the sole Atonement
Of him who lives, is in his own deep breast.
There is one offering, which the Gods prefer
To thousand hecatombs, — the sacrifice
Of that wild hate and burning fierce revenge
Harbour'd in thine own bosom. Canst Thou not
Their thirsty sabres charm to peace again —
Ah! canst Thou not forgive — what wilt Thou, Youth!
In BALDER's mansion here? — What meant Thou, say —
With this arch'd Temple, built to Peaceful Powers?

'No pil'd-up stones atone!

Such off'rings BALDER will have none.

No! — with mild, merciful, pure Peace alone
Atonement lives;

In Heav'n, on Earth, 'tis only Peace that Pardon gives!
First with thyself and with thy foe united be, —
Thou then art reconcil'd with yon pale Deity!

XXVIII.

' In lands far south, 'tis said,
 Is some new BALDER worshiped;
 He, the pure Virgin's Son, from Heav'n who sped,
 Sent by the' ALLFATHER's self to explain the dim
 And yet unfathom'd runes which crowd the rim
 Bord'ring the shield of Darkness, that dread shield
 Worn by the NORNOR. — Never would this BALDER wield
 Our Earth's dark blood-stain'd arms. No! still in his glad field
 Was Peace His battle cry, His bright sword Love,
 And o'er His silver helmet sat the Dove
 Of brooding Innocence. — His pious days
 In sweet instruction pass'd, or pray'r or praise;
 And when He died, His dying voice forgave, —
 And now, 'neath far-off palms, still stands His shining grave.
 This doctrine, say they, spreads o'er ev'ry land,
 Melting hard hearts and joining hand in hand,
 And on this Earth, now reconcil'd again,
 Upraising gentle Peace's wide domain.
 Not yet, alas!
 Hath human lip to mine ag'd ear explain'd aright
 This Creed; but still, when better moments o'er me pass,
 My dim gaze darkly sees afar its streaming light. —
 Ah! where is human heart that hath not, like as mine,
 Presag'd its truths divine? —
 But this I know: — One day, with dove-white wings
 She comes, and gently floats along, and sings
 O'er all the hilly North. — But *then* no North
 Will send, as now, its savage Warriors forth; —
 No! while new Chieftains reign, shall flourish other men:
 And deep in Hero-cairns, forgotten then,
 Our bones will lie;
 While Northland's oaks above us deeply sigh. —

Ye happier Race, ye Sons who then shall drink
 That new Light's lustre foaming o'er the brink
 Of Truth's bright beaming goblet, — hail! all hail!

Yes! words would fail
 To speak how bless'd ye'll be,
 If far from off your Heav'n those shadows flee
 Which have so gloomily,
 As yet, hung thickly stretch'd on high,
 Hiding like some damp veil Life's sunny sky!
 But still, ye Sons, despise not us, your Fathers' Line; —
 Ah! with what eager gaze, our eyne
 Have ceaseless sought to drink those rays divine
 Shining from Life's and Light's bright Sun: —
 Know! He hath many Envoys, — but the' ALLFATHER's One!

XXIX.

'Thou hatest BELE's Sons; — but wherefore hate them? —
 For sooth, because that — to a Yeoman's child
 They would not give their Sister — She — descended
 From SEMING's blood, the' illustrious ODEN's offspring! —
 Yes! sprung from VALHALL's thrones is BELE's race,
 Bright genealogy, just source of pride!
 But birth is chance, is fortune, — thou observest —
 And cannot be a merit. — Know, my Son,
 That Man still boasts of fortune, not of Merit. —
 Say! is't not gen'rous Gods who were the givers
 Should any noble quality adorn us? —
 With haughty pride Thou art thyself inflam'd
 At all thy Hero-exploits, all thy fierce-nerv'd
 Resistless strength; but didst Thou give thyself
 This force? — Was't not great ASA-THOR who strung
 Firm as gnarl'd oak Thy tough and sinewy arm? —
 Say! is't not *God*-sprung courage that so gladly,

So loudly, throbs within that shield-hung fortress
 Thy fast-arch'd breast? — And that clear-flaming glance
 Leaping from out thine eye, — say! is't not lightning
 From Heav'n that playeth there? — The lofty NORROR
 E'en at thy cradle sang the princely Legend
 Of all Thy life's adventures! — Ah, from these
 Thou hast no greater merit, than have King BELE's
 Two boasting Sons that — 'twas a King begat them!
 Condemn not, judge not, others' pride! then none
 Will judge thine own. —

'King HELGE is no more!' —

'King HELGE, He' — said FRITHIOF, — 'when, where, how?'

XXX.

'Thyself knowst well, that whilst thou here hast builded
 This Temple to the God, — King HELGE march'd
 On painful foray, 'mong the heathen Fins
 Sealing each mountain-wall. In Finland's borders,
 Rais'd on a barren time-worn peak, there stood
 An ancient Temple consecrate to JUMALA:
 Abandon'd and fast-shut, for many ages,
 This desolate Fane had been, its ev'ry rite
 Long since forgotten; but, above the portal,
 An old and monstrous Idol of the God
 Stood, frail-supported, trembling to its fall.
 This Temple none dar'd enter, scarce approach;
 For down from Sire to Son an eld tradition
 Went dimly warning, that whoever first
 The Temple visited should JUMALA view!
 This HELGE heard, and in his blind fierce rage
 The pathless wilds trod 'gainst this Deity
 So hated from of old, all bent on razing
 The Temple's heathen walls. But when he'd march'd

Up where the ruin threaten'd, lo! all fast
 The massy moss-grown door was clos'd; and, cover'd
 With thick brown rust, the key still sat within it.
 Grim HELGE then, the door-posts griping hard,
 With rude uncivil strain the mould'ring pillars
 Fierce shook, and straightway — with tremendous crash
 The sculptur'd Image fell — burying beneath it
 VALHALLA's impious Son; and so dread JUMALA
 His eyes behold. — A messenger in haste,
 These tidings brought ere yet last night was ended. —

XXXI.

'Now, only HALFDAN sits on BELE's chair.
 Thy hand, brave FRITHIOF, offer him! Revenge
 And Passion sacrifice to Heav'n's high Gods:
 'This BALDER's shrine demandeth, — I demand, too,
 As BALDER's Highest Priest — in token meet
 That Peace's gentle Chief thou hast not mock'd
 With vain professions and an empty homage. —
 Decide, my Son! — shall BALDER's Peace be broken? —

If so, in vain Thou'st built this Fane, the token
 Of mild forgiveness, and in vain Ag'd Priest hath spoken! —

XXXII.

Over the copper threshold HALFDAN now,
 With pallid brow
 And fearful fitful glance, advanceth slow
 Tow'rd's yonder tow'ring ever-dreaded foe, —
 And, silent, at a distance stands. —
 Then FRITHIOF, with quick hands,
 The Corslet-hater, ANGURVADEL, from his thigh
 Unbuckleth, and his bright Shield's golden round
 Leaning 'gainst the' Altar, thus draws nigh; —
 While his cow'd enemy

He thus accosts, with pleasant dignity. —
 'Most noble in this strife will He be found
 Who first his right hand good
 Offers in pledge of peaceful brotherhood!' —
 Then HALFDAN, deeply blushing, doffs with haste
 His iron-gauntlet and, — with hearty grasp embrac'd, —
 Each long, long, sever'd hand
 Its friend-foe hails, steadfast as mountain-bases stand!

XXXIII.

That ag'd and awful Priest then glad removeth
 The curse that rested on the VARG I VEUM,
 FRITHIOF THE OUTLAW, and as th' last deep accents
 Of Reconcilement and of Blessing sounded; —
 Lo! ING'BORG sudden enters, rich adorn'd
 With bridal ornaments, and all enrob'd
 In gorgeous ermine, and by bright-ey'd Maidens
 Slow-follow'd, as on Heav'n's broad Canopy
 Attending star-trains guard the Regent-Moon! —
 But the young Bride's fair eyes,
 Those two blue skies,
 Fill quick with tears,
 And to her Brother's heart she trembling sinketh; —
 He, with his Sister's fears
 Deep-mov'd, Her hand all tenderly in FRITHIOF's linketh,
 His burden soft transferring to that Hero's breast,
 Its long-tried faith fit place for ING'BORG's rest.
 Then, to Her heart's first, best, Belov'd Her Childhood's
 friend,
 In nuptial band
 She gives Her lily hand,
 As before pard'ning BALDER's Altar both low bend! —

NOTES

AND

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NOTES.

CANTO I.

Stanza 15. "Lest the reader should quail at this, or haply some other exploit of the hero, it may be prudent to repeat, that the age was one of iron heart and iron limb, and that Frithiof was even then regarded as a prodigy — a giant in the eyes of giants. Such a trial of strength, though not courted by the modern hunter, is not without parallel in the annals of the chase.

"Upon another occasion, Mr. Falk states, a badly-wounded bear rushed upright on his hind legs on a peasant, who had missed fire, and seized him by the shoulders with his fore paws. The peasant, on his side, laid hold of the bear's ears and shaggy hair thereabouts. The bear and the hunter, a man of uncommon strength, were twice down and got up again without loosening their holds; during which time the bear had bitten through all the sinews of both arms from the wrists upward, and was at last approaching the exhausted peasant's throat when the author in lucky time arrived and by one shot ended the conflict." *Field Sports of the North, by L. Lloyd, Esq. Jn. Strong*, p. 11, who also, p. 32, gives "the following extract from a Saga of the tenth Century. "Finnbogi perceiving that a bear which had done considerable injury to the flock of his host, was still reposing beside the mutilated carcase of a sheep, thus addressed the animal. 'Stand up, bear, and try thy strength for once with me; better so than to lie by the fragments of thy wretched prey!' The creature raised himself, surveyed his appellant, and resumed his position. Finnhogi recommenced: 'Deem'st thou that I am too fully arm'd? If so, will I lay aside my defence.' Then, taking off his helm and setting down his shield, he exclaimed, 'Stand up, if thou have courage!' the bear erected himself, shook his head, and couched once more. 'I understand thee,' replied Finnhogi, 'thou wouldst meet on equal terms', whereupon he cast away his sword. 'Be it as thou please: but stand up now if thou have a heart like thy race, and not like a pusillanimous brute.' Then rose the bear, bristling and furious; and a combat ensued, in which Finnhogi was victorious having broken the back of his grisly foe."

Stanza 16. *Dryden*, in *Alexander's feast*, has the same thought:

"Happy, happy, happy pair!

None but the brave,

None but the brave,

None but the brave deserves the fair!"

Stanza 17. Even so early as the time of Frithiof, many a mythological Chant and Legendary Saga was doubtless committed to the "rune-covered tablets" of the period. "Reading the old Sagas (*sögu-lesur*) is to this day * one of the highest pleasures of the Icelanders. It is with this he passes the long winter-evenings; this is the amusement of the company, when many have assembled together. The Master of the House first begins the reading, and the others continue it when he is tired. Some of them know Sagas by heart, others use printed copies, or, for want of these, fair manuscripts — not seldom written by the peasant himself." — *Henderson* observes †: "A winter-evening, in an Icelandic family, presents a scene in the highest degree interesting and pleasing. Between three and four o'clock the lamp is hung up in the *bed-stufa*, bath-room, or principal apartment; and all the members of the family take their station with their work in their hands. . . . The work is no sooner begun, than one of the family selected on purpose, advances to a seat near the lamp, and commences the evening lecture, which generally consists of some old Saga, or such other histories as are to be obtained on the island."

Stanza 18. "Light hair was common in the North, black more rare, bright-yellow a beauty in either sex. Gold or silk coloured hair, light-yellow tresses, bright-gold locks &c. almost always belong in the Saga to the description of a Beauty. As late as the time of Eric XIV we find yellow more admired than darkish hair." †† "In an old poem we find a hero's 'body like the white chalk, his hair like the flowing gold;' and an old Cornish song extols a pretty maid for her white face and yellow hair. Flowing locks of this colour were praised as most graceful and becoming, by the bards who addressed the sun, as 'the golden-haired.' This was admired by the Celtic youth of former times, and 'the yellow-haired ladie' and 'lassie wi' the lint-white locks' continue favourites with their descendants to the present day." ††† — It may be added, that even when wigs were first introduced into Britain, flaxen was the favourite colour.

Stanzas 24, 25. The inhabitants of the old North were as remarkable as their modern descendants, for their ingenuity in all manner of handiwork. The females excelled in embroidery, of which we find many graphic descriptions in the Sagas. We translate literally one, from *Sæmund's Edda*: ††††

* We translate from "*Sönnu fálketi Hístoria, af Strínsholm*," t. II. p. 249. — † 'Iceland,' p. 283. — †† From the Swedish Translation, by *Prof. Laffgren*, of *Göinge Relfs Saga*, note p. 205. — ††† *Logan, Scottish Gerl*, l. 105. — †††† *Gudrun's Grief*, str. 14, 15, 16.

"She (Thora,) for to glad me
Work'd in gold thread
Southlandish Halls, and
Swans of the Dane:

"On tablets we figur'd
The sports of Heroes,
And on our hand-work
High Kings' Champions,
Bright red bucklers,
Brave Hun Chieftains,

Sword-hosts and helm-hosts
High Chiefs following;

"Ships of Sigmund
Swept from land, with
Gay-gilt deckments and
Grav'd-out stems;
We broider'd on broad tap'stry
How they were battling
Sigar and Sigelr
South on Fífl."

"Great delight had they," adds the *Volunga Saga*, "in this their needle-work, and greatly was Gudrun's sorrow eased thereby". We need not add, that the celebrated and invaluable *Bayeux-Tapestry* was the product of the Scandinavian needle.

Stanza 24. 'And hillows blue'. "In mare purpureum." *Virg. Georg. IV.* 373. In British parlance, "the *green* sea" is a phrase so familiar, that in justification of the favourite epithet, blue or purple, of our northern bards, it may be advisable to cite further the authority of an acute observer. "The water of the main ocean is well known to be as transparent and as colourless as that of the most pure springs; and it is only when seen in very deep seas that any certain and unchangeable colour appears. This colour is commonly ultramarine blue." *

Stanza 27. This has always been true; but that it was especially so in the period of Frithiof — witness the Norse adventures and North-man exploits and conquests in every part of Europe and even in Africa and Asia, from the commencement to the close of those Sea-King expeditions which discovered and colonized America, Greenland, and Iceland, — which twice subdued England itself, — and which left Europe remodeled!

CANTO II.

Stanza 11. According to the *Younger Edda* †, the vault of Heaven is supported by four Dwarfs, *East, West, North* and *South*.

Stanza 12. The Falcon, the sacred bird of Egypt and of Greece, was also the bird of Oden in Scandinavia. Angurship from its entrails

* Scoresby's *Arctic Regions*, copied from *Strong*, p. 15. — † *Gylfag.* ch. VIII.

was very common, and Oden himself was invoked to *guide* the decision of the Augurs; that is to say, — an intriguing Priestcraft flourishes every where, when it can find dupes.

Stanza 14. The Scandinavians, like the German warriors of old, adorned their shields with carvings, engravings or paintings of flowers &c.

Stanza 16. Who is not here reminded of *Pope's* magnificent and indignant burst —

"Stuck o'er with titles, and hung round with strings,
That thou may'st be, by kings, or whores of kings;
Boast the pure blood of an illustrious race,
In quiet flow from Lucrece to Lucrece;
But by your fathers' worth if yours yon rate,
Count me those only who were good and great.
Go! if your ancient, but ignoble, blood
Has crept through scoundrels ever since the flood,
Go! and pretend your family is young;
Nor own your fathers have been fools so long.
What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards?
Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards." *

Stanza 24. The Kingship of the old North was originally, as it should be, — an Elective Presidency; though the history of the Scandinavian Kingdoms affords melancholy proof enough, how respect for the "divine races" (as the families said to be descended from Oden were called) overwhelmed the land with destructive minorities or imbecile manhood. With the "hereditary principle," whether monarchic or aristocratic equally cementing Dynasties formed in Kingdoms gained by the sword, came in also "hereditary degradation." How beautifully energetic is our imitable *Pope*, on this subject! —

"Who first taught souls enslaved, and realms undone,
Th' enormous faith of many made for one;
That proud exception to all nature's Laws,
To' invert the world, and counterwork its cause? —
Force first made conquest, and that conquest, law;
Till Superstition taught the tyrant awe,
Then shared the tyranny, then lent it aid,
And Gods of conquerors, slaves of subjects made." †
Stanzas 26, 27, &c. See Index, art. HAVAMAL.

* Essay on Man, IV. 205—216. — † *Do* III. 241—248.

Stanza 37. Scandinavian Sea-Kings and Warriors are often mentioned in the Sagas as choosing their burial-place by bays and arms of the sea; as if, even when dead, they could not be parted from their favourite element! — The latter half of this verse has a striking parallel. * We translate only what immediately relates to the subject. — "King Yngvar made peace with the Danes; then took he to ravage along the East-Sea. But, one summer, he drew out his men, hasted up to Estland, and all the summer plundered that district hight Sten; then came the Est-men down with a mighty host, and so they battled there; but the land-troops were so many, that the Sviar (Swedes) could not stand against them. So Yngvar, the King, fell — and his host fled away. There rests he in his Cairn, right along by the salt wave's side . . . thus saith Thiodolf;

And the' East-Sea
For Svea-King

Ocean's Song —
To joy him — chaunted!"

CANTO III.

Page 29. 'In the' earth.' The HAUGU-ÖLLD, Hill-Age (Barrow, or Burial Age), which succeeded the BRUNA-ÖLLD, Burn or Pile Age, commenced in Scandinavia with Yngve Frey. †

Id. 'Successors.' It was not uncommon, in these times, for two sons or a father and son to reign together.

Page 30. 'Ten twelves.' The duodecimal mode of computation is still common in Britain, as well as in Scandinavia. The 'long' or 'great hundred' or 'thousand' &c. are well known in most trades.

Page 31. 'Chimney'. "The circumstance so prettily introduced implies rather an orifice in the roof than the lengthened funnel of modern chimnies. Beckman draws a similar inference from a passage of Herodotus, "who relates (L. VIII. c. 137) that a king of Lebaea, when one of his servants asked for his wages, offered him in jest the Sun, which at that time shone into the house through the chimney." ††

Page 32. 'Giant.' "This anecdote belongs to the Saga of Thorstein. The legend informs us that the name of the fair who had the good fortune to attract the attention of this elegant and disinterested suitor, was Hunvor; and that she possessed distinguished beauty, and unrivalled

* Ynglinga-Saga ch. 36. — † *Sn. Sturleson*, K. Sag. Preface. — †† *Strong's Translation of Fräuhof*, p. 47.

perfection in all the arts and accomplishments befitting her age and station. A virgin Penelope, however, she preferred the silken web of her broidery to the silken trammels of Hymen, so that many accounted this proposal to be a judgement upon her." * See INDEX, art. IRON-HEAD, VIFELL, VIKING VIFELLSSON.

Id. 'Sun's Gates.' Tradition, facts, and etymology unite in asserting that the Tribes whom Oden led over to conquer and colonize the North — came from Western Asia, probably the regions lying around the Caspian Sea.

Page 34. 'The twelve Immortals' were (without reckoning Oden) Thor, Balder, Niord, Frey, Brage, Heimdall, Höder, Vidar, Ale or Vale, Uller, Forsete and Loke.

Page 35. 'Autumn-Judge.' The Scandinavians held their judicial *Ting* or Diet (*Assize*) in the autumn.

Page 36. 'And live Self.' Burial while living is not without example in the Sagas. For instance: † "And as he (Thrain) was now so old, that he could fight no more, he caused himself, while yet living, to be placed within his Barrow with much goods." The whole chapter is highly entertaining. Again: †† "Northward in Naumu-dale were two brothers, both kings, Herlaugr and Hrollaugr. For three summers had they been building them a Barrow. Of wood, stones, and lime was the Barrow made. Now when as this Cairn was finished, got the Brothers tidings that Harald was in full march against them with his army. Then caused King Herlaugr much food and drink to be carried into his mound, and thereafter went he in to the Barrow together with XII men. After this, he had the Cairn closed up again after him." — Of the above characteristic fact, the talented and tasteful Öhlenschläger has made an extremely picturesque use, in the last Scene of his 'Helge'. — As to the interment of war-vessels also, *Strang* observes, p. 50: "That occasionally the corpse was inhumed, seated in a galley or ship, has been already noticed; and we can scarcely hesitate to trace the practise to the symbolical character of a sepulchre, attributed to the ark. P. E. Müller, nevertheless, attributes this *expensive* usage, like the Lapland practise of interring in a boat, to the prevailing desire to provide the departed with suitable equipage in a future state." — This latter is, doubtless, the correct opinion. See the *Saga of Hðkan the Good*, ch. 27.

* *Strang* p. 48. — † *Rowland Grippson's Saga*, ch. 4. — †† *Harald the Fair-haired's Saga*, ch. 8.

Page 40. 'Thor's own place'. "So, at least, according to Adam of Bremen, he sat in the Temple of Upsala: ~ "Nobilissimum," &c. "that nation (the Swedish) has a most noble temple, which is entitled *Utsala*. In this temple, which is entirely fitted up with gold, the people venerate the statues of three gods: so situated that the most potent, Thor, has a distinct seat in the centre, Woden and Friceo being placed on his right and left." *

CANTO IV.

Stanza 18. See Index, art. *GEIASODD*.

Stanza 20. It was extremely common, in old times, to hold public meetings and assemblies on the Barrows of celebrated Kings and Warriors. Owing to the gradual elevation of the ground, all present could easily behold the presiding Judge or chief speaker. It was in compliance with this custom, which the Northern Kings long preserved, that Gustavus Vasa addressed the assembled Dalecarlians from Frey's Barrow (called also Tiug-Hill) near Upsala, and the men of Helsingland from Norrala *Kungsgård* (royal chateau).

Stanza 25. This was no 'figure of speech.' The Scandinavians firmly believed in the dead life of the buried hero, or rather that a kind of double spirit from him inhabited the cairn. †

Stanza 28. The word 'man' here is degrading, and signifies one in the King's immediate service and depending upon his pleasure. Frithiof himself thus inherited from his father twelve mercenaries liable to service. Such hired warriors lived in numbers (a kind of body-guard) at the royal courts, besides the servants employed by the prince in his household. Heroes themselves often entered the service of a Monarch in this way, no exact pay being stipulated, but sure of being rewarded by gold and lands. In general however, the free possessor of land and goods, proud of his independence, would have been ashamed to become the lackey of a prince, and only took up arms in defence of his native country when endangered by a foreign invasion.

* Strong, p. 52. — † See on this curious, but hitherto not sufficiently explained, subject, Prof. *Lafjgren's* Swedish Trans. of *Göngu Rolf's Saga*, note, p. 252. *Geijers Sönn Rikes Høfder*, l. 278 and *Grundtvigs Nordens Mythologie*, art. Nidheim.

CANTO V.

Stanza 15. The old Northern custom prevented either host or guest from speaking of the occasion for the latter's visit, till he had freely partaken the rights of Hospitality.

Stanza 16. Divination from the entrails of a slaughtered horse was customary with the ancient Northmen. The sacred steeds (white and unprofaned by labour) also showed by their neighing, snorting, and manner of lifting the foot whether the victim was acceptable to the Gods. &c. The same superstition we find among the old Persians. *

Stanza 20. Striking the War-Shield was a Scandinavian battle-sammons which all, far and near, were obliged to obey. This custom is also mentioned by *Ossian* †, "The King took his deathful spear, and struck the deeply-sounding shield: his shield that hung high in night, the dismal sign of war."

CANTO VI.

Stanza 2. 'Yet a Pawn.' Unfortunately the expressive and cutting pun of the original cannot be preserved in an English Translation. The word 'bonde' means both 'Pawn', and 'Peasant' or 'Yeoman' (free, and often powerful, landed proprietor). Consequently Frithiof's answer —

"Frälsas kan han med en bonde",

Yet a Pawn (Peasant) can all recover, —

refers to the expression of the taunting Helge, in the IVth Canto —

"Vår syster är ej för en bonde-son,"

Our Sister is not for a Peasant's Son!

We may as well remark here once for all, that the Northern Sagas abound with specimens of punning, witicism, double entendre and enigma. The wit displayed, however, was sometimes *skarp as steel*.

CANTO VII.

Stanza 6. 'Like Saga in a marriage room', — "the Goddess of History meditating upon the line of heroes to emanate from the recent union." ††

* *Creecher*, V. 70. VI. 19. — † *Yemora*, b. VII. — †† *Strong*, p. 93.

Stanza 7. 'Northland's Nightingales'. *Strong* says, p. 93, the Song-thrush, *Turdus musicus*; but *Mohrke* prefers the Red-wing, *Turdus iliacus*.

Stanza 12. So *Southey* says (of Love)

"Its holy flame for ever burneth,
From Heav'n it came, to Heav'n returneth."

Stanza 14. See Index, art. EISHERIAR.

Stanzas 19, 20. So in *Shakespeare*; †

Jul. "Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day: "

It was the nightingale and not the lark, . . .

Believe me love, it is the nightingale. . . .

Yon light is not daylight. I know it, I;

It is some meteor that the sun exhales."

CANTO VIII.

Page 73. 'Kinsman', 'Cousin'. The royal maid claims kindredship with the God, as being descended from the Asar. The Scandinavians long revered the Houses sprung from the deified Heroes. See Index, art. SEMING.

Page 80. 'Greek-land's Ocean'. The Viking-expeditions of the Northmen were often extended to the most distant coasts. Besides discovering so many unknown lands, their fleets (unguided by any compass) traversed Enrope and ravaged Africa and even Asia! The Väringar or Varanges, who were in the service of the Byzantine Emperors, and constituted their incorruptible and unconquerable body-guard, were for the most part Scandinavian adventurers.

Page 89. 'Let him deny who dares, and hears my reason!' It is rather difficult to convey properly the *dreut* implied in the original: —

"Jag har ett ord att säga den som vägrar."

CANTO IX.

Stanza 7. 'On his hand'. "The ancient English illuminators have uniformly distinguished the portrait of King Stephen by giving him a hawk upon his hand, to signify I presume, by that symbol, that he was

* *Romeo and Juliet*, Act. III. sc. 5.

nobly though not royally born." * Rolf Krake and his twelve champions, when visiting the treacherous Adel King of Sweden, had all — the better to disguise which was Rolf — falcons upon their shoulders.

CANTO X.

Stanza 7. 'Bear-paw', — a pun; Björn means Bear.

Stanza 8. 'Marten', "*Mustela martes*; the pine marten. In proof of the facility with which this little animal scales the yet unfelled masts of the forest, it may be stated, on the authority of Buffon, that it usurps the nest of the squirrel and of the buzzard, and dislodges the wood-pecker from its mine." † See Index, art. BEAR, WHALE.

CANTO XI.

Stanza 11. 'Unnerves the sword from slaying'. The expression of the original is "*svärd kan döfva*," in other words, so exorcise the sword of his adversary that it shall become blunt and incapable of *being*, wounding. — "However confident in personal power, the heroes of the North did not scruple to court the alliance of the magic art. Brynhildr accordingly instructs Sigurd:

"Sigrunar skalta kunna
ef þu vilt suotr vera
ok rist á hjalti hjörs
á vettránum
ok á valhystum
ok nefna tvisvar 'Ty.

Would the Chief in arms excel,
Runes of Conquest read thou well!
Graving on thy gauntlet's hide,
On the hilt that girds thy side,
On thy war-spear's bristled oak,
'Twice the mighty 'Tyr invoke." ††

"The practise alluded to might be deemed scarcely consistent with the heroic character of the age; but it should be recollected, that if runic spells were called in to blunt the edge of the sword, sorcery had been previously employed to impart to the blade an unearthly temper. Oden himself, we are informed, instructed the Aser in the mysteries of the magic art through runes and chaunts — *Galdrar*; — and such science, according to the ancient lay *Hig's-mal*, formed part of the education of a young potentate: —

* *Strutt's sports and pastimes* &c. Ed. 1833 p. 24. — † *Strong*, p. 137. — †† D:io p. 153.

“En kour ugr
 kunní runar
 æfinn rnnar
 oe alldr runar:
 meir kuuni hann
 mönnun hiarga
 eggjar deyfa
 elldi at lægia.”

Prince was versed
 In runic lore,
 Runes coeval,
 Runes of yore.
 Men could fend
 With magic spell,
 Swords could blunt,
 And fire could quell.” *

This superstition was not yet extinct in the middle ages, and Major *Saunders* mentions † a similar belief: — A part of the mountaineers inhabiting the borders of China, were employed in the Burmese service under the command of three young and beautiful women of high rank, who believed they could render the bullets of the English ‘harmless’. Of course, they all fell victims to their superstitious rashness. — Something of the same sort, in which however the Catholic Priest was the wizard, was common among the “wild Irish”, during the famous and well-founded rebellions there.

Stanza 18. ‘Glass panes.’ “It must be in the recollection of every one who has had an opportunity to peruse the very curious old Household-Book of the Northumberland Family, that whenever the Earl removed from Alnwick Castle to London, not only the arras was taken down in all the rooms, but the glass was also carefully taken out of the windows.” ††

Id. ‘And locks’. Even at this day, a latch is the only door-fastening in Northern Scandinavia, some parts of Switzerland, and various other sequestered districts.

Stanza 19. ‘Candle’ is elegantly introduced here, as being an evident and comparatively modern addition to the luxuries of a Northern Chief. Formerly young boys attended with pine-torches to light up the banquets of the great. Such turpentine-wood torches are still used by the common people of the high North and of Scotland. They are fastened between the boards of the walls.

CANTO XII.

Page 191. ‘And bread will have.’ This line refers to a custom universal in the North, of treating and encouraging the horses by giving

* *Strong*, p. 315. — † *Narrative of the Burmese War*. — †† *Mr King*, Arch. VI. 284.

them, occasionally, pieces of a coarser sort of the hard rye-bread (a kind of Scotch cakes) used almost every where in Germany and Scandinavia &c.

Id. 'Oath.' This bitter commendation has reference to Helge's public and scandalous breach of his Coronation oath, (without speaking of the separate compact made previous to his embassy) by which he had promised to maintain the rites of religion, the public peace, and the private liberties.

Page 124. 'Sure the victim's fair.' In the Original, "det är dock skönt," — a melancholy half-ironic self-railery.

CANTO XIII.

Stanza 1. 'Midnight's Sun.' It is well known that the Sun never sets, and is consequently visible all night long, at Torneå when the nights are at the longest. This is also the case, under the same degree, in Norway, particularly from the mountains. Sogn, however, is 5 degrees south of Torneå; so that we must add with *Strong*, p. 175. "Here we must crave on behalf of our author a few degrees of poetic latitude, or considerable allowance for refraction, which is really augmented in cold climates, through condensation of the atmosphere."

Stanzas 2. 'Balder's Pyre.' "This expression is applied here in three different significations: — to the Mytbick pile of the Deity; to the emblematic fire upon the hearth; and to the burning Temple and grove, in which the image of the deity was consumed as on a funeral pile." * *

Stanza 3. 'Flint-knives.' "In ancient times flint was fashioned into cutting instruments, and it is conjectured that the stone-knives used by the Hebrews were of this mineral." †

Stanza 8. "Not as King, but as the challenged, Helgé was entitled, agreeably to the rule of Northern chivalry, to the first stroke. So on the occasion of the contest between Viking and Ironskull, related in the third Canto, the latter addressed his opponent: — "Strike thou first, for such is the law of duel" — *Habogaungu lög.* — as I am the challenger; and in the meantime I must stand quiet, nor can I apprehend any danger from so doing. 'Then Viking drew Augrvathil, and as it were lightning radiated from it," *Saga Thorst. Vik.* Again, in the *Saga Ketil's Hængs*, the same usage is noticed: — "The first cut is the right of him who is called out." ††

* *Strong*, p. 177. — † *Jameton's Min.* I. 237. — †† *Strong*, p. 177.

Stanza 16. "The degree of facility or reluctance with which the armlet that adorned an image might be removed, seems to have served as a criterion of the disposition of the deity towards the experimenter. Accordingly it is related of a Norwegian Count, Hacon, that finding his efforts repeatedly fruitless; he continued to renew his devotions until the image at length permitted him to abstract the ring — when he quitted the temple satisfied that the deity was propitious. — *Færeyinga Saga*, c. 23."* See Index, art. ARMING.

Stanza 22. 'This noble simile — of the *Flaming Blase* to the *Fire-red Cock* — is the more admirable here as, to use the words of Rev. Mr. Stroug — "the final conflagration of the world, typified in the Myths by Balder's funeral pile, is to be ushered in by a general erow of the gold-combed Cock in Asgård, the fire-red upon earth, and the livid in the shades below." That gentleman's translation, however, "A fire-red watch-hird springs," which gives us a *real* chanticleer instead of a *metaphorical* one, is a *lapsus calami*.

CANTO XIV.

Page 139. 'For Balder's — Brother.' "Such repeated acrimonious references to Helgé's pretensions to divine origin might naturally be elicited through his allegation of this plea for the rejection of Frithiof's suit." †

Id. 'The Oak.' "Skaldick phraseology abounded, as might be expected, in synonymes for weapons and gallies. To an English ear wonted to the patriotic vannt, "Heart of oak are your ships," the term here employed will sound less alien than even the more ordinary metaphor, sea-dragon, serpent, or worm — *orm*." — See Index, art. DRAGON, SEA-HORSE.

Page 141. 'That trick was good.' "This stratagem, of which Björn assumed the merit, is not peculiar to our *Saga*; it was really an expedient which the paucity of craft might easily suggest to a fugitive. To the same wile, Leifr — *VÆR. S.* 56, e.; and HERRAUD, *Sag.* 12, 13, K. — had recourse; and this latter instance is related in a narrative combining so characteristically the embellishment of the Skald, with the *matter of fact* of an eye-witness, that it may not be briefly dismissed. This Prince of East-Gautland having rescued the sister of Godmund, King of Glæsvellr, in Finland, from a temple of Jomal, where she had been immured, was re-

* *Do* p. 177. — † *Do* p. 189.

warded by her affection; but during his absence on a warlike expedition, his royal sire, to whose charge the betrothed had been confided, was overpowered by a Finnish army, his country was ravaged, and the fair reclaimed. The enemy being too powerful to be openly assailed, Herrand and his foster-brother Bosi, accompanied by a friendly magician, named Smith, sailed in a single galley to attempt the recovery of Hleithr. They reached Glæsvellr on the eve of her forced nuptials to a champion of the king, Siggeir and with the promptitude of "Young Lochinvar," it was determined to "tread a measure" with the bride. Sigurd, the confident and harper of the monarch, having been waylaid and slain with his sole attendant, their skins were conveyed to Smith, who prepared from them larvae — *nægirnir* — for himself and Bosi; and thus disguised in the tegment and dress of their victims, these representatives proceeded boldly to the castle, whilst Herrand undertook the arrangements without. Apprehending forcible abduction, Godmand had erected an enormous Hall, in which the nuptials were to be celebrated amidst numerous guards; and had placed at each of the hundred doors two warders, instructed to repel any unknown applicant for admission. This precaution proved, of course no obstacle to our *seeming* Sigurd, who followed by his man, entered where the sovereign himself stood, and was warmly greeted. His first care was to exhort the steward and butlers to ply the guests liberally with the strongest beverage, as doing meet honour to the entertainer. The nobles and bride, attended by her maidens of high degree, having then been seated with due ceremony, the feigned Sigurd, gifted with the harp, and more than the skill of his predecessor, struck up; winning loud applause by each flourish, which announced the formal introduction of a bumper. At first, however, his pitch was low, so that the King stimulated him to greater exertion; but when the commemoration-cup of Thor was ushered in, Sigurd changed his Key, so that knives, dishes, and whatever was at liberty, began to be in commotion; many of the guests, also, sprang from their seats, and danced upon the pavement: this movement continued for some time. Next came the cup dedicated to all the Æsir, and again the harper altered his tone, striking with such energy, that echo — *dvergmdli* — responded to every note: all present, save the chief, the bride and bridegroom, now stood up, and the dance was general; this strain was also of considerable duration. The King then inquired whether his skill was exhausted; but the reply was, that he relaxed merely to give pause for rest and regale: some popular melodies succeeded, and the cup of Oden then arrived. Now Sigurd opened his harp, which was so large that a person might stand upright within,

and shone as of solid ore. He took up a white embroidered glove, and commenced the tune, termed "*faldafeykir*" — *veil-disperser*: — then leaped the veils from the females, and sported under the beam; men and women joined the maze, and nothing could resist the excitement. This was succeeded by Freya's cup, the last to be emptied: and now Sigurd preparing the King for a more potent string, struck with such effect, that the monarch, too, was fascinated; he, the bride and bridegroom, danced as merrily as any of the party, and the hurly-burly became universal. The nuptial couch stood on an elevated platform, and thither Smith, who now took the hand of the bride, contrived to cast various pieces of plate from the table equipage; and night being far advanced, the spoil was abstracted through a window by his accomplices. Herrand, in the meantime, had rendered all the vessels which lay near his own unfit for sea. The mirth was at its height, when a tall personable man entered in scarlet kirtle and silver girdle, fringed with gold; he was unarmed and dancing gradually to the spot where Godmund stood, he raised his fist, and inflicted so severe a blow upon the Chief, that blood gushed forth, several teeth dropped, and a swoon ensued. The assailant immediately rushed forth closely followed by Sigurd, who, observing the action, had thrown his harp upon the bed, and the bridegroom drawing his sword, with many of the guests, pursued. Whilst the residue were occupied with the fallen monarch, Smith, with the bride, skipped up the steps to the platform where the harp lay, and placing her in the instrument, he attached it to a cord lowered by his confederates, and both escaped through the window. They reached the boat safely: the fugitive having made a circuit, soon arrived also, and at his heels the supposed Sigurd and his armed foe. All sprang on board; but the harper turning upon the unfortunate bridegroom, hurled him into the sea, whence he was rescued with difficulty by the men on shore. His brother and a body of armed men instantly put off in a galley to pursue the abductors, who now made every effort by oars and sail to accelerate their flight; scarcely however had the enemies of Herrand lanch-
ed forth, ere *his stratagem succeeded, and the vessel filled*. Thus pursuit became hopeless; Inebriety, moreover, added to the embarrassment, and although Godmund soon recovered his recollection, merriment was converted into sighing and sorrow." *

Page 149. 'That scoundrel-framing.' The '*aiding-stång*' was a kind of post or pillory, on which the names of those were inscribed who had flagrantly disgraced themselves by crimes or cowardice. It is yet sometimes

* Strong's *Frithiof*, p. 190.

used, in the North. *Strong* very aptly observes, p. 192. "Frithiof, in whose mind the idea of a Bauta-stone must be as intimately associated with the hero whose fame it commemorated, as the Niding-stake with the onest who whose name it pilloried, is therefore, in perfect keeping, when he tauntingly assures Helgé of security, from the respect which he entertains for the consecrated Rune-mark, which his spearhead is wont to carve. Helgé had formerly threatened Frithiof, that if he did not recover the tribute from Angantyr, he should be "a branded coward" — *hvar mans NIDING* — and the insult is now retorted and exaggerated."

Page 144. Stema 3. Ye tablet-fountains for mighty Thor! "J runohällar för väldig Thor!" — Ye stretching cliff-groups on whose stony page Thor, the Thunderer, can inscribe his runes mysterious: — a most magnificent and majestic image! — There is seen to this day near Hoby in Bleking, a flat rock called *Runemo*, on which, within double lines that may be traced for 24 yards Harald Hildetand's Seald — XI Centuries ago! — carved Troll-runes against Sigurd Ring.* Many rune-inscriptions on rocks are to be found in Sweden and Norway †. Job, also, speaks of "words graven in the rock for ever" ‡.

CANTO XV.

Stemas 2—11. "Many things were there established in their hand, to be observed in champion-fashion. Thus among the rest, was it — that no man should bear a sword more than one ell long; so near, at least, should each one cloze with his foe. Then got they claymours (short thick broad-swords) made for them, that the blows might tell the better. None of them had less strength singly, than XII common men together. Women and children took they never prisoners. Never should they have their wounds bound up, till that 48 hours had passed." . . . "That custom had they also, that they never tented over their ship, and never reeved the sail for a Tempest's sake." †††

Stema 6. See Index, art. ODEV. *Byron* has a thought somewhat similar:

"The rising morn will view the chiefs embark;
But waves are somewhat treacherous in the dark;

* *Wieselgren's "Sveriges Sköna Litteratur,"* II, 529. — † *Sven Råks Hålder, af Gröjer*, I. 153. — ‡ XIX, 24. — ††† *Half's and Half's Champions' Saga*, ch. 10. See also the 7th 8th and 9th strophes of the magnificent 16th ch. in the same Saga.

And revellers may more securely sleep
On silken couch than o'er the rugged deep." *

Stanza 9. "This professional hostility was so thoroughly understood, that when Hálfdan, with an overpowering superiority of force, meets another adventurer, Niörfi, he immediately addresses him: "I must give thee, as usual, a choice;" but, sinking the alternative, simply proposes that he should abandon his wealth, ships, and arms, on condition of a free dismissal. The brave buccaneer, though acknowledging the hopelessness of resistance, determines to perish with his vessels; and his opponent, not to be excelled in chivalry, then detaches a part of his fleet, and commences an engagement with equal force. After three days of hard fighting, they begin to enquire what was to be gained by conquest: and as Niörfi's squadron proves to be *lightly laden*, a truce is proposed, and an alliance concluded." *Strong*, p. 203. †

Stanza 14. "Like the heroes of Homer, those of ancient Scandinavia, in the excess of their overboiling courage, dared to defy the gods themselves, 'Where is he,' exclaimed a champion, 'whom they call Odin, that warrior so completely armed, who hath but one eye to guide him? Ah! if I could but see him, this redoubted spouse of Frigga, in vain should he be covered with his snow-white buckler, in vain mounted upon his lofty steed, he should not leave his abode of Lethra without a wound. It is lawful to encounter a warrior god!" ††

CANTO XVI.

Pag. 136. 'Host-fight on ice.' Great battles were sometimes fought on the ice, as the mountainous regions offered few plains fitted for that purpose.

CANTO XVII.

Stanzas 10—12. See a similar transformation beautifully described in *Byron's Corsair*, II. 4.

Stanza 14. *Strong* observes, p. 220. "Holinshed states, that in the year 1170, upon the day of the young Prince's coronation, king Henry the Second "served his son at the table as a server, bringing up the Bore's

* *Corsair*, II. 2. — † The extract is from *Thorsten Vikingsson's Saga*, ch. 7. —
†† *North. Ant.* I. 215.

head, with *trumpets before it*, according to the manner." See Index. art. FREY'S BOAR.

Stanza 23. 'His sword then grasp'd.' "History records an anecdote of Erik Eiegod — *Ever-good* — King of Denmark, which though savouring of the thrice-stricken harp of the Elle-maid, and plainly to be received with some grains of allowance, is too apposite to be omitted here. This monarch was seated at the festive board, when a musician was announced who professed to wield at pleasure the emotions of the human heart. He was summoned into the royal presence, to prove his dexterity; but long excused himself, alleging that the mind of the monarch would be disordered. This premonition serving merely to aggravate curiosity, he was then commanded to play, with a menace of the consequences of disobedience. The musician now finding remonstrance fruitless, requested the attendants to conceal, first, all the weapons and arms in the saloon. This injunction having been executed, and the door locked, he commenced his minstrelsy. The first piece which he played had the effect of rendering the whole court melancholy and depressed. The second piece excited them all to merriment, so that they sprang from their seats and danced: but with the third they were wrought up to frenzy. In this fit of madness, the king forced open a cabinet, seized a sword, and slew four of his ministers; and it was found necessary to rush upon and coerce him until the paroxysm subsided. "Whether," adds the historian, "the harp of the musician produced such an effect naturally, or the prepossessed imagination of the monarch were the source of the phenomenon, I will not venture to pronounce." The pious Erik on recovering his self-possession, deeply afflicted at the catastrophe, not contented with the penance enjoined by Canute the Great, vowed to make a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and pray for the souls of his four victims at the Holy Sepulchre. From this determination, neither tears nor prayers could divert him, and he died at Cyprus, 1105, on his way thither. — HOLBERG'S *Danm. Rig. Hist.*" *

CANTO XVIII.

Stanza 9. The skill of the Scandinavian Youth, in performing evolutions and carving figures and letters while in rapid motion over their 'fey plains', is amazing. Often have we gazed at their exploits with wonder and admiration.

* *Streng's Frithiof*, p. 223.

CANTO XIX.

Stanza 2. Hunting and Hawking were not confined to the immense forests of the North, but long stood their ground in the South of Europe also. Walter, Bishop of Rochester in the 13th century, made it his sole employment, even when upwards of eighty years old; and the ladies, both alone and attended by their lords, winded the horn and roused the game with remarkable skill. Queen Elizabeth's passion for the Chase is well known. — "The great hunting matches were the means of preserving a social intercourse between remote tribes, and of bringing together the chiefs and principal men of the country, for the adjustment of differences, arrangement of proceedings, &c. Huntings were often given in compliment to the visits of friends, and the vassals were summoned in suitable numbers." *

Stanzas 13, 14. Gifted Birds, or rather spirits in their shape, are a "divine machinery" frequently introduced in the Ballads and Sagas of the North. This is one out of a thousand resemblances to Asiatic manners. "Many also in the North, as in idolatrous Israel, asserted that they could understand the cries of birds — so that they became a language studied with great zeal both by kings and peasants." †

Stanza 18. See a somewhat similar instance of magnanimity, in *Tytler's Hist. of Scotland*, II. 400.

Stanza 20. 'With upborne shield.' According to the old Northern custom, a shield was carried on high instead of colours, and 'to come with the Shield of War' (*karraskeld*, generally perhaps, red) was equivalent to a declaration of hostilities. — The 'upborne shield' therefore, which could only be carried between sun-rise and sun-set, was a sign of open and honourable warfare. See Index, art. SHIELD.

CANTO XX.

Stanza 5. 'Fire's light-curl'd daughters,' — the graceful and slimly-bending *smoke-wreaths*, — is hazarded in the spirit of the Scaldic phraseology, though neither warranted nor forbidden by the original's '*Stígande rökun*.'

Stanza 11. 'Death-runes.' See Index, art. GEIRSÖDD.

Stanza 14. "It is plain that a more glorious crown, a helmet of salvation, rose before the imagination of the poet, as he penned this char-

* *Logan's Gael*, II. 42. — † *Dahm's Hist.* I. 183.

acteristic passage. Yet the sentiment imputed to this Pagan Chieftain is not at all overcharged: the *hope* of a dying Odenite, though not vouched like that of the Christian, was more easily exalted into joy; since it was little repressed through any sense of responsibility, and inflated by ignorant enthusiasm." * — We cannot help adding a single Strophe of the celebrated *Death-Song of Regnar Lodbrok*, which was probably in Tegnér's recollection when he composed this Canto: —

ST. 29.

"Cease my strain! I hear a voice
From realms where martial souls rejoice.
I hear the Maids of slaughter call,
Who bid me hence to Odin's Hall.
High-seated in their blest abodes,
I soon shall quaff the drink of gods.
The hours of life have glided by;
I fall, but smiling shall I die." †

CANTO XXI.

Stanza 1. &c. See Remarks on the alliterative Poetry of the old English Bards, in *Warton's Reliques of Anc. Eng. Poetry* II. 276—280. For a valuable comparison of the Icelandic and Anglo-Saxon systems of verse, we refer to *Cronholm's Forn-Nordiska Minnen*, I. ad finem.

Id. 'His Courser.' "If the Levantine Achilles consumed upon the pile of Patroclus a stud of proud-necked coursers, the Northern Sigurd was equally careful that the shade of Harald-Hildetand should be provided with a pompous saddle-horse, on which he might ride forth amidst the host of the slain to Valhalla: if the tomb of Hring be poetically furnished with his yet surviving charger, his lifeless side girt with its faithful blade, that of Chilperic I. really disclosed remains of his former war-horse, amongst rusty and decayed trappings, arms, and accoutrements. The Laplander interring a flint and combustibles to light the departed along the dark passages of his cavernous way, or the Western savage, in addition to garments and grain, bestowing, as in mockery of the pallid corpse, "*des couleurs pour se peindre*," betrayed not greater blindness

* *Strong*, p. 257. — † *Herbert's specimens of Icelandic Poetry*. We would have preferred the last line to have run thus:

I fall, but laugh; and laughing die!

than the philosophic Greek inserting his viaticum between the rigid teeth or squandering life and wealth upon the pile. The range of man's discoveries is cut short at the grave, and beyond this point even Revelation seems rather meted out to dispel delusion than to communicate knowledge."* The Scythians had the same burial-customs as the Scandinavians.

Stanza 2. 'Corn-ears.' In England, so late as in the reign of Henry VIII. Brides, we are informed,** wore a garland of corn-ears.

Stanza 9. The synonyms for *gold*, in the old Scaldic Poetry, are almost numberless. Many of them are founded upon legendary fable, while some are elegantly expressive; such*** as *Ægir's* (the Ocean-god's) *fire* †; *Freja's* (Venus') *Tears*; *the flame of the wrist* (from its being so generally made into Bracelets by the Northmen); *the fire of the stream* (pointing, says *Græger*, †† to the gold-bearing floods of the Caucasus), &c. It is called *Dwarf-day-shine*, for that the Pigmies who peopled the hills and caverns had no *solar-day-shine*.

CANTO XXII.

Stanza 3. 'A Sun in blood,' — Painted blood-red.

Stanza 10. "So when Baldwin, Count of Flanders, was invested — an. 1204 — by the Crusaders with the Eastern purple, "the barons and knights, agreeably to Byzantine custom, elevated the Emperor *on a Buckler* and bore him into the church of St. Sophia." ††† Both the Romans and the Northmen had this custom. For a general or ruler to be raised on the 'Shield of War' was an eviient token of Superiority!

Stanza 20. 'Time's spreading Tree!' See Index, art. YGDASIL.

CANTO XXIII.

Stanza 12. 'An air-born Phantom.' The 'Translator cannot call to mind the existence of any national popular Synonym for "Hägring;" *Fata Morgana* is too learned, and the *Mirage* is the lately adopted child of a fo-

* Strong, p. 268. — ** Brand, *Pop. Ant.* — *** Pr. *Edda*, Skaldskap. eh. 32 and 45. — † "Now when the Gods had sate them on their seats, Ægir had shining gold placed upon the floor of the Hall, and this sparkled and lighted up the Hall like unto fire, — just as in Valhall swords were instead of fire." *Do.* eh. 33. — †† *Hafder*, I. 365. See also the *Prose Edda*, Skaldskaparmál, § 32—46. — ††† *Miln's Crusades*, II. 144.

reign desert, while *Sight* and *Vision* &c. are all too indefinite. — "When Nature stretches her canvas of vapour, and with a pencil of reflexible and refrangible light draws fanciful images of objects in themselves fantastic, a less susceptible and inexperienced observer than Frithiof might be pardoned, should he give to the picture ideal touches, and ascribe the vision to preternatural Agency. The architectural skill of fancy is elegantly recognized by John Lander — the African Traveller — in his poetic and affecting monody: —

"With bounding steps I gain'd the hill's ascent
To muse in silence on the firmament,
Where orient clouds that met my raptured sight
Seemed blissful lakes in seas of silvery light,
Rocks, mountains, caverns, precipices hold,
Refulgent towers, and *temples built with gold*:
And borne aloft on fancy's soaring wings,
Were gorgeous thrones and palaces of kings."

*Litt. Gazette, Jan. 3, **

Stanza 13. "Time's pure Spring." Mimer's Well.

CANTO XXIV.

Stanza 5. "The Serpent twisted." "It should be observed that the knots wont to be engraven on Runick monuments, to denote an indissoluble bond of fidelity and affection, were commonly *anguiform*; that genus of serpents, alone, having a propensity to convolve into knots or gyres. And when such anguiform knot occurs, the first care of the decypherer should be directed to the discovery of the head; as indicating the commencement of the scroll." **

Stanza 11. 'Belt.' 'Gauntlets, See Index, art. THOR.

Stanza 19. 'Oblivion's heron.' "As an authority for this expression, Bishop Tegnér himself refers to a passage in the Havamal: —

"Ominnis hegri heitlr	He, oblivion's heron hight
Sa er yfir androm thrumir	O'er the toper stays his flight,
Han stelr gedi guma."	Filching reason, clouding light." ***

Stanza 14. 'The Scale.' "Our poet in this suspension of the balance, might plead sublunary in addition to celestial precedent, as the

* *Strong*, p. 292. — ** *Do.* p. 307. quoted from *Richter's Thes. Gr. Isl.* — *** *Do.* p. 308, *Havamal*, str. 14.

following passage will testify: — "Erat Comiti bilanx argentea inaurata, biois ponderibus, aureo altero, altero argenteo adjectis, in utroque *humana effigies* caelata erat; talibus enim veteres uti consueverant: id Luti, sive sortes, nominarunt." *

It. 'Gold-comb'd Cock' &c. Such are the sigos, which — as sings the Prophetess of the North — shall usher in the day terrible alike to gods and men: —

"Gól um Asum	Crow'd his Æsir-call
Gállio-kambi	Cock with glistering crest;
Sa veknr hólða	He in Oden's hall
At Herla fódurs:	Wakes the Brave from rest:
Eno annar gól	Back the rust-red hird
Fyrir jörd nedaon	Flung the warning sound;
Sotrandnr hani	Heia's Shadows heard
At sölom Heljar."	'Neath the deep profound." **

Stanza 21. 'Grasp ye the Sense, or no?' — "*forstdu I ánnu eller ej?*" an imitation of the Vala's repeated interrogation — "vitoth enn, etha hvat?" *** — 'Know ye yet, or how?'

Stanza 22. * This Stanza is copied from the specimens translated in an excellent Notice of Tegnér's *Frühling*, in *Blackwood's Magazine*, No. 135, Feb. 1828.

Stanza 26. ** These lines are also copied from the same source.

It. 'Proud steeds.' Horses were frequently offered, in the old North, among other animals. They were especially sacrificed to Oden, as the god of War; and to Thor, in token of the horses which drew the chariot of the Sun. Cyrus the Great also offered Horses to that Luminary. At the great atonement-sacrifice at Lederun, the capital of Sæland, 99 horses, and the same number of men, dogs, cocks and hawks were offered at once. †

Stanza 28. 'Presag'd its truths.' "With a similar pregnant inference, the Swedish historian (Geijer) takes his leave of the resinking Vala: — "So sounds the voice of the Northern Sihyl! faint, but half intelligible, through the long vanlt of ages. It speaks of other times, other men and moods, fettered in the bonds of superstition, yet yearning, even they, after eternal light; and expressing that craving, although in faltering phrase." I. 339. ††

* *Torf.* ii. 313, quoted in *Strong*, p. 311. — ** *Do.* same page. — *** *Elder Edda*, *Völuspá*, passim. — † *Conf. Dalfu* l. 171 & 188. — †† *Strong*, p. 315.

MYTHOLOGICAL ANTIQUARIAN AND EXPLANATORY INDEX.

ALFHEM (the Historical), called also *Viken*, was situated, says the *Hervara Saga* [1](#), between Romriver (Glomen) and Gaut-elfven.

ALFHEM, (ELF-HOME), the Palace of Frey, and chief Castle of the district, called by the same name, inhabited by the Light-Fairies. The whole region lay in the *skíð* Heaven, Vid-blain (the widely-blue), which the flames of Ragnarök shall not reach. [2](#)

"Alfhem to Frey they gave, — In Time's first days, — As tooth-gift." [3](#)

ALL-FATHER, (ALLFADER), the great Spirit [4](#), Him who liveth throughout all generations [5](#), and whom we dare not name [6](#), the Creator of the Sun [7](#), and Governor of all things [8](#), the Lofly One, the Ancient, the Revealer of Mysteries, the Manifold [9](#), &c. — the Great Almighty God whom all the corruptions of barbarism and idolatry could never entirely confound either with the heathen 'father of the gods' or with the historical Oden. See ODEN.

ANGANTYR (ARNGRIMSSON). "The gigantic son of a Viking and island chief, named Arngrim; and one of twelve brethren renowned as the first Berserkir. These he accompanied to Samsey, whither one of them, Hiorvard, had challenged Hialmar, a brave Swedish leader, his successful rival, in the favour of Ingebiörg, daughter of the reigning monarch at Upsala. The hostile parties met on the shore, after the Berserkir, in a fit of martial frenzy, had attacked and slain the attendants of Hialmar, whilst their chief, with his foster-brother, Oddr, ascended an eminence to reconnoitre. Two against twelve shewed fearful disproportion, but the former were in full vigour the latter labouring under exhaustion, consequent upon the preceding paroxysm: and too brave to fly, the gallant pair resolved to hazard the encounter. After some friendly disputation,

[1](#)) Ch. L. See also *Ynglinga-Saga*, ch. [33](#). — [2](#)) *Prose-Edda*, Gylfaginning, 17. — [3](#)) On cutting his first tooth — *Poetic Edda* Grímnismál, str. [5](#). — [4](#)) *Prose-Edda*, Gylfaginning, [3](#). — [5](#)) *Do.* — [6](#)) *Poetic Edda*, Hyndla's Song, [41](#). — [7](#)) *Landnám*, p. [19](#); *Skalds*, p. [94](#). — [8](#)) *Harald the fair-haired's Saga*, ch. [4](#). — [9](#)) *Poetic Edda*, Grímnismál, [47—51](#). *Prose-Edda*, Gylfaginning, [20](#).

It was agreed that Hjalmar, as the most perilous emprise, should engage Angantyr; whilst his confederate braved the eleven. Accordingly, after a preliminary condition had been exacted by the Berserk, that if he fell, his sword should be interred with its owner — “ok vil ek hafa Tyrþing i hang meth mer” — the duel commenced; and was long continued with tremendous fury and reciprocal wounds: the reek — according to the Chronicler — ascending from the nostrils and mouths of the combatants, as from a fiery furnace. After standing for some time “spectator of the fight,” Oddr drew off his opponents; and having appealed to their courage as champions, and not slaves, and to the ancient edict, “man to man,” was first confronted by Hlörvard, whom he quickly despatched, and successively by the survivors, who all shared the same fate: his wrought silver tunic, presented to him by a fair enchantress — *Alfödr* — in Ireland, defying the edge of steel. Unscathed he returned to the spot, where he had left his friend, waging doubtful conflict, and found Angantyr fallen, and Hjalmar seated upon a hillock, pale as a corpse. In rhythmic recitative, Oddr questioned and consoled with his ghastly comrade, who taking up the strain, replied: —

“Sár hefi ek sextan
slitna brynju
svart et mér fyrri sjónnm,
sækat ek ganga;
hneyt mér við hjarta
björð Angantýrs
hvass bloðrefill,
herth i eitri.

“Wounds sixteen I rue
Cleft my helm and head,
darkness eludes my view,
falls my feeble tread;
Fierce Angantyr play’d
heart-deep pangs I feel,
Dwarfs two-edged his blade
poison temper’d steel.

“He then commenced his Swan-Song, which extends through six stanzas, and having closed it, expired. Oddr then deposited the Berserkir with their arms, enmulating a barrow over them; and having completed this laborious task, carried the body of his friend to the ship, and sailed for Upsala. The Princess betrothed to Hjalmar, overpowered by the melancholy tidings of his decease, died of a broken heart, and was buried in the same tomb with her lover.”¹⁾ See *TYRÞING*.

ANGANTYR (HEBMUNDSSON), was Jarl of the Orkneys. His father was Jarl of Gotland, and a renowned warrior and Sea-King. On Angantyr’s first meeting with Thorsten and Bele, they came to pitched combat, and after two days hard fighting, followed by a severe duel (both the cham-

¹⁾ *Strengh’s Frithiof*, p. 283.

pions standing on one hide) — swore foster-brotherhood with each other, and were inseparable in their after-rovings. After the conquest of the Orkneys by the three united braves, — “Bele offered Thorsten the Islands, that he should be Jarl thereof; but he said, that he would not have it so: — ‘rather will I be a Herse, and so not separate from thee, than be titled Jarl and live far away from thy side.’ — Then offered he the same unto Angantyr, the which he straightway accepted, becoming Jarl over the Islands, and binding himself to pay tribute every year therefor.” 1)

ANGURVADEL, (or ANGRVATHILL) THE FORD OF SORROW, a name perhaps given from the blue colour and transparency of the steel. See SWORDS.

ARM-RING, (Bracelet, Armclasp) an ornament, usually of gold, constantly and extravagantly worn by the old inhabitants of Scandinavia &c. To such an extent was this practise carried, that it gave a separate appellation to the precious metals, — *eldr lita* or *lita braendum*, 2) — the fire of the wrist, or wrist-flame. — The custom perhaps arose from the convenient and agreeable form in which treasure was thus secured about the person, at a time when property was extremely insecure. But Arm-rings were also frequently regarded as Amulets and talismans, and their use undoubtedly came from the East, where we find them retained to this day.

ARMS, of all Kinds, and often of great rarity and beauty, were always publicly worn by the Gothic nations, who introduced this custom into Southern Europe. But especially at the Ting, Diet, and all other folk-motes the free Northman presented himself “armed up to the teeth;” and, in proportion as he laid aside his *weapons*, his *liberties* were gradually filched from him by nobles, priests and tyrants. — In God’s good time, it is to be hoped, he will take back both the one and the other!

ARNGRIM, father of ANGANTYR and his XI Brothers.

AS OR ASS, (Goth. ANZ, Etruscan AIS), Chief Pillar or Support, God, Demi-God, Hero. Plural ASAR or ÆSIR, the divine Race, first applied to the Asiatic followers of Oden, and then to the last predominant Scandinavian Deities whose names they had assumed, generally. When compounded, it becomes ASA-; as ASA-BALDER, &c. — See ASCLARD.

ASA-BALDER, ASA-THOR, &c. See BALDER, THOR. &c.

ASCLARD, or *Godheim*, is the celestial abode from which Oden and his Asar descended on Earth to *Manheim* or Sweden to mix with the children of men. At the same time, it signifies the original seat of Oden the hero, on the river Tanais.

1) *Thorsten Vikingman's Saga*, ch. 24. — 2) *Sn. Edda*, *Skaldskap*, 45.

ASKER (ASH). "Then said Gángleri (*The Wayfarer*): 'Much methinks was it which they had accomplished, when the heavens and the earth were made, the son and the heavenly bodies were placed, and day and night had been ordered; but whence came the men who live on our globe? — Hár (*the Lofly One*) replieth: 'As the Sons of Bór (*the Gods Oden, Vile and Ve*) walked along the sea-shore, found they two trees, and taking them up, made of them men. The first gava unto them spirit and life, the second understanding and movement, and the third features speech hearing and sight. Garments gave they to them also, and names; the man was hight *Asker*, and the woman *Embla*; and from them have come all mankind, to whom it was given to build in Midgård." 1) — Listen also to the Vala!

"Til Threc came

Yon Troop from out,

ASAR — all loving

And strong — to the shore;

On the land they found

Little worth

Aska and Embla

Lying all lifeless: —

"Spirit they held not,

Thought had they none,

Nor blood nor voice

Nor heanteous hne:

Oden gave Spirit,

And Thought gave Hæner,

And blood gave Loder

And heanteous hne!" 2)

We find curious resemblances to this Mythos, among the Greeks who affirmed the human race to be the fruit of the Ash, *μελλίης καρπός*, — the Latins, whose *Populus* means Poplar, — and the Persians, who thought mankind were descended from a tree.

ASSIZE, See TING.

ASTRILN, Love, the Cupld of the North. — From the Tentonle root AST, Love, Desire, and connected with *Easter*, or *Aestlar*, (*German Ostern*) the feast of Venns among the Britons and Germans, and ASTARTE ASHTAROTH, &c. the Syrian Venus.

BALDER, (THE POTENT) related to *Bel*, *Baal*, &c. *Lord*, a title of the Sun. Hence Balder is the Source of light and life, the delight of Gods and men, *the good*. — "Oden's second son is Balder; . . . so fair is he in feature and so bright, that a shining splendour surroundeth him . . . the wisest of the Asar is he, and the most sweetly-speaking, and thereto most mild. That quality, also, followeth him, that his doomings never can be changed." 3) But alas! the 'Guardian of Valhall' 4) is threatened by

1) *Sn. Edda*, Gylfag. 9. — 2) *Sam. Edda*, *Völuspá*, 17, 18. — 3) *Sn. Edda*, Gylfag. 22. — 4) *Völuspá*, 38.

misfortunes which gain him the melancholy titles 'the bloody God' 1) and 'the weeping God' 2). Oden himself visits the abode of Hel 3), but only to gain a confirmation of Balder's dreams. Then taketh Frigga oath of all existences, living and lifeless, that they would not harm her son; but the tender mistletoe she neglects, and this becomes his bane. As the Gods are aiming at him as at a mark, to show that he is now invulnerable, the ever-evil Loke placeth the young plant in the hands of the blind Höder (*Hatred*), directs his aim, and — Balder falls! — "and this is the greatest misfortune which has ever befallen Gods and Men!" 4) So soon as the Gods had somewhat recovered from this blow, they sent Helmod (*the Heretic*) to Hel, commissioned to offer ransom for her prey; this she granted, on condition that every thing, living and dead, lamented the deceased. — "This all nature did, men and animals, earth and stones and trees and every ore; for thou hast surely seen how these things weep, when they come from the cold into the heat. Now as the messengers are journeying home . . . they find a giantess called Thöek, who answereth thus:

"Thöek will weep, but	Nor of dead nor of living
With dry tears,	Force I the son; —
For Balder's death-pile:	Let Hel hold fast what she hath!" 5)

This was attributed to Loke, and terribly was it revenged. But Balder shall *return*, with that New Earth of which the Vala sings. 6) — "This beautiful Mythos is undoubtedly an image of the leaf of the seasons (the life of the year?) destroyed by Winter, and of the subsequent re-awakening of Nature by the Spring. But at the same time it carries with it another, and more remote signification — being a symbol of all time, and of the changes of the great year of the world, and in this sense it implies a higher meaning, as it represents the general dissolution as a consequence of the first death of the God (Gudadöð) — the death of Goodness and Justice in the world. Balder returns, followed by reward and punishment, by a new heaven and a new earth. Through this, and at the same time the inviolable sanctity which the Northern Mythology attaches to an oath, it rises above Nature, and acquires a moral value for mankind." 7) See BREIDARLICK, HÖDER, LOKE, NANNA, VALE, WHITE GOD.

BALDER'S HAGE, — "at Sogn, in Norway, a Sanctuary consecrated to Balder, was surrounded by an extensive enclosure, and consisted of buildings constructed with great cost. There was one temple for the Gods,

1) *Völuspá*, 36. — 2) *Sn. Edda*, *Skaldskap*, 5. — 3) *Vegtamsgvida*. — 4) *Sn. Edda*, *Gylfag.* 49. — 5) *Do. Do.* — 6) *Völuspá*, str. 62. — 7) *Geirer Sveru Ríkis Háfder*, l. 354; trans. in the *Foreign. Rev.* Ap. 1828, p. 541.

and another for the Goddesses of Valhall, — the latter, especially, extremely high." 1)

BALDER'S PYRE, is properly the burning of his corpse, together with that of Nanna, on his ship Ringhorne which had been pushed from shore by the Witch-giantess Hytrocken (*fire-Whirlwind*). Thor consecrated the blazing Pile with his Hammer, and Gods, Men, and *Giants* assembled to express their sorrow at his fate! 2) — In another sense, however, it is synonymous with his festival, *Bel-tan*, the solar fire, usually kindled (commonly with fresh-obtained flame) on the 1st of May. "It was also not unfrequently kept on *Midsummer-day*, from a not unnatural idea, that of all the days in the year that in particular should be selected in which the sun was the longest predominant; and it was observed by fires from a notion no less natural, that there was a peculiar fitness in making offerings to the great god of day from his own element." 3)

BARROW, (perhaps derived from BEAG, hill) Grave-mound, sepulchral heap, was a vast mass of earth and stones raised over the remains of a chief or warrior of renown. Commonly one or more timbered or walled chambers, protected the corpse from contact with the soil itself. Such Barrows or Cairns are found in Scandinavia and in the British Isles, Poland and Russia, especially in the steppes of Tartary. "The borderers upon these deserts (near Tromsby) have for many years continued to dig for treasure deposited in these tumuli: and the Russian court being informed of these depredations, dispatched an officer to open such of the tumuli as were too large for the marauding parties to undertake. He selected the barrow of largest dimensions, and a deep covering of earth and stones having been removed, the workmen came to three vaults. The centre and largest, containing the bones of the chief, was easily distinguished by the sword, spear, bow, quiver, and arrow, which lay beside him. In the vault beyond him, toward which his feet lay, were his horse and bridle and stirrups. The body of the prince lay in a reclining posture upon a sheet of pure gold, extending from head to foot; and another sheet of gold, of the like dimensions, was spread over him. He was wrapt in a rich mantle, bordered with gold, and studded with rubies and emeralds. His head, neck, breast, and arms naked, and without any ornament. In the lesser vault lay the princess, distinguished by her female ornaments. She was placed reclining against the wall, with a gold chain of many links, set with rubies, round her neck, and gold bracelets round her arms. The

1) *Finn Mognusen*, Nordisk Archæologi. — 2) *Sn. Edda*, Gylfag. 49. — 3) *Boucher's Glossary*.

head, breast, and arms, were naked. The body was covered with a rich robe, but without any border of gold or jewels; and was laid on a sheet of fine gold, and covered over with another. The four sheets of gold weighed 40 lbs. The robes of both looked fair and complete; but, upon touching, crumbled into dust." 1) .

BAUTA-STONE, (MARK-STONE, OR STONE OF THE FALLEN) WAS A narrow and lofty block set up to the remembrance of a distinguished Chief. The custom of erecting such monuments was as old as Oden himself. "Over all those men who any manly exploit had performed, should *Bauta-Stones* be raised." 2) Sometimes they stood on a Cairn, but more commonly by a path-way — "Siste, Vistor!" — "But, when we consider the continual warfare of our forefathers, and the respect paid by heathenism to the last duties to the deceased, — they were probably also raised over men who had fallen far away, no friend or kinsman near them, as the only tribute that could be given them by the home-abiding and the still-surviving, and as a compensation for those funeral offices which it was impossible for the relatives to fulfil." 3) — Bauta-stones, owing to their exposed form, are now rare even in the North; The oldest whose date is positively certain ascend to the Xth Century; the most recent come down to the XIIIth. Frithiof's Bauta-Stone, represented in the Frontispiece, is a remarkably fine specimen of this antique Scandinavian Remembrance-Stone, and must boast an age of more than 1000 years! — Sublime, indeed, is the maxim of the Ancient Oden: —

Sonr er betri,
þótt sé sið of-allun
eptir gengiun guma:
aialdan bantasteinar
standa brauto nær,
nema reisi niðr at nið. 4)

'Tis good to boast a Son, e'en though
But late the tender plant should grow,
Nay! though the Sire himself hath died. —
Ah! seldom Bauta-Stones arise,
Just where the broad path pleasant lies,
If not by Son to Father sanctified!

BEAR. (*Canto II*). "Popular tradition gives the Bear the strength of XII men, and the Lap and Fin regard him to this day as some thing

1) *Bel's Journey from Petersburg to Peking*, I. 209. — 2) *Ynglinga-Saga*, ch. VIII. —

3) *Geijer, Svan Rikes Häftel*, I. 157. — 4) *Sam. Edda*, Havamal, st. 73.

supernatural." 1) (*Canto X*). "So, when the sponse of Högol related her ominous dream, that "a bear entering, tore up the high seat of the King, and having brandished his paws, to the terror of them all, at length seized them powerless in his jaws, thus creating indescribable consternation;" he evaded her conclusion, replying, that it foreboded "tempest; since the object imagined was a *white-bear*." In truth, it seems not improbable that our poet had in view this very passage of the *Völsunga Saga*, for *Kost-hera* immediately proceeds to narrate a second dream, in which an *eagle* was the actor, and which she alleges must forebode ill, since the bird appeared to be the disguised form (*kamr*) of King *Atli*, whose treachery she foresaw." 2)

BELE, was the son of *Skate*, and succeeded his father in the Kingdom of *Sogu*. — "Widely was *Bele* renowned in every land." 3)

BERSERK, (*BARK SERK*, Bare shirt, unmailed warrior). The Berserks were a class of combatants in whom military enthusiasm often developed itself either as assumed frenzy or real madness. Even chains could scarcely restrain them 4); indeed they were the natural excrescence-growth of a period when *force* and *fight*, *blood* and *brutality* were the melancholy reverse of the medal of pirate plunderings. Friend or foe, breast or buckler, stick or stone, dead or living was the same to an excited Berserk: ungovernable in his fury, he would wildly wander

"Running an Indian Muck at all he met."

"Subsequently the denomination seems to have been applied to ferocious champions, sometimes retained in pay as a body-guard to the sovereign . . . In process of civilization, the word, once a title of honour, became, as it is employed by *Frithiof*, a term of reproach." 5)

BERSERK'S-COURSE (*Berserksgång*) the fit of fury which seized the Berserk when dangerously excited by his martial frenzy. When under the influence of this paroxysm, he was a raging wolf to his friends, and an armed maniac to his enemies, and only force or the battle-field could subdue or exhaust his fury. One method which his companions took in such cases was, to form an impenetrable wall of shields about him, keeping him there like a wild bull in a net till his savage force was spent. — "But his (*Oden's*) men rushed forward without mail, and were mad as dogs or wolves, and bit upon their shields, and were as strong as bears or bulls. Men slew them, and neither fire nor iron laid hold upon them.

1) *Asarne of Lång*, Not 8 till XVI sången. — 2) *Strong's Frithiof*, p. 137. —

3) *Thorsten Vikingsson's Saga*, ch. 17. — 4) *Saxo Gram. Lib.* VII. — 5) *Strong*, p. 153.

This is called the *Berserk's-course*." 1) "Their custom was it, when they were with their men alone, and found the *Berserk's-course* coming upon them, that they went up on the land and fought with great stones or trees. For the misfortune had befallen them, that they had killed their own men and had spoiled their ships." 2) — We cannot help adding the description of a Master, who writes with all the correctness of an Antiquarian and all the feeling of a poet: —

"Profane not, youth — it is not thine
To judge the spirit of our line —
The bold Berserker's rage divine,
Through whose inspiring, deeds are wrought,
Past human strength and human thought.
When full upon his gloomy soul
The champion feels the influence roll,
He swims the lake, he leaps the wall —
Heeds not the depth, nor plumbs the fall —
Unshielded, mailless on he goes
Singly against a host of foes;
Their spears he holds like wither'd reeds,
Their mail like maiden's silken weeds;
One 'gainst a hundred will he strive,
'Take countless wounds, and yet survive.

Then rush the eagles to his cry
Of slaughter and of victory, —
And blood he quaffs like Odin's bowl,
Deep drinks his sword, — deep drinks his soul;
And all that meet him in his ire
He gives to ruin, rout, and fire,
Then, like gorged lion, seeks some den,
And conches till he's man agen. —
Thou knowst the signs of look and limb,
When 'gins that rage to overbrim —
Thou know'st when I am moved, and why;
And when thou seest me roll mine eye,
Set my teeth thus, and stamp my foot,
Regard thy safety, and be mate."

Walter Scott, *Harald the Dauntless*. III, st. 8.

1) *Völsunga Saga*, ch. VI. — 2) *Harra Saga*, ch. III.

BIF-ROST or BÄF-KÜST (the TREMBLING BRIDGE). — "Then asked Gångleri (*The Wayfarer*), 'which is the path to Heaven from the Earth?' — Then answereth Hár (*The Lofly One*) with a smile, 'Not wisely hast thou now questioned; is it not said that the Gods made a Bridge from Earth to Heaven, and that it hight is *Bifrost*? This must thou sure have seen, — perhaps thou callest it *the Rainbow*. Three colours hath it, and is exceeding strong, and is built with more strength and cunning than other works. But however strong it is, it shall break, when Muspel's Sons advance to ride thereover, swimming their horses over mighty floods and so advancing. . . . Bifrost is doubtless a bridge right excellent, but nought in all the world can stand, when Muspel's Sons come forth to battle.'" 1) — "Then demanded Gångleri, 'Brenneth fire over Bifrost?' Hár replieth; 'That which thou seest red in the Bow, is burning fire. Frost-trolls and Mountain-Giants would go up to Heaven, if all could journey over Bifrost that might choose.'" 2) — *Geijer* observes 3); "In the Persian Mythology also, we find a Divine Bridge, TCHINAVAD, resembling the *sáfnöst* of the North. *Görres*, I, 257. II. 384. The Classic Myth calls this heavenly bridge the *Milky Way*."

Est via sublimis, cœlo manifesta sereno

Laetea nomen habet; candore notabilis ipso.

Hæc iter est Superis ad magni Tecta Tonantis.

See GJALLAR-HORN, HEIMOALL. —

Ovid. Met. I, 168—170."

BJÖRN BLÁTANO, (BEAR BLUE-TOOTH). — "Their" (Kol's and Trona's) "eldest child was Björn Blátand. His teeth were blue of colour, and an ell and a half stood they from out his mouth: therewith slew he people in battle, or when that he was enraged." 4)

BLOOD-EAGLE, so called from a distant resemblance of the mangled body to a spread Eagle. — To carve the Blood-Eagle is a common expression in the Sagas, and was a cruel punishment worthy of an age in which children were tossed on spears! It consisted in cutting the figure of an eagle on the back of the sufferer, separating the ribs from the backbone, and drawing the lungs from out the opening. This terrible vengeance, however, which was also called the *Blood-Owl*, was only taken on detested enemies or the most wretched villains. 5)

BRACELET, See ARMRING.

BRACE (the SONOROUS), the Bardic God, and fourth son of Oden and of Frigga. "Distinguished for wisdom is he, right eloquent and rich

1) *Sn. Edda*, Gylfag. 13. — 2) *Do.* 15. — 3) *See Rikis Hefden*, I, 364. — 4) *Thorstein Vikiingston's Saga*, ch. III. — 5) *See Ragnar Lodbrok's Saga*.

in words, and the Master of Song." 1) He was represented by the figure of an old man, with a snow-white beard reaching down to his girdle; but the tones of his golden harp, and the sweet music of his voice chaunting the exploits of Gods and of Heroes, proved that his genius like his immortality (for he partook in common with the other Gods of the apples guarded by his Spouse) was always young. Mimer's fountain, open only to him and Oden, is the well whence flows his flood of poesy; and mysterious runes engraven upon his tongue, impart irresistible fascination to every effusion.

"The Ash, Ygdrasil,
Is best among trees;
Skidbladnir 'mong ships;
Oden 'mong the' Asar;
'Mong horses Sleipnir;

Best is Bifrost of bridges.
Brage of Scolds,
Habrok of hawks
And Garmer 'mong hounds." 2)
See IDENA.

BRAN, the favorite dog of Frithiof. His name seems to have been suggested by a passage in *Osian* 3): — "White-breasted Bran came bounding with joy to the known path of Fingal. He came and looked towards the cave where the blue-eyed hunter lay, for he was wont to stride, with morning, to the dewy bed of the roe. It was then the tears of the king came down, and all his soul was dark."

BREIDABLICK, (THE BROAD-SHINING), The Castle and District of Balder. "There is, also, a place Breidablick hight, than the which no spot is more fair." 4) . . . "Nothing impure may enter therein, as is here said:

Breidablick hight is	In that land where know I
There where Balder hath	Rune-staves are fewest
Built him a Hall,	Dead men that wake!" 5)

BRETLAND, (*Bretternas Land*, the LAND of the BRITONS), the name given by the old Scandinavians to the coast and provinces of Wales. Occasionally it was extended to England in general.

BURIAL-FEAST, See GRAVE-ALE.

CAIRN, See BARROW.

CHESS-PLAYING has been known in the North from the earliest times, and was doubtless introduced by its Eastern colonists. The boards were often highly valuable, and were reckoned worthy of adorning the

1) *Sn. Edda*, Gylfag. ch. 26. — 2) *Sam. Edda*, Grimner's Song, str. 45. — 3) *Tenora*, VIII. — 4) *Sn. Edda*, Gylfag. ch. 17. — 5) *Do*, ch. 22. — *Sam. Edda*, Grimner's Song, str. 12.

temples of the Gods. 1) Specimens have been found in the Cairus of North-Eastern Russia. 2) In *Egil's Saga* we even find some kind of Playing Automaton mentioned. 3) The Icelanders are to this day distinguished Chess-players, and our games in general, both with and without dice, are constantly occurring in the Sagas.

CHIMNIES were not used by the old Scandinavians.

CORSLET-HATER, (BRINJO-HATARE) is an expressive Scaldic epithet for War-Sword. 4)

DAY. — "Nörvi or Narfi was hight a Jötunn [evil Giant], who dwelled in Jötun-home. A daughter had he, called *Night* (Nött). She was dark and gloomy like her race, and was given in marriage to the man hight Naglfari, and their son was called Anthr (or Udr). — Next took she him, who was Annarr hight; their daughter was named *the Earth* (Jörth). — Last of all had she *Delling*. He was of the Asar-race, and their son was *Day* (Dagr), who was light and fair like as his fathers. Then took Allfather Night, together with Day her son, gave them two horses and two ears, and set them up in the heaven, that they should each journey round the Earth, every twice XII hours. Night rides before, on that horse called Hrimfaxi, which every Morning bedews the Earth with the foam that drops from his bit. That horse which Day hath is hight Skin-faxi," — ("or also *Gledd*" 5), — "and filleth both air and Earth with the shining of his mane." 6)

"Forth his Steed drove
Delling's Son [Day]
With stones so precious
Rich surrounded:

The streaming mane far
Mankem lighted,
Drew Dvalin's sport [the Snn]
Car-drawing horse." 7)

DELLING'S SON, See DAY.

DIAR, A title originally applied to Oden and his Chiefs. "There [in Asgård] was it the custom, that the XII Pontiff-Guardians of his [Oden's] Court were the highest. They should superintend the Saerifices, and judge between man and man. DIAR were they called, or *Drathnar*." 8) 'This priestly appellation was claimed by all the presumed descendants of the Divine races; but in proportion as the spiritual gave way to

1) *Egil's and Asmund's Saga*, ch. 8, 9. — *Sturlög St. Saga*, ch. 17. — 2) *Strahlenberg*, Nordostl. Eur. und Asien, p. 356. — 3) "Táð that, sem sjálf lekl ser, thegar nokkur þá annars végar." — 4) *Hervara Saga*, ch. VII, str. 18. — 5) *Sn. Edda*, Skaldskaparmál, ch. 58. — 6) *Do. Gylfag.* 10. — 7) *Sæm, Edda*, Oden's Raven-chant, str. 24. — 8) *Ynglinga Saga* ch. 11

the temporal power, the flaminical *Drott* was merged in the battle-leading *King*. 1)

DIET, Wittenagemot, Folkmote, Public Meeting of the armed freemen of a District, is synonymous (in the more extended meaning of the latter) with TING, which see.

DIRGE, See DAAPA.

DISAR, (pl. of DIS, Deity, Goddess) is an appellation appropriated to the Goddesses collectively. The great annual Upsala sacrifice was called *Disar-blot*.

DISAR-DALE, Pantheon-Valley, an appellative from some Disar-Temple in the neighbourhood. It was in a similar *Disar-dale* that Queen Helga committed suicide. 2)

DISAR-SACRIFICE, (*Disar-offret*, *Disar-blot*). The great mid-winter offering to the Gods and Goddesses, in Sweden and Norway.

DISAR-SAL, (The HALL, Temple, of the DISAR), Pantheon.

DRAGON, (NRAKE) was a common name for the old Scandinavian War-ships, and extremely well answered to their general form and appearance. Such galleys were also called serpents, snakes and worms, &c. and the smaller sort snails and shells. — "Yet the ancient poets by no means limited their range into the animal world to the reptile race: we find ships designated the sea-king's horse, reindeer, bear, hart, elk, otter, wolf, ox, elm-jade, &c. and in the *Krákumál* the ignoble ass itself supplies an appellation for the laden vessel: —

"Rodian var Ægis asni	There whilst braying weapons strow'd,
ófárr i dyn geira."	Ægir's asses lost their load." 3)

The Scandinavian 'Dragon' had often silken or erionously wrought sails, of various or striped colours, and was some times gorgeously adorned with gilding and painting, — while the richly-embellished War-Shields ran, shining, along the bulwarks. We translate one description out of many occurring in the Sagas: — "Great pains took King Rolf to lay up well his Dragon *Grimars-naut*, and all over from the water's edge had he the same full-painted with divers colours, both yellow, red, green, blue, black, and different shades of gold. The Dragon-Head [the figure-head of the vessel] had he adorned with corslets, and chain-work went also across the neck. On the ship's-board, wherever he thought it might be snitable, eased he gilding to be added. Much more magnificent was this ship than any other, and seemed to surpass all other vessels as King

1) Conf. *Græjers Saga Ríkis Hofsder*, I. 494. — 2) *Hervara Saga*, ch. XI. — 3) *Strong*, p. 189.

Rolf surpassed all other Kings here in the Northland." 1) See Note to 'Oak' Canto XIV, and art. SEA-HORSE.

DRAPA, (HARP-SUNG BIRGE, from *drepa* to strike) the Death-Song, Solemn Chant or rhythmic Panegyric harped by the assembled Bards at the funeral Banquet of a distinguished Prince or Hero. Many such Songs of praise, of great antiquity and extraordinary and sublime beauty, are still extant in the Icelandic Literature. — "The public orator of the Northman was his Skald, metre his conventional language; and where popular opinion regarded death as a triumph, and futurity as a scene of festivities, elegy had been revolting; laudatory and gratulating strains would be alone appropriate, the shout of exulting enthusiasm must cheer the apotheosis of its hero." 2)

DRINKING-HORNS were usually of polished ox- or urns-horn, sometimes of wood or ivory. Commonly they were provided with feet (of silver &c.), and need not therefore be emptied at once. Another sort was without any support, and was necessarily drained at once. Some Drinking-horns were of an enormous size, and very finely wrought with ornaments and runes; others again were small and simple.

DWARF, (DVERG). — "The Cyclopes in miniature; the miners of the North, apparently identified with the aboriginal Finns. These pigmies, though hideous in form and malevolent in disposition, are admitted to have excelled the very Æsir in mechanical skill and metallurgy. A superiority scarcely to be disputed, since we find them not merely forging hair of gold to replace the locks which mischievous Loké had cut from the bright-ringleted wife of Thor; but fabricating a golden-bristled boar from a skin committed to the forge: a ring (*Draupnir*) from which others periodically distilled; and a ship — *Skidbladnir*, the gliding laminae, — which supplied its own breezes, and was so conveniently elastic, that although capable of containing all the Æsir with their arms, it might be folded together and put into the pocket. The Dwarfs, mythologically regarded, betray their descent from the mysteries of the Cabiri, the fabricators of the ark. "The natives of Iceland still term *Dvergumidi* any workmanship which they wish to describe as particularly artificial." — *Henderson's Iceland*, 192." 3) The Dwarfs dwelt in rocks and caverns, and had quickened from the body of the slaughtered Ymer.

1) *Gothick and Rolf's Saga*, ch. 26. — 2) *Strong*, p. 263. — 3) *De*. p. 48.

EARTH, Daughter of Night, Bride of Oden, Mother of Thor, Sister of Day, Floor of Heaven; 1) &c.

"Say thou then, good All-wise	<i>Earth</i> 'tis hight 'mong men,
(For all Man's beginnings	But 'mong the' <i>Asar land</i> ,
Sure thou, Dwarf, dost know;) <i>Way</i> the Vanir call it;	
How that <i>Earth</i> is hight,	<i>Green-deck'd Jötunar</i> (Giants) say,
Here for mortals lying	<i>Growing</i> the' Elf-race name it
In each sep'rate world? —	<i>Gravel</i> Heav'n's Powers cry!" 2)

EAST-SEA, (*Östernjón*) the Baltic.

EFJE-SUND, "at the Orkneys," subjoins Bishop Tegnér. — *Eglsby*, *Esie* on Mainland, and *Papa-strömsay*, have each been proposed as the modern sites.

EINHERIAN, (Single combatants). — "Oden is hight *Allfather*, for that he is the Father of all the Gods. He is also called *Velfather* [Father of all the Chosen-Slain], for that his chosen sons are all they who fall in battle. These receiveth he in Valhall and Vingolf, and there are they hight *Einherier*." 3) — "Then asked Gángleri the [Wayfarer], 'What have the Einheriar to drink, which can supply them together with their meat [the flesh of the ever-renewed boar *Sæhrimner*], or is water their drink there?' — 'Then answereth Hár [the Lofty One.] 'Wonderfully spiciest thou now, that Allfather should bid to him Kings or Jarls or other Chief men, and should give them water to drink! And, indeed, many men I trow come up to Valhall who, we should think, had dearly bought their water-drinking, if no better cheer could be expected there, — even such as have suffered wounds and pains unto the death. Nay! something very different have I to tell thee thereof. A goat there is, hight *Hejdrun*, [thus resembling the *Amalthea* of the ancients] which standeth up in Valhall and biteth leaves from the branches of that right famous tree called *Lerathr*. Now from out her teats there runneth so much mead, that she filleth therewith each day a drinking-vessel (tub) so huge that all the Einheriar are made drunken thereby.' Then quod Gángleri, 'Most curious surely is that Goat, and right excellent must be the tree whose leaves she croppeth.' 4) — "But what are the pastimes of the *Einheriar*, while they are not drinking?" Hár replieth; 'Every day when they have taken their garments upon them they array themselves for battle, march out to the great Court-Yard of Valhall, and so fight manfully, felling each other to the earth. Such is their sport. But when it draweth towards the

1) *Sn. Edda*, *Skaldskaparmál*, ch. 24. — 2) *Sam. Edda*, Song of All-Wise, str. 10, 11. — 3) *Sn. Edda*, *Gylfag.*, ch. 20. — 4) *Do.*, ch. 39.

time that they shall break their fast, then ride they home to Valhall, and sit down to drink. As it is here said:

"All the Einheriar	Death-champions choose they,
In Oden's Town	From the Contest then ride
Hard battle every day:	And reconcil'd sit at the board." 1)

ELKS — were formerly abundant in the Scandinavian woods. As these gradually became thinner, they abandoned them, to seek out the wild forests farther north and are now almost unknown in the southern districts of the Peninsula.

ELLIDA, (THE SURF-CUTTER). The engraving of this, Frithiof's favourite Dragon-ship, is taken from the descriptions in the Sagas, as compared with facsimile drawings of the celebrated Bayeux-Tapestry. Many of the old Scandinavian war-ships must have been exceedingly striking, and their general appearance probably very much resembled the Roman and Grecian gallees.

FAFNER, (*Fe-Ofnir*, the WEALTH-SPINNER) the famous Dragon who sat brooding over the enormous wealth procured for the death of Otter. — "The beautiful allegory of the dragon who conceals the treasure, and transmitting it from hand to hand, makes it the continual stimulus of new crimes, of constantly increasing atrocity, and illustrates the dreadful power of the *auri sacra fames* over the heart of man, is the same in the Teutonic as in the Scandinavian Romances." 2)

FAIRIES, (*Alfar*, Elves) were descended from Alfur, a son of Oden. They were river-genii (from *Elf*, stream) and are the source of *Oberon* and his merry tribe, — Elf, Alf, Alp, becoming Aube, Auberon (in french). The Scandinavian peasant, in many districts, still devoutly believes in the Elf-race and their pranks.

FEYRIS, (from *Fenri*, abyss), — one of the three monster-offspring of Loke, — "a glant wolf, which — as the Edda relates — was kept almost from birth amongst the *Æsir*, until alarmed by its monstrous growth, and certain ominous prophecies of its future destructiveness, they resolved to secure it by a chain. Secure in conscious might, it permitted them to try successively various fetters, which it broke with ease; but at length ingenious Dwarfs fabricated a cord of six materials, which thus became rarities or non-entities: the sound of a cat's tread, the beard of a female, the roots of a mountain, the nerves of a bear, the saliva of a

1) *Sn. Edda*, Gylfag. ch. 41. — 2) *Wheaton's Hist. of the Northmen*, p. 82.

bird, and the breath of a fish. This ligature appeared so slight, that the creature suspected artifice; and would not suffer it to be wound around its limbs, before its keeper, Tyr, had placed his hand in its mouth, as a guaranty that no treachery was designed. Their enemy was thus enchained, but Tyr's arm paid the forfeit, and at the appointed day of the mundane catastrophe, Fenris shall burst its fetters, and devour Oden. — 'This wolf, according to Mallet, is a symbol of Time.' 1)

FIRE-CROSS. (*Bud-kafte*, Bid-Staff), was a short staff, one end of which was burned with fire, while the other was perforated with a cord. This, on any pressing emergency, was transferred from district to district with incredible rapidity, and the addition of a few runes or marks would still more clearly explain the verbal message. The simplicity of this expedient was admirable, in times when civilization and its accompanying arts had made such little progress. Sir Walter Scott remarks 2): "At sight of the *Fiery Cross*, every man, from sixteen years old to sixty, capable of bearing arms, was obliged instantly to repair, in his best arms and accoutrements, to the place of rendezvous. He who failed to appear suffered the extremities of fire and sword, which were emblematically denounced to the disobedient by the bloody and burnt marks upon this warlike signal. During the civil war of 1745—6, the fiery Cross often made its circuit; and upon one occasion it passed through the whole district of Breadalbane, a tract of thirty-two miles, in three hours." Traces of this custom are still found in the North of Scotland and Sweden, but only in the Song of the Bard shall we again start at

"the Cross of fire

Which glanced like light'ning up Strath-Ire!"

Njorn Haldarson thus sums up, in his Icelandic Lexicon, the varieties of the Bid-staff: — "Signum, quo convocari contribules solent, est lignum, nonnunquam ferratum, forma *securis* quando negotia regia expedienda sunt; *telu*, quando inopina necessitas, ut caedes patrata aut invasio hostis cogit conventum; et *crucis* quando necessitates œconomicæ et pia corpora sunt objectum consultationis."

FOLEVANG, (the RECEPTACLE of the PEOPLES), perhaps from the multitudes who thronged its halls. — "Freja is the most illustrious of the *Æsynjor* [Asa-Goddesses]; she hath that dwelling in heaven, which is hight *Folevang*. Whenever she rideth to battle, she taketh the one half of the fallen and Oden the other, as is here said:—

1) *Strong's Frithiof*, p. 312. — 2) Note F to the *Lady of the Lake*.

"Folkvang 'tis hight,
Where Freja doth rule
O'er seats in the Hall:

Of heroes who fall, she
Half takes each day,
And one half Oden hath." 1)

The Goddess of Love was thus, like the Venus of so many other nations, also the Goddess of Death. 2) See FREJA.

"FORSETE hight is, the son of Balder and of Nanna, the Daughter of Nep. He hath that Hall in Heaven which is called Glitner, and all who draw unto him with questions of dispute, set out again on their road full reconciled. Thus is his Judgement-Court the best known to either Gods or Men. As is here said: —

"Glitner's hight that Hall, which There Forseto dwelleth
High gold-pillars bear, Almost every day —
While silver roofs it over: Disputes arranging friendly." 3)

Forsete was worshiped in the island of Heligoland, in times anterior to the written Eddas 4).

FOSTERAGE was common in the North, and was a mark of mutual confidence and respect. It was also the substitute of the period for schools 5) &c.

FOSTER-BROTHERS were educated together, and when fast friends formed alliances which were held sacred, comprehended severe duties', and were not seldom strengthened by mystical ceremonies. But not only members of the same household, stranger-champions also who had tried and proved each other's courage and accomplishments, entered into this the most sacred band known to the Northmen, 6) and which was founded on community of goods. 7) — Sometimes the form was accompanied with offering their blood to the tutelary Gods of their alliance, but generally it was as follows: "The hand-mensele eut they so that it bled, and went out and stood under a long-cut slip of grass-turf, swearing there the oath — to revenge the one the other, should either of them fall by violence." 8) "The Highlanders say, that affectionate to a man is a friend, but a foster-brother is as the life-blood of his heart." 9)

FRAMNÄS, (HEADLAND), a Promontory on Sogne-frith, Bergen's Stift, Norway, on which Frithiof's Estate lay. 10)

1) Sn. Edda, Gylfag. 24. — 2) conf. *Geijers Sæa R. Høfd.* I, 361. — 3) Sn. Edda, ch. 32. — 4) In the VIII cent. See *Græjer*, *ibid.* pag. 292. — 5) See the long and valuable note of *Liljegren*, *Orvar Odd's Saga*, p. 236. — 6) *Thorgrim Prude's Saga* &c. quoted by *Liljegren*, in his Translation of *Orvar Odd's Saga*, p. 243. — 7) *Eigils and Asmund's Saga*, ch. 2, 4. — 8) *Thorsten Vikingston's Saga*, ch. 21. — 9) *Lagan's Gæll*, I, 174. — 10) All the *Landscape-views* of Framnäs

FREJA, the Venus of the North, was the Daughter of Niörd and Skade. "Freja is the most distinguished of the Asynjör ["next to Frigg." 1)] . . . Her Hall is Sesrymner, and large and fair it is. When she farth abroad, she rideth behind two cats harnessed to her car. She doth favour such as call upon her, and from her name is that name of honour, that dames of high rank are hight Frejor [Fruar, Fränen]. Well liketh she Songs of Love, and good is it to invoke her in our wooings." 2) "She took in marriage the man hight Öder (Odr); their daughter is called Hnoss, who is so fair that every thing beautiful and precious is named Hnoss after her. Öder journeyed far, far, away; Freja weepeth after him, and her tears are the red gold. Many names hath Freja; the cause thereof is, that she changed her name often, when that she wandered among unknown peoples to search after Öder. 3) Freja and her brother Frey are often confounded, a thing not to be wondered at when we remember the *Dea Verus* and the God *Agóðiroz* of the ancients. 4) This Goddess was worshiped from an early period by the Lombards, Vandals, Angli, &c. — and was invoked by the Anglo-Saxons to preside over the day thence and still called *Fri-day* (*Frey-a-day*). See FOLKVANG, VANAOIS.

FREY was worshiped at Upsala, together with Oden and Thor. "Niörd, of Noatun, got after that two children. The son was hight Frey, the Daughter Freja; fair in feature were they, and right mighty. Frey is the chiefest among the Asar; he ruleth over rain and sunshine and the produce of the Earth, and on him it is good to call for harvests and for peace. Over the goods of men ruleth he also." 5) Frey, "the wise one" 6) was, however, propitiated with human blood. 7)

FREY'S BOAR was called Gullinbursti, (*the gold-bristled*) and it was perhaps from this circumstance that this ravager of the fields was consecrated and sacrificed to the God of fertility. The same animal was also consecrated to the Indian *Vishnu*, and the Egyptian Sun-God was called *Fre* or *Frey*; and to the Sun and Moon they, like the Scandinavians, devoted the swine. 8) The old English custom of the 'Boar's Head at Christmas'

and its neighbourhood which occur in this work (opposite the engraved Title, and prefixed to Cantos I, IV, VII and XVI) are extremely faithful. They are engraved from 5 large paintings (from drawings taken by himself on the spot) by Herr Calmeier, a distinguished Norwegian artist born in the District (Bergen) illustrated by his pencil. — 1) *Sn. Edda*, Gylfag. ch. 35. — 2) *Do.* ch. 24. — 3) *Do.* ch. 35. — 4) *Macrobius*, *Saturnal.* III. 8. — 5) *Sn. Edda*, Gylfag. 24. — 6) *Sam. Edda*, *Skirnissfö.* str. 1, 2. — 7) *Saxa Gram.* B. III. — *Ynglinga Saga*, ch. 18. — 8) *Finn Magnusson* Nord. Arch.

was doubtless from the same source. The same words will apply to the 'Briton bold' and to the hero of the North:

"And he driaketh of his hngle horne the wine,
Before him standeth the brawne of the tusked swine." 1)

"It was the custom of these feasts to bring in the boar's head in great state; sometimes the whole boar himself, stuffed, and standing on his legs . . . carried by the Master of the feasts and the servants, with the trumpets sounding before him." 2) In like manner "two swans ornamented with golden net-work having been brought in, upon their being placed on the table, the king [Edward] rose, and made a solemn vow to God and to the Swans, that he would set out for Scotland" &c. 3). One more extract will suffice on this ceremony of *vowing*, derived by the French from the Northman province of Normandy. — "Followed by a train of females, and accompanied by a band of music, this queen of the feast pompously entered the hall, bearing the bird [the Peacock] on a dish of gold or silver, and placed it before the master of the mansion, or before some guest most renowned for courtesy and valour. . . . This glorious destruction [the Carving] awakened such enthusiasm in the knightly carver, that it was usual for him to rise from his seat, and, with his hand extended over the bird, vow to undertake some daring enterprize of love or valour. The form of the oath on this occasion was, — 'I vow to God, to the blessed Virgin, and to the peacock, to &c.' When he ceased, the dish was presented to the other guests in succession; and they vied with each other in the rashness and extravagance of their promises. This ceremony was called, the 'Vow of the Peacock' (*Vœu du Paon*)." 4)

FRYET'S SWORD, "which was so good a falchion that it fought of itself", 5) was given by him to Skirner, as reward for his embassy to Gerda. This whole Legend is delightful, but an *abridgement* would spoil its beauty. It is found at large in the Eddas. 6) For its outline, see GERDA.

FRIGGA, "Fjörgyn's daughter, Oden's Sponse, Balder's Mother, Queen of the Asar and Asynjor" 7) &c. — "She hath that dwelling Fensal hight, which is very fair." 8) — "All the fates of men knoweth she, though she spacs thereof unto no one." 9) Sharing the throne of Oden,

1) Chaucer, *The Franklin's Tale*. — 2) *Tytler's Hist. of Scotland*, li. 409. — 3) *Do*, l. 286. — 4) *Fabliaux, of the XII and XIII Cent.* select. by Le Grand, trans. by Way, notes by Ellis, III. 130. — 5) *Sa. Edda*, Gylfag. 37. — 6) *Do*. — *Sam. Edda*, Skirnifur. — 7) *Sa. Edda*, Skaldskap. ch. 19. — 8) *Do*, Gylfag. 35. — 9) *Do*, ch. 20.

and at the same time often confounded with the Weather-God Frey, 1) she was at once the Juno and the Cybele or Ceres of the Scandinavian Mythology. Frigga was magnificent and majestic, and had three Virgins attendants, among whom *Fulla* (Perfection) was the chief. 2)

FRITHIOF means the THIEF or SPOILER OF PEACE. This Hero, the son of Thorsten, is celebrated in the Literature of the North.

FUNERAL-ALE, See GRAVE-ALE.

FYLKE originally meant any district capable of supporting an armed force of 50 Warriors, 3) and which had its own independent Chief, — thence called Fylke-King.

GANDVIR, (SERPENT-BAY, so called from its tortuosity), the *White Sea*. This name is now obsolete.

GEFION, a Goddess personifying Virgin Purity. "The fourth [A-synja, Asa-Goddess] is Gefion; she is a Virgin, and they who die maids belong unto her." 4)

"All life's long destinies
Like me myself [Oden]
She knoweth well enough." 5)

The giant-spouse, who ploughed Seeland from the Scandinavian Mainland, and whose furrow was — *the Sound!* — must have been a different personage. Her story is not without a barbarous romance. 6).

GEIRASODD, (SPEAR-POINT). *Marka sik Geirasoddi*, to mark one'sself with the spear-point, was to carve one'sself to Oden, 7) making 9 rune-marks ["perhaps the rune Tyr (ᚢ, T), it bearing at once the appellation of a god of war, and the nearest resemblance to the head of a dart or spear" 8] on the breast and arms. This substitute for a battle-death was commenced by Oden, 9) and was resorted to by the Chiefs and warriors of the North that an appearance, at least, of honorable wounds might save them from the disgrace of a straw-death (*strå-död*, death in one's bed or of old age &c.) Previous to this glorious exit, they clothed themselves in their richest armour, and prepared to meet their enemy. The Scandinavian imagined that the *straw-dead* went down to Hela and to forgetfulness, while the bleeding champion hastened, as he died, to join the combats of the Einheriar in Valhall. That this was a political institution, creat-

1) *Hervare Saga*, ch. 14. — 2) *Sn. Edda*, Gylfag. 35. — 3) *Do.* Skaldskap. 66. —

4) *Do.* Gylfag. 35. — 5) *Sam. Edda*, Loké's Abuse, str. 21. — 6) *Sn. Edda*,

Gylfag. ch. 1. — *Ynglinga Saga*, ch. 5. — 7) *Do.* ch. 11. — 8) *Strong*, p. 257.

— 9) *Ynglinga Saga*, 10.

ing and preserving a martial spirit among the people, like Mohammed's Paradise, is more than probable, 1)

GERDA, (THE GUARDED), "the fairest of all women" 2) — "personification of modesty; daughter of the giant *Gymir*, Warder, and sponse of Frey. This deity having presumed on one occasion to ascend the throne of All-Father, perceived towards the North a magnificent palace, whence issued a female form, whose glistening hair [? hands] gave lustre to the air and water. After duly recording his pangs arising from despair of obtaining this mortal beauty, his loss of speech and appetite, the mythus proceeds to state that through the ministry of his confidant *Skinner*, the Skinner, whom he had bribed by a present of his sword, the damsel, after incredible obstacles had been surmounted, was obtained for him in marriage. Her residence, like the bower of Brynhilda, —

"O! strange is the bower where Brynhilda reclines

Around it the watch-fire high bickering shines," *Hon. W. Herbert*. was encircled by a magic flame, and when this had been safely penetrated, deaf alike to his entreaties and threats, and proof against his costly gifts, long did the virgin still defy the utmost efforts of the importunate emissary. But a resort to witchery still remained, and with this its irresistible armour love ultimately triumphed." 3) Gerda is said to have symbolized the Aurora Borealis. Secondary phenomena were usually attributed to the giant-race.

GIMLE, (PURE FIRE). "To the southward at the end of the world, is a Hall, of all the fairest, and brighter than the Sun. Gimle is it high. It shall stand there when both Heaven and Earth are no more. In that City shall dwell good men and righteous, from generation even to generation." 4) "Best is it to be in Gimle, in Heaven." 5)

GJALLAR-HORN, (the SOUNDING-TRUMPET), will be blown by Heimdall to summon the Gods and Einheriar to battle at Ragnarök. 6) But it is also with this Horn that Mimer drinks out of his well of Wisdom. 7) See HEIMDALL.

GLITNER, See FORSETE.

GRAVE-ALE or GRAVE-PEAST; — "The custom was it in those times, that when the Arval [funeral banquet] should be made after Kings or Jarls, — he who should give the Grave-ale and take the Inheritance was to sit on the foot-stool before the High-Seat, even until that Goblet was

1) Conf. *Dalins Sæa Rikes Hist.*, I, 115. — 2) *Sn. Edda*, Gylfag. 37. — 3) *Strong*, p. 14. — 4) *Sn. Edda*, Gylfag. 17. — 5) *Do.*, 52. — 6) *Sam. Edda*, Völuspá, str. 47. — 7) *Sn. Edda*, Gylfag., ch. 15.

brought in which was called the Brage-goblet [as being accompanied with some speech or minstrelsy, *Brage*, in honour of the deceased.] Thus should he stand opposite the Brage-goblet, first make a vow, and then drink out the Bumper. — Thereafter should he be led up to the High-Seat, the which his Father had owned: So, thereupon, had he succeeded to the inheritance after him." 1) Till this Feast, which was often very magnificent and was given in the Family-Hall, had been accomplished, no one could succeed to his Ancestral rights; but it could not be held at all, if the Chief had been privily slain, unless the revenge of blood (blood-were) had been exacted by the heir. 2)

GRAVE-MOUND, See BARROW.

GUDBRAND, a fertile vale in the district of Aggerhuns, near Sogn, in Norway. It obtained its name from Brand, the son of Raum, who was brought up to the service of the Gods, and was therefore called *Gud-brand*, which name he afterwards transferred to the district under him. 3)

GRÜNINGASUND, (GREENSOUND), between Zealand, Moen and Falster.

HAGBART. — "The tragie fate of this hero is connected with a story of faithful love, variously embellished, but substantially embodied in the version subjoined. Hagbart, son of a king of Trondheim, cruising with others of his family, met two sons of the monarch of Zealand employed in similar adventure: a conflict of course ensued, which terminated after a hard struggle in a consolidation of the hostile forces. Hagbart proceeded with his new confederates to the court of Sigar, their father, where a mutual attachment was formed between the Danish Princess and the Norwegian Viking. Her brothers however, rejected the proposed alliance, and fell victims to the indignation of her lover, who consequently was necessitated to fly. Affection, nevertheless, soon recalled him in disguise, and being betrayed by a female attendant of his Signé, he was made prisoner. A Diet was then summoned, where difference of opinion prevailed; one party deeming it advisable, that, as the Princes were no more, he should be permitted to marry the Monarch's daughter, and become protector of the realm; whilst their opponents maintained, that his violation of the rights of hospitality could only be expiated by

1) *Ynglinga Saga*, ch. 40. — 2) *Geijers Sæga Rikes Hist.* 1, 301. — 3) *Silfversteinernes Forhold, emellan Sverrige och Norrige*, I, 48.

death. The latter counsel prevailed, and preparations were made for his execution. Signé having learned the decision, preceded him, as had been covenanted, by voluntary decess, first setting fire to the apartment in which she committed the act. Thus died a fond pair to be embalmed by the Skald; or rather to survive in the annals of romantic history long as a gentle eye shall exist to weep over sorrow, — a heart to sympathize with despair." 1) — Many districts in the three Scandinavian kingdoms lay claim to having been the scene of the lover's fate. Most probably it occurred at Hagbarholm, in Nordlands Amt, in Norway. The Swedish Ballad called Habor and Signild 2), which sings this legend and which itself goes up to the XIIIth Cent. is far more beautiful in its incidents than the above outline. Indeed *Hagbart* and *Signé* in the North, answer to *Romeo* and *Juliet* or *Abelard* and *Heloise* in the South and West.

HAGE, Sanctuary, Sacred Grove.

HALFDAN, (which means the *strong thane*), is a name common in the old Sagas. He was the son of Bele.

HAM means form, shape, figure, disguise, avatar (incarnation) &c. Thence *hamast*, *hamaskiptast*, *hamaleypa* &c. to change one's shape. The Witches, Trolls, Jotnar &c. of old Scandinavia had such tremendous powers in this way, that the word Ham is an extremely proper appellation for the Magician-Eagle. We find many instances of *exactly* the same superstition in the 'Arabian Nights' and other Asiatic Saga-books. Gods of weather and Storm-Enchanters are as old as Æolus, and were familiar to the North. *Ogden* had a hag, called *Vednrhálgr*; when he shook this, such cold and tempest went thereout that within 3 days lakes and friths were covered with enormously-strong ice, and no human being could bear the piercing blast. 3) — By *changing forms* with her, a sorceress occupied for three days the place of Signy, wife of Siggeir, king of Gothland. 4) — "Such interchange of person occurs, indeed, as an ordinary expedient in Mythick history, and probably to the faculty of jumping into and out of "a skin" at pleasure, thus attributed to the Northern *Protei* and *Protea*, we may trace the origin of a complot still preserved amongst our plebeian facetiæ." 5).

HÄVAMÁL, (HEAVE-SONG, sublime Discourse), a Book of Proverbs forming the second Chapter of *Sæmnd's* or the Ancient Edda. Of this M. Mallet writes. "The Sublime Discourse is attributed to Oden himself,

1) *Strong*, p. 211. — 2) *Geijers och Askelii Sænska Folkvisor*, I, 137. — 3) *Thorsten Vikingsson's Saga*, ch. 11, 35. conf. *Gdngs Rolf's Saga*, 37, 46, and *Oreær Odd's Saga*, ch. 12. — 4) *Volsunga Saga*. — 5) *Strong*, p. 136.

who is said to have given these precepts of wisdom to mankind. This piece is the only one of the kind now in the world. We have directly from the ancient Scythians themselves no other monument on the subject of morality. Thus this moral system may, in some measure, supply the loss of the maxims which Zamolxis, Digenæus and Anacharsis, gave to their countrymen." 1) The whole deserves immortality in every language on God's Earth; want of room, however, prevents us from extracting more than those strophes which have been more immediately employed by Tegnér in his charming II Canto: —

- St. 16. (XIII, XIV.) "Silent and thoughtful
Should the Ruler's child be,
And brave in battle:
Gifted and glad
Each mortal should live,
And calmly wait — Death.
35. (XIX.) "Devils winds the way
Wended to false friend,
Tenanted thy track:
Short's the pleasing path
Plodded to firm friend,
Tho' his threshold's far. 2)
51. (XV.) "Fast fades the tree that
Stands by thy cot
All bar'd of green branches and bark:
So 'tis with the man no
Mortal be-friends,
Why should he long live on?
63. (XX.) "Speir and speak,
Who sage may be
And wise is call'd:
With one commune,
Not with a second;
All th' world knows what three hear.
76. (XVIII.) "Little enough he
knows
Who nothing knoweth;
- One the' other infatuates.
Rich one man is,
And poor another;
Who wise is, shows it not.
- 77, 78. (XXIX.) "Riches perish,
Kinsmen perish,
Thy own life soon is done;
But Fame shall ne'er
Die out, when e'er
A good one thou hast won.
- "Riches perish,
Kinsmen perish,
Thou must perish too;
This, I wot,
Shall perish not:
Doom to mortals due." 2)
79. (XXVI.) "Wide well-fill'd
barns I saw
For Wealth's proud sons;
Now bear they hope's [the heggar's]
low staff.
- So wealth's away
Like wink of eye,
Most changeful friend he is.
82. (XXVII.) "In the' ev'ning —
praise the day,
The wife too praise — when dead
(harr'd);

1) North, *Antiq. Percy*, 205. — 2) This Stanza is copied from *Strong*, p. 32, 33).

Praise sword — which stood the Fray, 85. 'Maidens' words,
 And maid — who has been wed; Shall no one trust
 When cross'd — then praise the ice, Nor what by woman's said:
 And ale — when drunk it is. For on whirling wheel
 Wrought was their heart,
 87. (XXVIII.) "Ice of one night, Guile plac'd was in their breast."

HEAVEN. — Hear the Dwarf!

"*Hear'n 'tis hight 'mong men, Bot Jotnar the' Upper World;*
High shade 'mong the Gods, Fairies Fair-cliff say,
Wind-high Vaner call it And Dwarfs the Dripping Hall," 1)

HEJD, the name of the Witch-bear with Tegnér, is a name frequently applied to "cunning women" and enchantresses. 2).

"HEINGALL, one God is hight; he is called the White As; great is he and holy, and was horn of maidens nine, all sisters. . . . He dwelleth at the place called Heaven-moumt, near Bifrost. The Warder of the Gods is he, and sitteth there by the end of Heaven to guard the Bridge from the Hill-Giants: Less sleep needeth he than a bird; equally sees he night and day, a hundred miles from him; the grass also heareth he growing on the earth, and wool on the sheep and all that soundeth louder. That trumpet hath he called Giallarhorn, whose blast is heard afar through every world." 3)

REIMSERINGLA, (the HOME-CIRCLE), the globe, the earth.

HEL, or HELA, answers to the Proserpine of the Latins. She was the daughter of Loke, by Angurboda, a giantess. By birth and education she was hateful to the Gods, and "He [Oden] cast her into Niffelhem, giving her rule over 9 worlds, that she should ordain abodes for all who were sent to her, namely such as die of sickness or of old age. Mighty buildings hath she there, and a rampart and grated portals. Misery, is her Hall, Hunger her Dish, Famine her Knife, Go-late her Thrall, & Go-lazy her Woman-slave: Treacherous Deceit is the Threshold over which one goes, Pining Sickness is her Bed, and pale-making Grief her Curtains. She is blue to the one half, the other part is of human colour. So well known is her shape, — terrible and gloomy is her look." 4) From the name of this Goddess, we have derived our *Hell*.

HELGE, (one of the sons of Befe), means Holy.

1) *Sam. Edda*, Song of All-Wise, str. 13. — 2) *Do. Völuspá*, 25. — *Landnám. B.*, s. 186. — *Vaind. Söga*, c. 10. — 3) *Sn. Edda*, Gylfag. 27. — 4) *Do.*, 35.

HERSE, (from *Her*, war), Captain-general; the dignity was hereditary, but inferior to that of a Jarl. 1).

HIGH-CHAIR, or HIGH-SEAT, (*Hög-bänk*, the Icelandic *Hætti* or *Óndeygi*), a throne-like Seat in the centre of the Southern Wall. Commonly there was another similar High-Chair opposite this, on the North wall; the latter was next in dignity to the former. The High-Seat was not removed to the Dais, at the upper end of the Hall, till the time of the Norwegian King Olof 2) at the close of the 11th Century. The *Óndeygis stolar*, *Setstokkar*, (High-Seat Pillars) were commonly carved with the Image of some God; it was these Idol-pillars that Harold, the first emigrant to Iceland, threw into the sea, that they might guide him to the place where he should fix his settlement. 3)

HILDING, (the WARRIOR), the Fosterer and Educator of Frithiof and Ingeborg.

HILDUR'S SPORT, a common Scandioavian synonyme for war, and sufficiently expressive of the popular feeling. — "A king named Hlangni had a daughter hight Hildur. A king named Hedin, the son of Hjar-randa, took her as war-spoil. King Hlangne was absent on a king's-mote, and when he speired that his kingdom had been ravaged and that his daughter had been carried away, he hasted with his forces to seek after Hedin, it being told him that he had sailed northward along the coast. But so soon as King Hlangni came into Norway, he heard that Hedin had sailed westward over the sea. Then saileth Hlangni after him as far as to the Orkneys, and when he was come thither hight *Hög-Lile*, Hedin was there before him with his troops. Then wended Hildur unto her father, bidding him a necklace from Hedin in reconciliation, 'but at the same time', she added, 'is Hedin ready to give battle, nor has Hlangni any mercy to expect from him.' Hlangni answereth his daughter harshly; and when she found Hedin, told she him that Hlangni would have no accommodation, and that he should prepare for war. This do they both, going up on to the island and marshalling their men in battle array. Then callieth Hedin to Hlangni his father-in-law, and offereth him friendship, together with much gold as a fine therefor. Then answereth Hlangni, 'Too late biddest thou this, if thou wilt be reconciled, for now have I drawn *Dainsleif*, which Dwarfs have made, which must alway be some man's bane whenever it be bared, which never fails in the blow, and which giveth no wound that ever can be healed.' Hedin replieth, 'The

1) *Finn Magnarss Nord. Arch.* — 2) *Olof Stille's Saga*, ch. 2. — *Geijers Sæa Rites Høfder*, 1, 193.

Sword thou praisest well, but not the victory; that blade call I good, which never betrays its master.' Then began they that contest called the Hjading-fight, and the whole day were battling. But when evening came on, the kings returned on board their vessels. Hildur went by night to the field of war, and waked up by her enchantments all who were dead, and the next day the kings went back to the battle-place and fought, and with them all who had fallen the day before. So the contest continued therefore, the one day after the other; all who had fallen, together with the arms which lay on the field, being turned to stone. But so soon as it dawned, all the dead stood up and fought, and all their weapons were new again. So is it said in old chaunts, that the Hjading-men shall bide thus until Ragnarök." 1)

"HÖDER, is one of the Asar hight; he is blind, but exceeding strong, and the Gods would willingly wish they never need name him, for his hands' work shall long enough remain in the memory both of Gods and Men." 2) Many authors regard him as a symbol of the night. See BALDER.

IDA-VALE, the residence of Allfather and his XII Diar in the Morning of time. The Home of Gladness (Gladshem) was their Palace there, and "both within and without was all like gold." 3) — "Then quod Gångleri [the Wayfarer], 'Live there still then any Gods, or is there yet any heaven or earth?' Hár [the Lofty One] answered; 'Then an Earth shooteth up from out the sea, and green and fair it is, and unsown crops grow thereupon. Vidar and Vale live, so that neither the waters nor Surtur's flames have injured them, and on Ida-Vale they dwell, where Asgård was before. Then come the sons of Thor, Modi and Magni, and have Mjöllner once more. Then follow Balder and Höder from Hiel: down sit they then all together and commune with each other, remembering their runes [former arts and destinies], and counselling of tidings far back before, and of Midgård's-Serpent and the Fenris-Wolf. Then find they in the grass tablets of gold, even those which the Asar had possessed. . . .

"A Daughter bright	Ride shall she then,
Bears Elf-splendour [the Sun]	When the Pow'rs [Gods] die,
Before she's gorg'd by Fenris:	Maid, on her Mother's path!

"And now, if thou dost ask yet further, know I not from whence it can come. For no man have I heard speak further of the world's fates;

1) *Sn. Edda*, Skuldskap, ch. 50. — 2) *Da. Gylfing.* 28. — 3) *Do.* ch. 14.

be content now, therefore, with what thou hast learned." 1) — "The central fortress, which the Gods constructed from the eyebrows of Ymer, and which towered from the midst of the earth equally distant on all sides from the sea, is certainly the Meru of the Hindoos and Indo-Seythæ, which is described in a manner precisely similar. Accordingly, as the Goths termed the flat summit of this holy abode *The plain of Ida*, so the Hindoo mythologists denominate it *Ida-Vratia*, or the circle of Ida." 2).

"IDUN or IDUNA, [tho SEOULOUS], is his [Brage's] Spouse; she guardeth in a basket the apples of which the Gods must eat when they grow old, and which make them all young again; and so must it be till Ragnarök". 3)

INGEBORG, (Daughter of King Bele) means, *Cüudel of Youth*.

IRON-HEAD (JERNHÖS).—"Their [Kol's and Trona's] third child was hight Harek; when he was seven years old, he was bald over all his head. His skull was as hard as steel, and he was therefore called *Jern-Aste* [Iron-head] or *Jernpanna* [Ironbrow] . . . Now it happened one day, that a man, if he could so be called, went down over the mountains: never had his like been seen for size and ugliness, and he resembled a giant rather than a man. A two-pronged spear had he in his hand. Now it was so, that the king sate at table during this time; and when this terrible man drew near to the door of the Hall, and asked permission to go in thereat, the doorkeepers refused him the same. Thereupon stuck he at them with his spear, and each of the prongs hit one man's breast, and went ont through his back. Herenpon lifted he them up over his head, and cast them dead a long way from him on the ground. Next went he in, and stood before the High-Seat of the king, saying: 'Seeing now, king Ring, that I have esteemed thee so far as to visit thee here, — it seemeth to me only thy duty not to refuse my errand!' — The king enquired, what it might be, and what he was called. He answered: 'Harek Jernhös am I hight, and am a son of [Kol] Kroppenbag, of India-land; but my business here is this, — that ye shall abandon to me your Daughter, Land, and Men. And most folk will doubtless say, that thy kingdom will be in much better hands, if governed by me. than if thou hast it who art so weakly and so old.'" 4) See VIKING VIFELLSSON.

ISLE-DUEL or ISLE-FIGHT, (Holm-gång, Isle-trip). — Challenges to single combat on some island or rock on the coast (that there might neither be deceit, assistance, nor escape) were the common *amends* of offend-

1) *Sn. Edda*, Gylfag., ch. 53. — 2) *Faber's Orig. Pag. Idol*, I. 220. — 3) *Sn. Edda*, Gylfag. 26. — 4) *Thorsten Vikingsson's Saga*, ch. 3, 2.

ed Scandinavian honour. The whole system of the old Northern states rested upon Individualism carried to an enormous excess. Its necessary consequence 'might is right', club-law, followed; and as superstition and intrigue gradually made the *high-born* and at last the *monarch* the strongest, the liberties of the people fell.

JADAR, the present *Jaderen*, in Stavanger's Amt.

JARL (Earl, Thane) was originally the title of an independent Chief in the North. Next it was borne by Norwegian Princes 1); then by tributary governors; and at last by any Viceroy, Major Domus, Mayor du Palais &c. It expired in the 14th Century. The Scotch synonyme, Thane, died out in 1476. 2)

JOTUNHEIM, the Home of the Jotnar. "The deeds of Asa-Thor are narrated in the Eddas. He was continually engaged in conflict with the Giants, Trolchs, and all the enemies of the gods; and in this combat used the arms of the elder [Thunder-God, Aukar(eariot),] Thor; the thunder-bolt and its symbol, the all-crushing hammer. Nowhere were they seenre from his attack; since every morning he undertook some new expedition, and, like the Hercules of Grecian fable, was unweariedly occupied in assailing and endeavouring to extirpate the foes of the gods. As the elder Thor, however, waged war against the aborigines of the land, so it appears that the younger directed his hostility against the votaries of the ancient gods especially, who would not consent in the Odinite reformation. Accordingly, the old Icelandic poem, *Thorsdrapa*, expressly testifies that he expelled all the Jotnar deities, and overthrew their altars. The adherents of the ancient faith deserted therefore, in a great measure, Skandinavia, and fled with their gods, first, to Finland, and subsequently further toward the shore of the White Sea, where Jotunheim and Ugård, their dwellings and the seat of their religion, were."

JUMALA, (THE SUPREME), from time immemorial the Finnish term for the Great God. The Legend 3) of his splendid Temple is historically untrue. "To him no tokens were attributed, and no distinguishing qualities. He was the only, the highest, he who himself invisible governed all. In Biarmaland was set up his Image, by itself; the lower deities had nothing such." — "Northward on a cape by Vin-å, (The river Dvina) stood this Jumala-Idol, within a spot consecrated thereto, and surrounded by a lofty paling." 5) Rich and sacred it was, and became a kind of

1) *Jm. Narr. Aulic*. — 2) *Biddel*, Arch. IX. 330. — 3) *Mänter*, I. 86, quoted by *Strong*, p. 308. — 4) quoted by *Dalim*, I. 184, from *Herrand's and Bosa's Saga*. — 5) *Arvidsens Lärobok i Finlands Historia och Geografi*, p. 9. 8.

national sanctuary for the Finnish Tribes. — "It may be worthy remark, that the name *Jumel* occurs in the list of angelic princes, given in the apocryphal book ascribed to Enoch," 1)

LIGHTNEA, a title of THOR.

LIGHT-FAIRY, a good Elf or genie. The Light-fairies inhabited the third Heaven, the Ether. "Brighter are they than the Sun to look upon." 2) See ALFHEM.

LOFN, (the BETROTHER, from *lofe* to promise), "the eighth [A-synja] is so mild and good when one invoceth her, that she is permitted by Allfather or Frigga to join men and women together, notwithstanding all hindrances and difficulties. Therefore from her name is *Lof* come, and *lofet* (praised) when one praises any thing much." 3) Lofa was thus the Goddess presiding over Wedlock.

LOKE, "falsehood, or *Logi*, flame), Personation of Malice and Subtlety combined. The Eddaic biography of Loke presents several striking coincidences with the history of an earlier Deceiver. For a time, he is held in high estimation by the Æsir; nay, is the foster-brother of Oden himself, but undergoes a complete change of disposition, becoming the enemy of all goodness, and the destroyer of its representative, Balder. It is he who beguiles Iduna, the possessor of the apples of immortality, out of *Asgard* — Paradise. He is the parent of the great serpent, personifying the Deluge. He is likewise the parent of *Mela* — Death. And he is bound in chains, until the last day, when he shall break loose from his imprisonment, and with his evil confederates fight against the gods. The Eddaic Mythology abounds with stories of his shrewd or tormenting exploits, and it is worthy remark, that his exterior is represented to be elegant and attractive; Satan as an angel of light. The fable of his punishment, horrible as it is, deserves to be introduced, as supplying a curious proof how many centuries the Scottish bard had been anticipated in the favourable testimony: —

"But when affliction rends the brow,

A ministering angel, thou."

"Secured upon a rock which sustains him on three acute apices, by ligaments composed of the entrails of his own offspring, he would be exposed to a perpetual guttulous descent of burning venom from a poisonous serpent suspended over his face, *did not his wife Siguna*, notwithstanding his former infidelity, remain constantly seated by his side, holding a vessel with which she intercepts the falling drops. It is only during the interval whilst

1) *Strong*, p. 315. — 2) *Sa, Eddo*, Gylfag. 17. — 3) *Do. ch.* 35.

she empties the overflowing vase, that his flesh receives the caustic, which inflicts pain so tremendous that he howls with horror, and writhing his agonized frame occasions earthquakes." 1)

LONG-DRAGON, War-Galley. See DRAGON.

MARK, Pound-weight.

MEGINGJARD. See THOR.

MEAD-HORN. See DRINKING-HORN.

MIDGÅRD, (the *central region*, and abode of man), between Asgård, the Aser region, and Utgård, the Giant-land.

MIDGÅRDS-SERPENT, (Jörmungandr), a Monster, the son of Loke and Angerhoda, the giant-lag. By command of Allfather it was cast into the depths of the sea, "and grew so, that he lieth in the midst of the ocean about all lands, and biteth in his tail." 2) He shall break loose, and madly contend against the Gods on the *great day* of Ragnarök. Thor gives him the death-blow, but himself falls, poisoned by his pestiferous breath. This fiend-snake was doubtless the old physical deity of the Deluge-Ocean; but the idea, like so many others in the Northern Mythology, is of Asiatic origin, and a trace of it is preserved in the old Testament: — "In that day the Lord, with his sore and great and strong sword, shall punish Leviathan the piercing Serpent, even Leviathan that crooked Serpent, and he shall slay the Dragon that is in the sea." 3) "Perhaps belief in its power might be strengthened, through the occasional appearance of giant snakes, lifting up their heads from the abysses of the Northern Ocean." 4)

MIMER, (MEMORY), a Sage of the Northern Myth, who is accounted Possessor of the fount of Wisdom. "Of this well, according to the Edda, Oden himself was unable to obtain a draught until he had consented to leave in pledge for it one of his eyes, still visible in the flood. The monocular Oden may probably be traced to the ancient significant hieroglyph, which emblemized the omniscience of the Supreme Being, — an eye. Yet is there much verisimilitude in the interpretation adopted by Geijer, s. 347, which identifies the lost orb of light, with the nocturnal sun that immersed in the ocean, performs its course around the region of shadows. Or, again, for there is no exclusiveness in such types, it may figure the reflection of the solar disk on the surface of the watery mirror. Mimer was slain by the Vanes (Slavonians), who, mythologi-

1) Strong, p. 167. — 2) Sn. Edda, Gylfag. 34. — 3) Isaiah, XXVII, 1. — 4) Muntzer, I, 32.

cally considered, are a dark and mysterious race. In the *Voluspá*, or alliterative chant of the prophetess, they are thus introduced: — "Brotta var borgveggr, &c."

"Batter'd were the burg-walls,	Forth flew Oden fiercely,
Builde by the Æsir;	Fate-wing'd darts fast hurling;
Victors o'er the valley	First then folk wide-wasting
Val'rons Vanes advanced,	War deform'd the world."

"One result of the conflict was the delivery of Mimer as a hostage into the power of the Vanes, aerials who decapitating their sage secnity, sent his head to Oden. This head, embalmed with certain mystic herbs and runic incantations, became oracular, and the privy-counsellor of the ruler of Asgård. Mr. Faher, a name destined haply to survive until "knowledge shall fail and prophecy shall cease," refers to an idolatrous custom in Egypt, this singular superstition attributing fatidical qualities to a head "ingeniously prepared." A mimic head of Osiris, placed in "a dish resembling the lunar crescent," was annually set afloat on the Nile, typifying, according to this interpreter, the great father, Noah, immured in his floating coffin. From whatever source it took its rise, the notion that such oracles might really be constructed, was very widely diffused, and it is not, therefore, surprising that Oden should have had many imitators or rivals in the envious art. Amongst the most successful may be numbered the "thrice-great Hermes" and our own scientific Roger Bacon, until some future Willis or Savart shall construct an automaton, possessing a power of prediction as well as of articulation." 1)

MOON, Brother of the Sun, Light of Night, "Year-teller, Dim-shiner, Hastener, Crooked, the Scarred" 2) &c. — "A man is named Mundilföri, ["Measurer of the Route" 3], who had two children: they were so fair and beautiful, that he called the one *Moon*; and the other, a daughter, *Sun*, giving her in marriage to that man hight Glenr. But the Gods were wrath at this pride, took them both, and set them up in heaven. *Sun* let they drive those horses which drew the chariot of the Sun, which the Gods had created to give light unto the world, from those sparks which flew from Muspelheim. These horses are hight Arvakr [Early-waken] and Alsvithr [All-burning], and under their hanches placed the Gods two wind-hellows for to cool them, and which in some songs are called Isarnicol. *Moon* steereth the course of the Moon-Body, and ruleth for the waxing and the waning thereof. He took from the Earth two

1) *Strong*, p. 46. — 2) *Sn. Edda*, *Skaldskap*, 56. — 3) *Grundtvigs Nord. Myth.*

children, hight Bil and Hluki, who were going from the well called Byrgir, and who carried on their shoulders the bucket named Sægr, and the cowl-staff (carrying-stick) Simul. Vithfinnr is the name of their father, and these children alway follow Moon, as we from the Earth can see." 1) — Moon will at last be devoured by a Wolf-monster who is constantly pursuing him. 2) — In all the Gotho-Tentonic languages, Moon is *masculine* and Sun *feminine*. — For the rest, listen to Night's Regent's names "in every world." —

"Moon he's hight 'mong Men,	Quick he's call'd 'mong Giants,
Globe among the Gods,	Shewn the Dwarfs exclaim,
In Hel's world <i>Hasting Wheel</i> ;	<i>Year-teller</i> Elves him name." 3)

NORVEN, the north of Scotland. "Shalt thou then remain, thou aged bard! when the mighty have failed? But my fame shall remain, and grow like the oak of Norven; which lifts its broad head to the storm, and rejoices in the course of the wind!" 4)

MUSPELHEIM, (the HOME (WORLD) of MUSPEL), southward in creation. "Light it is and hot, and so full of flames and burning, that none can dwell there who are strangers and have no citizenship (free land). *Surtr* is he named who liveth there at the end of that region, and defends the same; a flaming sword hath he, and at the end of the world will he go forth, overcome all the Gods, and bren up all the Worlds with fire." 5)

MUSPEL'S SONS, the Flame-Chiefs, inhabitants of Muspelheim.

NANNA, (MAIDEN), daughter of Nep, and Spouse of Balder. "So inconsolable was her affliction when this light of her life was extinguished, that at the sight of his body extended upon the pile, she sank heart-broken into the arms of death, and was committed to the same flame with the object of her faithful attachment. A beautiful personification of youthful innocence and conjugal affection." 6)

NASTRAND, (CORPSE-STRAND). "On Corpse-strand is a Hall enormous and disgusting, whose doors are toward the North. Plaited it is, like unto a dryinghouse, and of nought but serpents'-backs. All the serpents'-heads are turned inside the building, and vomit etter, so that poison-streams flow along through the hall. 'Therein wade oath-robbers (perjurers) and murder-wolves (assassins), as is here said:" — 7)

1) Gylfag. 11. — 2) Volusp. str. 32. — 3) *Sam. Edda*, Song of All-Wise, st. 15. — 4) *Orsion*, Berrathon, *ad finem*. — 5) Gylfag. ch. 4. — 6) *Strong*, p. 15. — 7) Gylfag. 52.

"Strange hall saw she stand,	Dripping venom drops.
Sun ne'er reach'd that shore,	Dew'd the window'd wall,
Nastrand gave it name	Shaped of serpent spines,
Northward look'd the door:	Stood that tortuous hall." 1)

The horrible majesty, the sublime simplicity, of this conception have never been surpassed in any mythology or by any Poet!

NIDHÖGG, (SCOUNDREL-GNAWER), a Dragon-monster, Symbol of Envious Destruction. — "The term palpably designates the "old serpent"; as the ash — *Yggdrasil* — which he gnaws, corresponds with the "tree of life." Agreeably to this assumed identity, we find him actively engaged in the place of future torments: so the *Voluspa*, stanza 45: —

"Where the turbid flood	Sneak whose guiling tongues
Roll'd its poison-wave,	Wooed the wedded ear.
Perjur'd, bloodstain'd stood	Corse piled beneath
Wretches doom'd to lave.	Gorging Nidhogg lay,
Wading deep in throngs	There the wolf of death
Loathsome forms appear,	Rent his pallid prey." 2)

NIFFELHEIM, — "The NEBULOUS Home; the lowest sub-terranean region, governed by Hela, and inhabited by the dead. In the Eddaic cosmogony, it is a figure of the Northern cold regions of the earth, whilst in a state of chaos; the treasure-house of ice and frost, whence issued the elements, which coming into collision with the fiery emanations from Muspelsheim, deposited the matter of the world — the body of the giant, Ymer." 3)

NIGHT; — "Night'mong men she's call'd,	Un-light Jotnar name her,
The Mild One with the Gods,	Slumber-gladness Elves say,
Disguise 'mong th' Holy Pow'rs;	By Dwarfs Dream-mother hight." 4)

"I suspect that the *Mother Night* of the ancient Goths was the very same as the *universal mother Night* of the Orphic theology, and the *all-productive Night* or darkness of the Phœnician or Egyptian systems." 5) See DAY.

NORNA, pl. NORNOR or Nornir, the Fates, Destinies, Paræ, 'three fatal Sisters' of the North. All mythologies agree in representing the Goddesses of Fate — (in other words the Resolutions and Laws of the Almighty) as controlling both Gods and Men, that is, all inferior orders and Powers in creation. — The doom of the wise and blooming virgins of Valhall was so irrevocable, that even words escaping unadvisedly

1) *Voluspa*, str. 44, translated by *Strong*, p. 245. — 2) *Strong*, p. 288. — 3) *De*, p. 246. — 4) *Sem. Edda*, Song of All-Wise, str. 31. — 5) *Faber's Orig. Pag. Idol*, 1, 231.

must be accomplished. "They are thus characterized by the prophetess, Vala: —

"Thence come maidens,	Urda hight one,
Much discerning,	One Verdandi,
Three, forth that hall	— staves they rune-scribe —
Which stands tree-crown'd:	yon third Skulda." 1)

"Many right fair places are there in Heaven, and a divine protection is there round about them all. There standeth a Hall so beauteous under the Ash-tree [Ygdrasil] by the Well [of Urda], and from this Hall those three Maidens come hight Urda, [hath been, *The Past*] Verdande, [being, *The Present*] and Skulda [should or shall be, *The Future*]. These Maids ordain the ages of mankind, and we call them *Nornor*. — But yet other Nornor are there, who come to every one that is born, and determine his length of life; these are of the race of Gods. Others again are of Elf-origin, and the third sort are of Dwarf-descent. As is here said: —

"Far different birth, believe I,	Some are Asa-offspring,
Boast the Nornor maids,	Some are Fairy-children,
Nor have they race alike:	Some are Dvalin's [the Dwarf-chiefs] daughters.

"Then quod Gángleri [the Wayfarer]: — 'If the Nornor counsel for the destinies of men, sure ordain they very unevenly; for some have riches and pleasant life, while others have but little fortune or renown; some have a long life, and others but a short one.' Hár [the Lofty One] made answer: 'Good and well-sprung Nornor give good fortunes also; and when men fall into troubles, it is bad Nornor who are the cause thereof.'" 2) — This the old Northman firmly believed. The most clear and determined *fatum* ran through the whole circle of his ideas, imparting a contempt of danger and defiance of death never surpassed among the votaries of Mohammed. In all kinds of misfortune and difficulty, the same persuasion gave the most efficient consolation. So Angantyr Heiðreksson, who has slain his brother in battle, concludes by exclaiming "*Illur er domur Norna*," 3), 'Evil doom the Nornor give!' — Hilding's "Impeach the Nornor" p. 124, and Frithiof's accusation against "the cruel Gods" are both highly Northern.

It may be added, that the name Nornor was sometimes applied to *Fylgier*, guardian-spirits, — and sometimes to *Valer*, *Velor*, *Valor*, Divining-women, Fortune-tellers or Witches &c.

1) *Strong*, p. 256, from *Voluspá*, str. 20. — 2) *Gylfag.*, ch. 15. — 3) *Bernara Saga*, ch. 19 *ad finem*.

NORRÄNIC, Norse, the common ancient language of the three Scandinavian kingdoms &c., (before they had contracted dialectic differences) and the *lingua franca* of Northern Europe in general.

OCEAN'S MAIDS, the Billows, Waves.

ODEN, (*Dr Murray* says *Oden*, *Woden* &c. the moved or excited; *Geijer* says *Oden*, *Gueden* &c. — the Good), the Jupiter of the North, who bears the same relation to Allfather, in the Scandinavian Mythology, as Brahma to Brahm in that of India. — "He is the ruler of the Scandinavian Olympus, yet, like his classic congener, subject to a paramount fate, and to a dark and terrible destiny. He is the *Val-fader*, or battle-god yet inferior to Thor in prowess, and living perpetually exposed to outrage and defeat from giants and giantesses. He is the parent of the gods, yet first progenitor of the Royal dynasties of the North. In sum; he is supreme and inferior, derived and underived, mortal and divine. Some clue to this labyrinth is furnished by the consideration, that a vague conception of One Supreme Being, and a hope of immortality, mingle in the religious system of even the rudest tribes; and that the voice of tradition describing the origin of this globe and the early fate of man, and perpetuating prophetic announcements of his and its ultimate destiny, has never wholly died away in the distance. These truths combining with the creations of fancy, which gave to physical agents and results, to the active and passive powers of nature, "a local habitation and a name," elevating the creature to an equality with the Creator, formed necessarily a complicated and heterogeneous system; in which truth and error, ideal and actual, were blended in almost inexplicable confusion. The mythology of the North seems to have been farther perplexed by a symbolical incorporation of the history of religious contests and vicissitudes; and to have been rendered still more incongruous by the substitution of a second immigrant Oden for the ancient deity. No wonder then that an image formed by the collision of rays thus differing in line and direction, should be indistinct and faustastical: at once exhibiting traits of a universal and of a national deity; of a god of war and of a priest; of an oracle and of a consultant of oracles; of a wizard and of a hero." 1) See ALLFATHER, GEIRASODD.

ODEN'S BIRDS. "Ravens two seat them on his [Oden's] shoulders, and say in his ear all those tidings the which they see or hear. They are

1) *Strong*, p. 15.

thus hight, *Huginn* [Reason, Thought] and *Muninn*, [Will, Memory]. These sendeth he at day-break to fly round every land, and back again come they at the first meal of day. Thereof becometh he wise from tidings manifold, and from this men call him the Raven-God. As is here said:

"Huginn and Muninn	For Huginn I fear,
Fly each day out	Lest he should not return —
'This round globe over;	But still more I look after Muninn." 1)

ODEN'S DRINK. "Then said Gångleri, 'Doth Oden keep the same table as the Einheriar?' Hár replieth: 'That food which standeth on his board, giveth he two wolves that he hath, and which are hight Geri and Freki. And, indeed, no provisions needeth he; WINE is both meat and drink unto him." 2)

ODEN'S HALL, the firmament.

ORKNEYS, belonged for a very long time to Scandinavia. "The Orkney Islands were a favourite resort with Sea-Rovers, who found there a secure rendezvous during the innavigable season, and importing with them spoils of various descriptions, converted those deserts into treasures of wealth and costly merchandize. The precious metals, however, were sufficiently abundant in the North, and luxuries found their way, though less profusely, to the coasts of Skandinavia." 3) The name is explained by some, *Desert-æles* (from the Danish *ørken* and *ee*), and by others *Sent-æles*, from the Icelandic *erka*.

PROGRESS, *Eriks-gata*, æ-riks-gata, *all-realms's-circuit*, the regular Progress of the newly-elected Sovereign to receive homage and confirmation from the several Tings of his different Provinces. The coronation followed the Progress. Of course the word is sometimes used for any royal tour in general.

PUNNING was a favourite practise of the Northmen. "Possibly this paronomastic exercise was a relic of Eastern manners, since there a pun was not accounted beneath the dignity of even prophetic dictation. So Micah exclaims with noble fervour, (I. 10).

"In Gath" — חָגַל, *knowledge* — "make it not known." —

"In Acco" — נָפַח — "weep ye not."

"In Beth-Leaphra" — *the house of dust* — "roll thyself in the dust," *Rel. Pat.*" 4)

1) *Gylfag.* ch. 38. — 2) *Do.* — 3) *Strong.* 153. — 4) *Do.* p. 220.

RAGNARÖK, the general conflagration, the last day, (according to one interpretation, *the reck or fire of the Demons*; according to another *the Twilight of the Gods*, as the same catastrophe is named in the Hindu Mythology). — "Now flits the glance of Vala to that twilight of ages, when the gods shall be hurled from their seats; the universe destroyed: and would that space permitted to adduce entire the magnificent Eddaic description of this event! Hear the prophetess!

"Str. 40. Fate's dark volume reads the wise;
Sees with gifted eye afar,
Twilight of the gods arise,
And the tug of giant war.

"Fimbulvetr antecedes, the mighty winter threefold in duration, unbroken by intervening summer: fit sequence to a triple period of universal war and bloodshed; when the parent shall not spare his child, nor brother, brother.

"Str. 46. Age of battle-ax, of brand: Age of storms, of murderous hand:
Age of beasts that ravening prey: Ere the world shall pass away.

"The fiery Cock of the Trolls, the gold-bright of the Æsir, the rust-red in the subterraneous halls of Hela, crow in ominous concert. The fettered Wolf howls, every chain is broken, the Giants gambol, Loké is free. Earth quakes, the Dwarfs sigh at the doors of their rocky caverns, Ygdrasil groans and trembles. The sea boils over its bounds, for the serpent of Midgård advances in gigantic frenzy, and heaves himself on shore. Then Heimdal standing forth, blows a blast upon the Gjallar-horn, which resounds through all worlds, and summons the deities to war. Oden in vain communes with the head of Mimer. The eagle screams, and rends the frequent corpse; the billows roar; and *Nagelfar*; — the ship fabricated from nails of dead men — is launched, and rides on, steered by the giant Hrymer. But Heaven is rent, and Muspel's sons move in squadron through the gulf, headed by the sable Surtur, the All-kindling, himself mailed in flame, and brandishing a sword that outshines the solar beam. Beneath their tread, Bifrost the tremulous bridge, is crushed. Loké repairs with the sons of Hela, Hrymer with the giant race, to mingle in the general affray. All the *Einkvænar* — Valhall's heroes — march in mighty train. Oden leads them on, the sire of gods and men, and on Vigrid's boundless plain commences the final conflict. The Wolf engorges Oden, but Vidar, the silent and strong, avenges his parent. Heimdal and Loké sink in mortal death. Frey falls before Surtur. The Midgård-serpent is slain by Thor, but the poisoned victor scarcely survives his foe. Surtur at length triumphs, hurls flames over the universe:—

"Blackness shrouds the'orh of day; Up the Worldtree's¹⁾ mystic height,
 Earth is gulphed in boiling waves; Fast the reeking vapour flies;
 Not a lode-star's lingering ray, Rival clouds of lurid light,
 Nature's last convulsion braves. Sport with heaven and fire the skies"²⁾

RAN OR RANA, (the SPOILER), spouse of ÆGIR, personified the tempestuous wicked deceitful deep. Hence the Sea is termed *Ran's land, palace* &c., and a ship *Ran's horse*. "Then saw the ASKR that RAN had a net, with which she caught up all those that perish on the sea." 3)

RINGARIKE or *Hringaríki*, the realm of Ring, on the western border of Christiania-fjord, comprehended the present Ringerike, Modun and Nummedal.

ROTA, (FAIR LOCKS), an Equestrian Amazon, one of the Valkyrior.⁴⁾

RUNE, letter, mark, secret, spell, hieroglyphic &c. The Rune-alphabet consisted of 16 letters, resembling to a great extent the Etruscan, old Greek, Phœnician &c. — Originally the property of the Pagan priestly and royal caste, they afterward became generally known, and were used both in witchcraft and composition. Several MSS. in rune-characters are still in existence, and runes themselves are even now understood in some districts in the North. For various information on this subject we refer to Geijer 5) and Strinnholm. 6)

RUNE-STAFF, Calendar-stave, carved with Runic signs &c., and which may be used instead of a common Almanac. Such Rune-staves were formerly universal in the North, and answered their purpose admirably well. See DESCRIPTION OF INGERGÖR'S ARM-RING.

RUNE-STONE, Grave-stone, carved with runes, erected to the remembrance of the deceased. About 1600 Runic-stones are found in the 3 Skandinavian kingdoms, of which 1100 belong to Svea-rike, and not less than 800 of these to Upland, the seat of the Oden-dynasty. Many of the rune-stones are undoubtedly heathen. 7)

SAGA, (STORY, RELATION), the Clio of the North. She sits by Sö-
 quabäck, relating to Oden the fortunes of mankind.

1) The Ash Ygdrasil. — 2) *Geijers Svea R. Håfd.* I, 334, trans. by Strong, p. 313. — 3) *Skaldskap.* eb. 33. — 4) *Gylfag.* eb. 36. — 5) *Svea Rikes Håfd.* I, 135—174. — 6) *Svenska Folkets Hist.* II, 439—471. — 7) *Strinnholm*, II, 440. —

SEA. "Sea 'tis call'd 'mong Men, Eel-world Jotnar cry,
 Plain-surface 'mong the Gods, Water-butress Elves say,
 The Vanir name it *Wæge*; Dwarfs call it *Wæ'ry Deep*." 1)

SEA-HORSE. "To the trident of Neptune, in classic fiction, is attributed the origin of the horse, and assuredly to the ocean, though not to its fabled ruler, has many a region been indebted for the introduction of that transmarine animal. An intimate and indissoluble association would thus be established between the land and sea rangers; and, possessing as they do many points of poetic resemblance, it is singular, perhaps, that the metaphor should not continually occur. Few comparisons can appear more obvious than the Homeric simile: —

ἄθ' ἀλὸς ἵπποι
 Ἀνδράσι γίγνονται.

"which are to man

His steeds, which bear him o'er the seas remote."

— A Northman would be especially disposed to ascribe the subjugation of the steed, and the control of the pennoned courser — *Hymn to Nept.* to one and the same power." 2) See DRAGON.

SEA-KING, a Chief, generally of royal birth, who had no kingdom to inherit at home, and therefore sought one on the waters. Higher in title than the *Vikings*, they were also commonly at the head of much more powerful fleets. Every Sea-King was a Viking, but the reverse was only occasionally the case.

SEA-MAIDS, *Billows*, *Ægir's Daughters*.

SEMING, (the PACIFICATOR). "Thereafter journeyed he [Oden] northward, until he reached that sea which, as is thought, lieth about all lands. There set he his son as king, in the realm now hight Norway. *Seming* was he called, and to him reckon Norway's kings their ancestry, together with its Jarls and other chief men, as is related in *Haleygjatal*." 3)

SHIELD, a universal arm among the Northmen. They were generally defended with steel rims and bosses &c. and were often ornamented with plates of gold, silver devices, and rich paintings or carvings. — "The Scandinavians generally had shields of a long oval form, just the height of the bearer, in order to protect him from arrows, darts, and stones. They, besides, made use of them to carry the dead to the grave; to terrify the enemy by clashing their arms against them; to form

1) *Samm. Edda*, Song of All-Wise, str. 25. — 2) *Strong*, p. 255. — 3) *So. Edda*, Preface, sec. II.

upon occasion a kind of shelter or tent when they were obliged to encamp in the open field, or when the weather was bad. Nor was the shield less useful in naval encounters; for if the fear of falling into their enemies' hands obliged one of their warriors to cast himself into the sea, he could easily escape by swimming upon his buckler of wood or leather." 1)

SHIELD-MAID, a title applied to the Nornor and to the Valkyrior. It was also often used of the Amazonian adventurers of the North, such as Hervara, Alfhild and Thorberg.

SHIELD OF PEACE, a *White Shield*, held up as token of a truce. 2)

SHIELD OF WAR, a *Red Shield*, defying to battle.

SIGNE, daughter of Sigar, king of Zealand. See HAGBART.

SIGUARD, (Warder of Victory), Fafner's bane, the slayer of Fafner. "Of the worthies of the North, no one has left behind him a fame so widely diffused, as he the illustrious spouse or victor of Brynhilda, and parent of Aslanga, preserved in the golden harp — with which her foster-father, Heimur, lulled her cries — to be the favourite and queen of the celebrated Regnar Lodbrok." 3)

SIKELÖ, Sicily, was as well as its wines well known to the Northmen. They conquered it in the 11th century, and Roger united it to Naples by the name of the two Siellies.

SKINFAXE, Sheen-fax, Shining-Mane. See DAY.

SKULDA, one of the Destinies. See NORNA.

SLEIPNER, (the SLIPPER or SLIDER), the fiend-steed descended from Loke and Svadelfüre, and belonging to Oden himself. Sleipner's swiftness was immense; "grey was he, 8 were his feet, and the best horse he is for Gods and men." 4) Creutzer imagines he was a figure of the 8-months' winter of the North.

SVAIL, Merchant-ship.

SOLUNGAR, See SÖLUNGER.

SOKNE-SOUND, between the islands of Sokken and Broe, to the south of Bukken's-firth, in Stavanger Amt.

SOTE, — "A celebrated freebooter, who, it seems, bequeathed his name to some rocks on the coast of Sweden, where he was accustomed to rendezvous, and where, at length, he lost his life, according to one account, in a battle against St. Olaf. Some other codices, however, assert, that the pirates escaped by flight. — *Torf. Hist.* III. 23. - - - Onr

1) Mallet, l. 240. quoted by Strong, p. 201. — 2) See Lilljgren's Notes to his Swedish trans. of *Oscar Odd's Saga*, p. 303. — 3) Strong, p. 118. — 4) *Gylfag.* ch. 42.

poet has borrowed the incident from a saga, ascribed by Müller to the tenth century: who thus relates it in his *Sag. Bibl.* — "At a yule-feast in Gothland, the Earl's son, Hroar, made a vow to rifle the tomb of the Viking Soté, and the foster-brethren, Hörnlr and Geir, engaged to assist him. They travelled, twelve in number, through dense woods to the monnd, and commenced the work of excavation. Toward evening, they had reached the frame within, but on the following morning the sides of the breach had united. This was repeated on the two following days, until at length it occurred to them to insert a sword in the interstee. By this expedient, they succeeded on the fourth morning in penetrating the timber-work, and discovered the door of the chamber. As they were on the point of opening it, Hördr bade the assistants be on their guard. He himself withdrew behind the door, but two of the people, less cautious, were struck dead by the stream of mephitic air. As no one was willing to descend, Hördr volunteered, on condition that he should be permitted to select three articles from the precious spoil. He was then lowered, but could desery nothing until Geir descended with fire and tapers. They now perceived an inner-door, and when this had been broken open, saw a ship richly laden, and Soté seated upon the poop. At the same time, however, such a volume of damp issued, with an explosion from the orifice, that the lights were extinguished. Hördr next attempted to take possession of the booty, but the dead warrior chaunted a stanza, forbidding the attempt. Hördr responded also in metre; whereupon the spectre attacked him, and was gaining the mastery, when Geir rekindled the tapers. Suddenly the spectre fell to the ground; first, nevertheless, prophesying that the gold-ring, the last treasure seized by Hördr, should prove the bane of its possessor until it came into the hands of a female. The trinket, accordingly, proved fatal to him, since he was betrayed and stabbed in the back for that promulgated reward." 1)

STREITALAND, the residence of King Ring, perhaps the present farm of Helge-land in the parish of Hole, where there still stands a large Barrow.

SUN. "Sun she's hight 'mong Men, Ever-glowing Jotnar say,
 Star among the Gods, Elves the *Fair-dia* call her,
 Dvalin's play-sister 'mong Dwarfs; World-light the' Asar cry!" 2)
 So the Pagan Fins and Laps called one of their deities *Beive* or *Beive-Neid*, the sun or virgin sun, the Queen of Heaven. See MONN.
 SURTUR, See MUSPELHEIM, RAGNARÖK.

1) *Strong*. p. 50. — 2) *Sam. Edda*, Song of All-Wise, str. 17.

SWORNS. *Spencer* says, 1) "We purchased from the natives and Arminian merchants at Bombara, a number of splendid sabres and poniards of the very first workmanship, and evidently of great antiquity; but so well preserved, that they appeared as if they had only yesterday left the hands of the armourer; several of the blades were engraved or inlaid with gold characters. There were also full-length inscriptions on some of them, surmounted with the head of our Saviour or a Saint, which generally ran thus, — *Parmi Dey e par my Rey. Ne me tire pas sans raison, et ne me remets pas sans honneur.*" — "Some designations of blades wielded by celebrated heroes of romance are almost as formidable as the weapons themselves. Who can hear undaunted the very mention of Excalibar, the magic sword of Arthur, that

"Flam'd like burning bround,"

or even of *Mimungr*, the *chef-d'œuvre* of *Velint*, which could cleave a cable thirty feet in diameter, waisted by the current against its motionless edge; or of the more resonant *Eckisax*, with which *Thidrek* rescued *Sintraum* from the jaws of a dragon; of *Hildebraud's Nagellring*; of *Gusi's Dragvendill*, pronounced to be the best of swords; of *Hraungvithr's Bryuthvari*, which never lost its edge; of *Högni's Signrliomi*; of *Rolf's Risnautr*, heavy even to his arm, but too huge to be raised by any other; or, to name no more, of the two-edged glave of *Hrofr*, the unprounceable *Hreggvidarnautr!*" 2) — We cannot help translating the following valuable note: — "To the *Visu* tribe the Bulgarians bring sabres from the Mahomedan countries. These sabres are not provided with any hilt or ornament, — but are simply blades, just as they come from the smithy. When one suspends them by a thread, and fillsips them with the finger — they ring again. Such sabres are suitable import-articles into the country of *Jura* (*Jugrien*), whose inhabitants pay a high price for them." See the Extracts from *Arabic* writers communicated by *C. M. Frähn*, *Den-Fonsans u. and. Araber Berichte*. In the oldest Russian Chronicle (by *Nestor*) we are told that the inhabitants of *Kiew* who, before the foundation of the Russian empire by the *Varegie* princes, were tributaries under the *Chazarier*, paid the same to them in double-edged swords. Indeed, when the Russians conquered *Permia* (*Biarmaland*) they found sabres of steel among them. See *Schlözer, Russische Ann.* Supposing that all these statements are correct — a thing we have no reason to doubt, there being nothing improbable in the case — it must follow that Mussulman sabre-blades

1) *Travels to the Caucasus.* — 2) *Strong*, p. 47.

also belonged to the articles introduced into the northern regions of Russia, in the course of the trade with the tribes residing there. — Will not this, perhaps, give a hint towards the explanation of the high-flown relations so often occurring in the Sagas respecting the costly, wonderful, and Dwarf-forged swords?" 1)

SYSTRAND, the residence of King Bele and his family, lies opposite Framnäs to the North of Sogne-frith — here only 2000 yards across.

SÖLUNDE-ISLES. — At the entrance of Sogne-frith, are now called *Ytre-Sulen*, and *Indre-Sulen*.

SÖQUABÄCK. See DESCRIPTION OF INGEBORG'S ARM-RING.

THOR, (the MIGHTY), the Son of Oden and the Earth, the Sponse of Sif. — "The god and personification of thunder; and, like the classic Mars, of brute strength. First-born of Oden, he is the indefatigable enemy of the giants of the frost, at whom he hurls his formidable mace. In Norway, he divided with or retained from Oden the principal reverence, and in the personal and local nomenclatures of that portion of the peninsula, his name occurs with peculiar frequency. The two goats, *sex*, harnessed to his chariot, possessed the valuable property of recovering life and vigour each morning, after their roasted carcasses had supplied an evening meal." — "Three valuables also hath he. The one of these is the Hammer (Mace) *Möllnir* [the Brniser], which Frost-trolls and Mountain-Giants know, when it is uplift; nor is this to be wondered at, for the head of many a one of their fathers and kinsmen hath he broken therewith. The second precious thing he has, is a right excellent *Megingjard* [*Megingjorthur*, Belt or Girdle of strength] and when he girdeth himself therewith, his Asa-might is doubled to the half. But a third thing hath he which is exceeding precious, — his *Iron-Gloves* [*Jdrnglifur*, Gauntlets]; these he cannot miss, for to grasp the hammer-shaft withal." 2) See a most charming description of the Hammer and its fabrication, in the Younger Edda, Skalskaparmal, ch. 35. — *Crestier* interprets the Belt or Girdle, *Megingjard*, into a symbol of the Ecliptic, and the Gauntlets into an emblem of the security of organic nature against wild organic fire.

THORSTEN (VIKINGSSON). "The eldest son [of Viking's nine] was hight Thorsten. . . . The noblest of them all was he in every thing, a stout and tall-built man, strong, friend-rich and upright, true-fast and in all things to be depended on. Slow was he himself to attack another, but terrible was his vengeance when that another fell upon him. What

1) *Strinsholm, Svenska F. Hist.* II, 291. — 2) *Strong*. p. 16. — 3) *Gylfeg.* ch. 21.

time aught was done against him, could no one see whether he took the same well or ill; but long thereafter remembered he the whole, even as it had only just taken place." 1) — "According to the writer of Thorstein's *Saga*, or biography, he had married the only sister of king Bele; and the account of this alliance is duly embellished with a tinge of the marvellous. Returning from a successful cruise, Thorsten encountered a tempest, raised by the art of a magician, in the train of his implacable foe, Prince Jökull; and having lost his vessel and crew, swam toward the shore: but was on the point of perishing, exhausted by the breakers, when a tall female form, wading through the surf, approached. Her appearance was unfeminine; and addressing him by name, she inquired whether he would purchase his life by a promise to grant whatever boon she might subsequently desire. This condition was accepted; and having borne him to land, she resuscitated his languid animation and dismissed him with good wishes, postponing the preference of her petition. His enemy, however, ascertaining his escape, did not relax his persecution; and on one occasion contrived to surprise Thorsten when only accompanied by a single brother, and to attack the two with an armed band. Back to back the brethren fought manfully, and slew most of their assailants; but Thorir at length fell, and Thorsten, desperately wounded and faint, was forced over the precipice to which he had retreated, in order to secure his rear. Death seemed inevitable; and he must soon have perished, had he not been roused from his deliquium by the same deliveress who had rescued him from a watery grave. She again professed herself ready to assist him, provided that he would now redeem his pledge, by complying with her request. This was no other than an engagement to espouse her; and, although he demurred on account of her unsighliness, his desperate situation and his promise which the Northmen deemed inviolable, induced him to submit; and he only required as a preliminary, that his sword, *Angreathill*, should be recovered from the wave. This she effected, and the compact was made. She then informed Thorsten, that although she had twice saved his life, and had, moreover, destroyed his most formidable foe, the magician — having brought a preternatural darkness over the ship in which he sailed, and suspended him during that obscurity to the yard-arm — still had he fully repaid her: for his promise had released her from the spell under which she was bound to retain her present shape, until some one of generous birth (*vefborinn maðr*) should consent to wed her. Henceforth the sister of Bele would be herself again;

1) *Thorsten Vikingsson's Saga*, ch. 9.

and if Thorsten should persevere in his intention, he must demand her hand of her brother, whom she knew he would shortly encounter and overcome. Her prediction was speedily accomplished, and the confederacy established between the two warriors was cemented by this covenanted marriage." 1)

THRUUVANG, or THRUUTH-HEIM, [the PLAIN or HOME of the STRONG,] the realm of Thor.

THRUUVANG'S FORT, — BILSKIRNIR, the chief Castle and Capital of Thrudvang.

"Five hundred floors (rooms)	Of all those Houses
And forty roundabout	Whose roofs I know,
So know I arch'd Bilskirnir	My [Oden's] Son's [Thor's] is
boasted;	surely largest." 2)

THUNDERING GOD, See THOR.

TING, (originally meaning *Talk*, Conference) Public Meeting, Diet, Assize, Parliament, Wittenagemot. "The practise of holding courts in the open air, which so long prevailed in Britain, was a relic of Druidism which subsisted in most European countries. The court of Areopagus at Athens sat in the open air, and Pliny informs us that the Roman Senate was first so held. That circular inclosures of stone were used as courts of justice and places for trial and combat is well known. In Scandinavia they were long so appropriated; and in Shetland and Orkney the practise continued to very late times. In these last places they were called Ting, which, according to Dr. Murray, originally signified *to surround*. Of these moot-hills the most remarkable is the Tyrwald in the isle of Man, upon which the Duke of Athol, as descendant of the ancient kings, annually presides," 3)

TING-STONE, a high Stone-block on the highest part of the Ting-place. On this sat the Judge, king, or aspirant to the Crown, that he might be the better seen by the people. On the *Morn-stone*, near Upsala, many kings have been elected, even late in the Christian Era.

TIRPING. — "This sword, fabricated by two skillful Dwarfs, as a ransom for their lives, possessed several surpassing qualities. Bright as a sunbeam, its hilt and guard were of gold; it defied rust and fracture; would cleave iron or stone with the same facility as a garment; and, whether in single or handed combat, conferred victory on the arm which yielded it. Yet the tasked and malicious artificers had also attached to

1) *Strong*, p. 29. — 2) *Sam. Edda*, Grimmer's Song, str. 24. — 3) *Loyne*, Scottish Gael, I. 208.

It a malediction, that, whenever drawn, it should be the hane of man; should prove fatal to its original possessor, himself; and the instrument of three heinous enormities. The personal imprecation was soon accomplished; for its owner, Svafhlami, having given the massy iron-studded shield of Arngrim, with whom he was engaged, Tyrfling penetrated the ground, and before it could be withdrawn, was dissevered, with a portion of the arm which grasped it, by a stroke from the Viking, who, seizing the liberated blade, slew his antagonist. From the conqueror Arngrim, it descended to his son, Angantyr, and was inhumed with him in a mound at Samsoc. The precaution, nevertheless, proved vain, for a posthumous daughter of the Berserk, inheriting his ferocious disposition, addicted herself to war and sorcery; and learning the history of her sire, proceeded with some Rovers, whose leader she became, toward the haunted isle. With difficulty she persuaded her crew to approach a place where demons, they affirmed, were more formidable by day than elsewhere by night; nor could any prospect of gain induce one of them to land. Alone, therefore, and at sun-set, she was abandoned upon the shore, the sailors not venturing to observe their promise to await her return; and after a conference with a herdsman, who refused to accompany her to the tomb, she advanced to the scene of terrors. Fearful were the fires erupted; yet undeterred by the danger, the rune-versed maiden hastened to the principal mound, and thus commenced her adjuration: —

“Wake, Angantyr, wake!
Berserk stern and wild,
Hear for Hervör's sake
Thine and Svafa's child;

Offspring sole I stand,
Forth thy tomb impart,
Svafhlami's brand
Forged by Dwarfish art.”

A long metrical parley ensued; but since neither flames nor ominous predictions could divert the heroine from her purpose, the charmed weapon was at length cast into her hand. The three predicted atrocities still remained to be perpetrated; and of these, her own son, Heidrek, was subsequently destined to be the agent or subject. Banished by his father for misconduct, he was presented by Hervör, at his departure, with this ill-fated sword; and forgetting the penalty attached, drew it with youthful inconsiderateness to contemplate its brilliancy: his only companion was then his brother, and him, urged by the spell, he consequently slew. The next deed of infamy — *nidingsverk* — enacted with this hane of man, was the treacherous murder of Heidrek's benefactor and father-in-law, with his infant son. And the assassination of this ruffian himself, effected by some captives with his own deadly blade, completed according to the Saga, the trio of crimes foretold. In the hand of a second Angantyr, Tyrfling became, notwithstanding, once more the

organ of fraternal homicide, and we may hope, was with him entombed, to be disinterred by no second Hervör." — From the *Hervarn Saga*. 1)

ULLERÅKER, Formerly a Fylke-kingdom, independent District, in the present province of Vestmanland, Sweden.

UPLAND comprehended the present ams of Christian and Hedemark, together with Öfver-Römmrige.

UPSAL'S TEMPLE. — "At the ancient Upsala — *Yngre* — *Frey*, the grandson of Oden, founded about the year 220 a temple, which was widely celebrated. I will not, like some curious historiographers, apply here all that Plato has written respecting the capital of his Atlantis; yet certain it is, that the fabric was very magnificent, according to the notions of that age: of stone, cruciform, extending sixty ells in length and in breadth, with a ring-wall or fence around it, nine hundred ells in circumference. This temple is said to have been resplendent with gold, both internally and externally, and especially gorgeous from a golden chain or cornice, which completely circuited it under the extremity of its roof. At the door of the Fane, according to the same authorities, stood a tree of unknown species, and retaining its leaf throughout the year." 2) — See Note to Canto III, page 40.

URDA'S chrystal WAYE. — "The fount of time, under that root of the ash, *Ygdrasil* — the Paradisiacal tree of knowledge — which extends to the *Æsir*. Beside this fount, accordingly, they collect daily, to hold their tribunal; that a draught of the water of experience may be constantly within their reach. Near this well, too, stands the beautiful palace of the *Nornir*, fates; *Urda*, *Verandi*, *Skulda* — Past, Present, Future. The water is so sacred, that everything immersed therein becomes white as the lining membrane of an egg-shell. From two swans, tenants of this flood, sprang the earthly race of these snow-white aquatics. Perchance these immortal birds chant the death-song of those doomed by the Fates, as their mortal congeners are reported to hymn their own. An appellation, which has much perplexed Biblical commentators, may possibly derive illustration from this page in the sacred archives of Scandianavia; and *Ea-miskpat* (Gen. XIV. 7), the fount of judgement, furnish a hitherto unobserved trace of Oriental affinity." 3)

UTGÅRD, (OUT-TOWN) the capital of Jotunheim.

VALA, the name applied to the Northern Sibyls, who were regarded as holy, and consulted on occasions of importance. The ancient

1) *Strong*, p. 290. — 2) *Dalén*, Sv. R. Hist. I. 185, cited by *Strong*. p. 306. —

3) *Strong*, p. 116.

Germans and Italians had similar prophetesses; Horace applies the term *Folia* to the latter. The *Völuspá*, which opens the Poetic Edda, is perhaps the most ancient Chant we have, from the lips of the inspired "Divining-women" of antiquity. — The word *Fel*, in all the old Northern languages, means Fool or Madman; and we know that Oriental tribes always regarded such with veneration, as God-gifted mortals.

VALASEJALF, See ARV-KING.

VAL-FADER, (FATHER of the SLAIN), See ODEN.

VALHALL OR VALHALLA, (Val-höll), The HALL of the SLAIN or ELECT. The Elysian Mansion of the North, where Oden receives and banquets the warriors who fall in battle.

"Oden scans the battle-plain,	"Five hundred lofty Doors, I ween,
Draughts the heroes as they fall;	In Valhall's shining Hall are seen,
Summon'd to his board, the slain	And twenty added twice thereto;
Marvel at the glorious Hall.	Einheriar Chiefs, eight hundred men,
Piles of spears its columns rise,	From each march out together, when
Roofing shields its dome uprear;	To battle 'gainst the Wolf they
E'en its thrones in warrior-gulse	go." 2)
Glittering habergeons hear." 1)	See EINHERIAR, ODEN.

VALKYRIA, (CHOOSE or CONDUCTOR of the SLAIN). This name was applied to the Battle-Goddesses, who led the fallen Warrior to the joys of the Spear-pillared Valhall. But the Valkyrias were also Shield-Maids, who bore round the mead &c., — at the banquets of the Einheriar. In this sense, they were Synonyms with the *Houris* of the Mohammedan Paradise. Mista and Sangrida, in Gray's Ode of the *Fatal Sisters*, were Valkyrias. Sometimes a Heroine, sometimes a Destiny, the Valkyrias are described by the bards, now with blue eyes and golden hair — and anon with dishevelled locks, flaming glances, and hands reeking with gore and plying the web of death!

VANADIS, (The VANA-GODDESS, the Venns of the Don), a surname of Freja. — "In various dialects of the Gothic language, *van* or *væn*, signifies *pulcher, elegant*. Thre not only deduces the name of Venus from this root, but observes, that Lat. *Venus* is synonymous. Rudbeck asserts that the ancient Goths called the Earth *Fenn-dit; maris dea*, and *Wenadis, amoris dea*; viewing the latter as formed from *ven amor* and *dia dea*." 3)

VAR, (VÖR, the WARY or the TRUE). — "The ninth [Asynja, Asa-Goddess] is Var (Vör). She listeneth to those oaths and promises which

1) *Sam. Edda*, Grimmer's Song, str. 8. 9. translated by Strong, p. 12. — 2) *Grimmer's Song*, str. 23. — 3) *Jamieson*, Hermes Scyth.

between men and women are exchanged; such engagements are therefore high, Var's words. She it is, also, who punisheth such as break the same. Clever and wise is Var, and asketh much, so that nothing can be concealed from her. A proverb is it, that a female is Var (aware, acute) when that she is wise about anything." 1) She was thus the Guardian-Goddess of Betrothal-oaths and of Marriage.

VARG I VEEM, (WOLF IN THE SANCTUARY), the old Scandinavian term for Temple-violator, sacrilegious criminal, banned outlaw &c.

VAULUND, (the WONDER-WORKER), at once the Vulcan and the Dædalus of the North. This extraordinary artist was of Finnish descent, and was a king's son. In bodily appearance he resembled his countrymen, being small of stature though strongly built. He shared with his brothers many strange vicissitudes, and at last came to the court of king Nidudr, who then ruled over Sweden. This king was feeble but exceedingly covetous of gold, and accordingly eagerly desired to obtain possession of those precious and wonderful things of which Vaulund was master. He therefore imprisoned him, seized his jewels, treated him with great severity, and obliged him to employ his extraordinary skill in producing astonishing specimens of hammered and smithied metal. This cruel treatment, however, Vaulund dearly reveenged, and he eventually succeeded to the throne of his oppressor. He lived long and happily, and received after his death divine honours. He was universally regarded in the North as the protector and patron of Smithery, a kind of *temporal* Dunstan. Many great Chiefs, of course, boasted of possessing specimens of his wonderful art; and to several of these, miraculous powers were ascribed.

"We read in the Icelandic Saga:—"King Nidungar reigned now in Jutland, and had in his train that excellent smith, Vellut, whom the Væringar (*Sea-rangers*) called Volund. He was so celebrated throughout the northern world, that all were unanimous in placing him at the head of his craft; and to denote the superior excellence of any production of the furnace, it became usual to say that the artist must have been a *Volunder* in skill. A rivalry having ensued between this interloper and the monarch's former smith, it was agreed that Vellut should fabricate a sword, and his opponent a helm, which the latter was also to put on, and if it were found proof against the edge of his steel, Vellut's head was to pay the forfeit. Accordingly, at the time appointed, Amillias, having previously expressed his determination to enforce the penalty, sat down upon a stool, defying Vellut to exert all his strength. The latter, who stood behind him, then raising his weapon, cleft at a single stroke the armour and armourer down to his girdle; and inquiring what he felt, was answered by

1) Gylfeg., ch. 35.

Amillias, that he had an internal sensation as if arising from cold-water. 'Shake thyself!' was Volint's reply; and this advice being adopted, the moietics of his dissected frame separated, and fell on opposite sides of the stool." 1)

VEGTAMSQVIDA, (The LAY of the WAYFARER), one of the alliterative Channits of the elder Edda. — "Under the designation of Wayfarer (*Vegtam*), Oden visits the realm of Hela in quest of the departed Vala, (*prophetess*), in order to obtain some information regarding the danger of Balder, who, to the dismay of all the tenants of Asgård, had been rendered dispirited through ominous dreams. The prophetess, roused from her slumber by his potent incantation, submits very ungraciously to the scrutiny; and as well through the purport of her relations, as through the tone and temper in which they are delivered, completely vindicates the simile of our poet, when comparing the "ill-boding wail of Vala, uttered with a voice of gloom," to the murmured sentence of malicious Helgé. The ancient lay contains passages of awful sublimity; and that poet had drunk copiously of the inspiring cup of Bragé, who penned an imitation of the Skaldic "Descent of Oden" in this lyric phrase: —

"Up rose the king of men with speed,
And saddled straight his coal-black steed,
Down the yawning steep he rode
That leads to Hela's drear abode." &c. . . .

The British bard paraphrased very freely throughout, yet must it always be difficult to wish a single word obliterated, written by Mr. Gray." 2)

"VIDAR, [*Váhar*, the ANTAGONIST], is hight one [of the Chiefs of Asgård]. He is the Silent Asa-God. A shoe thick-welted hath he. The strongest of all he is, next after Thor, and of him have the Gods much help in all dangerous troubles." 3) — "The Wolf gorges Oden, who thus getteth his bane; but immediately thereafter rushes Vidar forward, and steppeth with one foot on his lower jaw. On that foot hath he the shoe, for which the leather has been, from of old, collected of all those bits which are cut off shoes for the toes or heels thereof. He, therefore, who will come to the help of the Asar, always shall take care to cast aside these cuttings. With his other hand Vidar layeth hold of the Wolf's upper jaw, and riveth his throat asunder; and this is the death of the Wolf." 4) *Crested* interprets this mighty son of Oden, into an emblem of the silent lapse of time.

VIFELL, (CLUB). "Now it came to pass one day, that the Jarls went in before the king, and Vifell sued for the hand of Eimyrta, but Veseto

1) *Strong*, p. 49. — 2) *Do*, 117. — 3) *Gylfag.* ch. 29. — 4) *Do*, ch. 51.

for that of Eisa. His denial gave the king unto them both. Hereupon became they mightily enraged, and shortly after carried they off the maidens by force. Thereafter fled they from out the country, and dared not come before the presence of the king, for both had he exiled from his realm, and also caused incantations to be used, so that they should never thrive there in that land; herewith ordained he also, that their kinsmen should for ever be driven from their property. Ycete settled himself on that island or holm hight Borgunderholm, and became father to Bne and to Sigurd Kappe. Vifell sailed out farther to the east, taking up his abode on that island called Vifell's-Isle. By his wife, Eimyria, had he a son hight Viking; early was he of great stature, and far stronger than other men." 1) Space will not allow us to translate farther; we refer to the amusing Saga itself. See VIKING VIFELLSSON.

"VIGRID'S — hight the plain Days-journey' a hundred full
Where, battling, meet It stretcheth every way:
Surtur and Gods so mild: 'Tis mark'd their field of fight." 2)

VIKING, (*Vik-inger*, RAY-BOY or WAR-BOT), the common appellation of the numerous Northern bucaniers who formerly ravaged "the Shores of every sea." As in early Greece, Piracy was originally in Scandinavia an honourable and glorious path for booty and exploits. See SEA-KING.

VIKING (VIFELLSSON). "Viking went in before the king, and saluted him. The king asked him of his name, and he answered even as it was. Hunvör [the king's daughter] sat at his side. Viking enquired whether she had not bidden him come thither? She said that so it was. Viking demanded, on what conditions he should fight the duel with Harek [Iron-head]. — 'Thou shalt have my daughter', said the king, 'and an honorable dowry thereunto.' — To this did Viking agree, and thereupon was Hervör betrothed unto him. Most men however thought he was but a dead man, if he should fight with Harek . . . Viking now drew Angurvadel, and the falchion shined, even as a fire burned from out it. When Harek saw this he said, — 'Never should I have fought with thee, had I known that thou hadst Angurvadel in thy hands'; . . . and even as he said these words, Viking hewed Harek across the skull and clove him down all his length, so that the sword went deep into the earth, even up to the hilt thereof." 3) See IRON-HEAD.

VINGOLF, (the FLOOR OF FRIENDS or COURT of Friendship), one of the Mansions of Paradise, in Asgård. — "Another Hall builded they [the Asar] thereunto; here were altars for the Goddesses: all-fair it was, and this house men call Vingolf." 4)

1) *Thorsten Vik. Saga*, ch. 1. — 2) *Som. Edda*, Vafþrúdnær's Soog, str. 18. —

3) *Thorsten Vik. Saga*, ch. 3, 4. — 4) *Gylfag.* 41.

VIRGIN-BOWER. The lovers of the olden time were often sufficiently violent in their wooings. Ravishment, robbery, and forcible abduction were not unfrequently attempted, and often with success. The Virgin-bower (*skemma*, *Jmugfru-bur*) or separate apartment of the Maidens, was therefore, harem-like, guarded and fortified with great care. We sometimes read, in the old songs and sagas, of draw-bridges and towers, not to speak of magic fires &c., being used for that purpose.

WHALE. — "In Skaldic phraseology, *Trolde* or *Trolle*, i. e. demon-giants and giantesses, are termed "whales of the mountains." The Saga of Hjalmar and Oelver contains a very spirited description of a contest with a magic whale, which terminates in its defeat and subsidence." 1)

WHITE GOD, a surname of Balder, who was also, during the christianization of the North, often called *The White Christ*. See **BALDER**.

WOMEN-WAVES, Witch-sent Storm-waves.

TEOMAN, peasant, *bonde* (from *búa*, to reside), was originally an independent and often very powerful landholder, whose estate was held without any condition of suit or service.

YGDASIL, (*Yggdrasil*, the horse of YGG or Oden, from Oden having been suspended thereto in some magical or sacrificial ceremony,) the Tree of Time. — "Then quod Gángleri; 'which is the chief place and holiest seat of the Gods?' — Ilár answered; 'it is by the Ash *Ygdrasil*; there do the Gods give doom each day.' Gángleri then asked; 'what is there told regarding this place?' — Then maketh Jafnhér [*The equally lofty One*] reply: 'This Ash is of all trees the chiefest and the best; the branches thereof strike out over the whole world, and stand up above the heaven. Three roots there are which uphold the tree, and stretch themselves far and wide abroad. One goeth to the Asar; another to the Frost-trolls where formerly Glánungagap stood; and the third standeth over Niflheim, and under this root is Ilvergelmir, where Nidhöggn gnaweth it down below. Under that root which reacheth to the Frost-trolls, is Mimer's well, where wisdom and understanding are concealed." 2)

"Ash know I high standing —	Thence 'tis come the dew-drops
"Tis Ygdrasil hight —	That fell in the dale,
Its crown ever water'd	It stands there aye green
With white-flowing weve;	Over Urda's fount." 3)

"The deeper signification of this Mythos presents Ygdrasil as the Increate, eternal, self-sustaining principle of life. Hence it trembles, it is true, on the day of the mundane catastrophe, yet falls not, but con-

1) *Strong*, p. 137. — 2) *Gylfag.* 15. — 3) *Voluspá*, str. 19.

tinues to subsist after Ragnarök. According to this view, its three roots are also symbolical of Spirit, Organisation, and Matter, the three fundamental conditions of all visible existence," 1) — "It need scarcely be observed; that the great ash *Yggdrasil* is palpably the Zambu of the Indian mount *Meru*, and they are equally transcripts of the Paradisiacal tree of knowledge. The Goths have added to it, an infernal serpent, which perpetually gnaws its root from below: a curious part of the tradition which sufficiently bespeaks its own origin." 2)

YMER, a monstrous Giant, who existed in the beginning of time. He was slain by Oden, Veli and Ve, and the world was created from his dismembered carcass. This, of course, symbolizes the material elements, distributed and organized by the Divine energies.

"From Ymer's body	"From out his brows
The Earth was made,	The mild Gods shap'd
And from his blood the sea;	Midgård for sons of men;
Rocks from his bones;	But from his brain
Trees from his hair;	Were all the heavy
And high Heav'n from his skull:	Clouds at once created," 3)

YULE, is the old Northern word (Swedish Jul) for *Christmas*, and is still universally used in the North of England. Both Yule and the Yule-Carousal, which coincided with the winter-solstice, are far more ancient than the *Christian* Christmas and its rites, which the monks engrafted on them as a pious substitute.

ÆGIN, the God of the sea. He symbolized this element in its greatness and mildness. Of course the word often means simply the Ocean. We find the term still occasionally used 4) to signify the bore or tide-wave of a large river.

ÆGIN'S DAUGHTERS, Mer-maids (billows, waves) who are nine in number: *Mimunglafa*, (heaven-high); *Dífa*, (Donser); *Blithugladda*, (Bloody-wave); *Hefring*, (Heaving); *Uthr*, (Water); *Hraun*, (Spoiler); *Bylgja*, (Bilow) *Drafa*, (the Driving); and *Kólga*, (Flood). 5)

ÖDER, See FREJA.

1) H. L. Schlegel, quoted by Strong, p. 279. — 2) Faber, Orig. Pag. Id. I. 341. —

3) *Sam. Edda*, Grimner's Song, str. 40. 41. — 4) Dryden, Thren. Aug. 130. —

5) Skaldskarp. ch. 61.

ERRATA:

"Ut hominum, ita librorum, nullus sine vitis editur: præ reliquis tamen veniam merentur illi, qui et peregrini sunt idiomatis*, et scripturæ tam variæ, qualis hic est."

Andreas Otho Lecturis Sal.

(Glossarium Linguarum Orientalium Francofurti MDCCII.)

The following have been observed.

P. 8 l. 14.	for 'Heavn's'	read 'Heav'n's'
— 31 — 8.	" 'Baltica'	" 'Baltic's'
— 54 — 15.	" 'Falcion'	" 'Falcon'
— 119 — 8.	" 'Nigthingales'	" 'Nightingales'
— 134 — 3.	" 'Gainst'	" 'Gainst'

* The reader will remember that the printing of this work in a foreign Capital, has been attended with great delays and disadvantages.

REGISTRATO

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